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PAYMENT IN ADVANCE OR ON PUBLICATION.

A few days ago I accepted a poem from a well-known writer, at his own figure, proposing to pay for it on publication, but with a definite promise of using it within a few months. The following reply is before me: —

DEAR SIR: I heartily disapprove the plan of payment on publication, considering it an injustice to authors. Hence I must decline your proposition. Yours truly,

I have not the least fault to find with either the decision or the letter. Every producer has the right to make the best terms he can for his work, and the reply is entirely courteous. Moreover, I should personally much prefer to pay on acceptance if I were able: not only because it would help and gratify the authors (for whom I have only respect and kind feeling), but because it would save myself some care and some blunders, and give me a freer hand in making up. I should not then feel obligated to use pieces I would rather leave over, because I had promised to do so and the authors would be disappointed at not getting the money. It seems to me, nevertheless, that there are two sides to the question; and that far the stronger side is the one which authors, in the passionate desire (often urgent need, I admit) to get five dollars at once for a five-dollar article, entirely overlook.

I believe the general adoption of the cash system would be a misfortune for everybody concerned — authors, publishers, and public; in fact, the final interests of all three are not antagonistic, as is too often assumed, but identical. The public wants literature it likes; publishers cannot thrive unless they meet the public wants; authors cannot sell to publishers for a great while productions the public will not buy. I am sure the cash system, as a practically universal one, would be for the worse as regards the average quality of matter in the periodicals, the quality of the authors' own work and their growth and repute, and even the money in their pockets, after a brief jubilation.

The ultimate root of the trouble is the fact that more good matter is written than can possibly find a market at any decent price, or indeed any price; and consequently authors will always be confronted with an inexorable dilemma which cannot be evaded — that publishers must either load up with a stock in advance, or else buy from hand to mouth as matter is needed for a few issues ahead. Remember that there is no third alternative; it is one of these two or no sale at all; and any one who faces frankly the inevitable results of each must, I think, agree with me that with all its drawbacks, the present system is the only possible and the only desirable one; that the vision of a cash paradise is a desert mirage, full of skeletons.

Take the first choice, that of a publisher buying all that seems to him up to his standard as

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long as his money holds out. He may be able to keep this up for five years, or ten, or fifteen; but some time he must stop, glutted. What will be the result? What it has been in the few such cases already: that for many years the publication will be absolutely closed to new contributors, or new contributions from the old writers. It will be run year after year on articles bought half a generation — maybe a whole one — before. New writers will get no foothold, no place to make a name and get before the public, no money; moreover, as tastes and styles change, subjects lose interest or are sucked dry by discussion, and the average of periodical writing rises, much of the matter will be relatively poor or uninteresting, and the magazine or paper will get old-fogyish: and in the case under supposition, where all do it, that would mean that the whole mass of periodicals would fall behind the age. In that case, new ones would soon drive them out — based on the present disliked system. If the *Atlantic Monthly*, for example, undertook this plan, the net result in a decade would be a spoiled magazine, a set of able beginners balked of a field to try their paces and train for prizes in, getting a little money meanwhile, and a disgusted public. Is it imagined that this would not be so, because publishers would discard stale or second-rate articles for new ones, and the loss would fall on them and the new men have their chance just the same? A little of this would be done, but not very much: it would almost always seem more profitable to use an old story that would *do* than to buy a new one a grade better. And how about the ones who had waited a decade for the publication of their stories, and then were told the things would not be published at all? Even if they were paid for them, the disappointment would be as hard to bear: an author wants fame as well as money.

But this is not all. The hoarding system would wipe out all the purveyors except a few large capitalists, who would monopolize the field; this would restrict the present market by nine-tenths. Only here and there a house could afford it. The credit system is the price paid by writers for having some scores or hundreds of publications to send to in place of a dozen or two of publishing houses. The financially second-rate concerns make authors wait exasperatingly, sometimes treat them dishonorably, because they count the pennies too closely; but they do publish many hundreds or thousands of articles every year that otherwise would never see the light, and distribute many thousands of dollars to authors where otherwise not a cent would come to them.

Take the other horn of the dilemma, the buying just enough to keep along on. This is so stupid and suicidal that the law of the survival of the fittest insures it a very short trial anywhere. To be sure of getting enough within a given time, you must not set the standard too high, for every editor knows that the coming in of acceptable material is in the last degree capricious. I have sometimes got more good pieces in one month than in the four preceding. I recently accepted two in one month and twelve the next; and a very slight raising of the standard and sharpening of the severity of judgment reduced my surplus stock in a couple of years by two-thirds — that is, but for the matter on hand, the acceptances would not have provided for the usual needs of the paper. The result of such a system would be like the boy's sap buckets, some half full and some running over, but *averaging* full: some numbers would be empty, other months you would have to send back several first-rate things from your best contributors because you had accepted up to your limit; in others you would accept third-rate things from them after rejecting first-rate ones the month before, and they would think you a fool — quite rightly, in my opinion — for adopting such a plan. I understand this is tried as to poetry, in one or two places where poetry does not count for much, with the result one would know in advance — the poetry is a guy except by the chance of a good artist dropping in, poets are speechless with rage and disgust, and perfectly demoralized in their estimates of their own work by having their finest pieces returned while second-rate stuff is printed, and the editor is considered a muff in that department. The genius of how-not-to-do-it never conceived anything better calculated to destroy an editor's repute and the character of his publication, for displacing literature by trash, and for unsettling

authors' minds and standards of judgment.

But the truth is, the whole system of payment on acceptance, as a general business plan and not the special fortune of a few authors or the conduct of a few specially situated periodicals, is an impossibility. Only on one condition would it be possible — that just enough good things should be written just to fill the periodicals; and that is a chimera. The matter comes in practice to this: Suppose the system *were* put in practice. John Jones writes a good story and sends it to a magazine, not flush but in the pool of cash-payers. He gets a reply much like this: "Dear Sir: We are very loath to lose this article, but cannot pay for it now; expect to be in the market again in about a year." This takes the place of the old "accepted, payable on publication." He gets the same reply from others. Will he put that article in his desk and keep it a year, probably meanwhile having others get in ahead of him? No such dunce; he will write to the one he would best like to appear in: "Keep the article for a year, if you think you can publish it and pay for it then; or if you can publish it sooner, do so, and I will wait a year for the money." And there you have the old credit system back again, horns, hoofs, and tail.

I take no pleasure in this analysis; but I must stick by it as the obvious truth. The analogy that writers are fond of drawing between literary products and material products is fallacious: thought and potatoes, a soul-feast and a horseshoe, are not commensurable. The vital difference is that in material objects the demand creates the supply; in literature the supply creates the demand. This radical opposition in essence creates equally sweeping divergences all through. Journalism is a distinct business, to which this does not apply: there the imperative need is to have *something* at once, the timeliness is the essence of its value, and if it is not used at once, it will never be used. But literature can wait; and hard as it is to wait, it seems on the whole best to wait.

HARTFORD, Conn. *Forrest Morgan.*

SOME REITERATED LITERARY DON'TS.

Don't fail to write your name and address at the top of the first sheet of every manuscript that you send out.

Don't forget to note the approximate number of words in the manuscript — or the number of lines if it is a poem — at the right hand top of the first page.

Don't overlook the facts that most of the manuscripts submitted to editors nowadays are typewritten, and that unless your handwriting is particularly legible, your manuscript needs to be typewritten also, to stand an even chance of success.

Don't buy a typewriter, if you can't afford it. You can get your manuscripts typewritten in the best style for six cents a hundred words. But don't fail to buy a typewriter, if you can afford to pay the cost.

Don't omit to have your address either written or printed on the corner of every envelope that you send through the mails, so that if your letter is not delivered, it will be returned to you.

Don't bother editors with inquiries. They don't hunger for more letters than they get. Most of them gave up watching for the postman long ago.

Don't fix a price on your manuscript, unless you are famous enough, or independent enough, to be able to dictate your own terms.

Don't let a good manuscript lie idle because two or three editors have rejected it. If you feel sure that it is good, keep sending it around till it is either accepted or worn out.

Don't get discouraged. Read, observe, and think, as well as write, and if you have the talent in you, with perseverance you are certain to succeed.

Arthur Fosdick.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

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The present copyright law provides that two copies of every book copyrighted in the United States shall be placed in the Congressional library at Washington. Samuel H. Ranck writes to the *Nation* to say that in addition the requirement should be made that one other copy of each copyrighted book shall be placed in some recognized depository in the state in which the author of the book resides. "As a rule," he says, "books of a purely local interest seldom get into the regular channels of the trade, and often they cannot be found by those to whom they would be of most service. Under the present copyright law no state can have a library with anything like a complete collection of the publications relating to the state. The student of the future should be assured that there will be at least one library in the state with practically everything relating to it. He should not be compelled, as at present, to travel thousands of miles to Washington." The suggestion is a sensible one, and the change in the copyright law might profitably be made, with the provision that in each state the legislature shall name the library selected for a state depository.

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It is a good rule for an editorial writer never to make an editorial longer than the pencil that he writes it with.

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The bound volume of THE WRITER for 1894 is now ready for delivery. It is handsomely bound in cloth, with title-page and index, and, like the preceding volumes of the magazine, it contains an invaluable series of articles on authors and literary work. A copy will be sent postpaid to any address for $1.50. Every writer should have a complete set of bound volumes of THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR in his library.

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The question of payment on acceptance or on publication discussed by the editor of the *Travelers Record* in his article in this month's WRITER is one of great interest to every periodical contributor. Mr. Morgan takes the extreme view that the general adoption of the cash system in paying for manuscripts would be a misfortune for everybody concerned. There are only two alternatives, he says: either the editor who pays on acceptance must buy all the good manuscripts that come to him, or else he must live from hand to mouth, buying only enough matter for a few issues ahead, and rejecting everything that comes to him after

his immediate needs have been supplied. The evil results of either system Mr. Morgan graphically describes.

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That there is a golden mean between these two extremes, however, many are ready to believe. Of the two methods, that of using unlimited capital to buy manuscripts to hoard is undoubtedly the most injurious. Authors want reputation as well as money for their articles, and even with a good-sized check cashed on his order, a writer feels aggrieved if the periodical that has bought his poem or his story holds it for a dozen months or years, or, possibly, never publishes it at all. Moreover, as Mr. Morgan says, such a method generally is impracticable. It is hard to see, however, why the hand-to-mouth policy is "suicidal," provided the average of time for which manuscripts are bought ahead is long enough to ensure obtaining a satisfactory supply. Every editor knows, as Mr. Morgan says, that good manuscripts — good from his point of view — come irregularly, sometimes a dozen in a week, at other times not one in a month. For that reason, an editor who should depend always on this month's manuscripts for next month's magazine would print a very uneven periodical, and his practice would result in all the evils that Mr. Morgan forcibly sets forth. Mr. Morgan himself says, however, at the outset, that more good matter is written than can possibly find a market at any decent price, and that being so, an editor is sure to receive plently of good manuscripts if, instead of buying for only one month ahead, he makes provision for three, or four, or five, or six numbers of his magazine. In practice this would not be difficult. His next issue, of course, must be provided for complete. The following issue might be nearly complete, but still with an opening for the possible extra-good article received only just in time to get it in. The next issue to come would have a still greater opening, and for the issues to be made five or six months ahead only a little first-rate matter need be bought, since the future might safely be left to take care of itself.

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The adoption of such a plan would require only capital enough to buy manuscripts for half a year ahead. A little leeway might be permitted to allow the purchase of phenomenally good manuscripts which might come in after the six months' supply of matter had been bought. In the case of magazines like the *Century* the six-months' provision would probably be doubled, or extended even further still. For most publications a six-months' supply would be sufficient. If in the mean time an editor should raise his standard, — and the price accordingly, — he need only let authors know of it to get all the good matter he might want. In case of enforced rejection of manuscripts he would like to accept, a word of explanation to the contributors would always be satisfactory, since it would show them that their contributions were not rejected because of lack of literary availability, and would give them a chance for an immediate market elsewhere. Mr. Morgan (for instance) would only have to write to Mr. Aldrich (for instance): "Your poem is just what I should want, if I had not bought all the manuscripts I need at present." Mr. Aldrich would not have his literary standards upset by such a rejection, and he would have an opportunity at once to seek another market. Under the payment-on-publication system the editor in such a case would simply accept the poem and put it in a pigeon hole, depriving Mr. Aldrich of all his other opportunities to sell his manuscript, and really giving no definite assurance that the poem would ever be published or measured in value by a check.

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Mr. Morgan thinks that in such a case Mr. Aldrich might send the poem back and say: "Print it when you can, and pay me for it later on." Some writers might indeed do this; but they would at least have the opportunity to do otherwise, and that is practically denied them in the payment-on-publication plan.

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It is undoubtedly true that most writers want twofold remuneration — reputation and a check. Mr. Morgan practically says that the payment-on-publication plan benefits authors, because it allows a hundred financially weak publications to live, and so secures the printing of thousands

of articles that would otherwise never see the light. If fame were all the authors were writing for, they might be satisfied with this reward, but most of them have uses for the check. It will be interesting to know how many there are who will agree with Mr. Morgan, that the brief existence of a periodical like the *Southern Magazine*, for instance, which paid its writers chiefly in promises, and finally stopped because the more practical printers, and paper dealers, and picture-makers insisted upon cash, really benefited the literary guild because it gave publicity and so reputation. To be sure, if the forbearance of its contributors had enabled the *Southern Magazine* to get on its feet and finally become a paying publication, some benefit would have accrued to writers generally; but why should authors be expected to advance capital to struggling enterprises when paper makers and binders sordidly insist on cash?

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THE WRITER'S opinion is that there should be only two classes of periodicals — those that pay on acceptance for what they print and those that frankly say they do not pay at all. The *Travelers Record* plan of promising to pay on publication, with an agreement to publish within a specified time, is practically paying on acceptance by giving a note instead of cash. Few authors would object to anything so fair as that. The plan of taking manuscripts to be paid for on publication, however, with no guarantee that the manuscripts will be published soon, or even at all, is unjust to authors and beneficial only to shrewd publishers.

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

What was the first newspaper published in America? W. J. D.

[A copy of the first newspaper ever published in America was found by Rev. J. B. Felt, the historian of Salem, in the colonial state paper office in London, where he was looking for material for his history. Till then it was believed that the *Boston News-Letter* was the original American newspaper. The paper found by Mr. Felt was published by Benjamin Harris at the London coffee-house in Boston, and was printed for him by Richard Pierce, Thursday, September 25, 1690 — fourteen years before the *Boston News-Letter* was issued by John Campbell. It is headed *Publick Occurrences*, and is printed on three pages of a folded sheet, one page being left blank. There are two columns to a page, and each page measures about 7 x 11 inches. The paper was intended to be a monthly journal, but in the first issue the editor published some news about local and military matters that led to its suppression by the authorities. — W. H. H.]

Several books have been issued during the last two or three years, consisting of five or six short stories which have been printed in some magazine. Who compiles and publishes such a book — the editor of the magazine in which they have been printed or the author himself? If an author sells his story to an editor, has he any right to put it into book form, either in connection with others or alone? If he has, what course, legal or courteous, ought he to pursue in so doing? L.

[Unless an express agreement to the contrary is made, when an author sells a story to a copyrighted magazine he parts with the copyright, which becomes the property of the magazine publisher. If he desires afterward to include his story in a book, he must first secure permission from the owner of the copyright. As a rule, short story collections are published at the instance of the author. Stories sold to periodicals not copyrighted — like the *Independent*, for example — may be reprinted in book form by any one, unless they have been copyrighted independently by the author. — W. H. H.]

Please give in THE WRITER discriminating instances of the correct use of the verbs "want," "require," "lack," and "need." It seems to me that these words are very often used ambiguously and confusedly. A. O'K.

[We often want things that we lack, but do not really need, and cannot require anybody to get for us. We may want a man to do something for us, when we cannot require him to do it. A candidate may lack (not "want") fifty votes of a majority; in other words, he needs fifty more votes, and he naturally wants to get

them, but ordinarily he cannot require people to vote for him. If this subject needs further elucidation, the editor of THE WRITER wants readers of the magazine to discuss it freely. — W. H. H.]

Which are the best authors to read for the improvement of one's literary style?

A. K. F.

[George William Curtis advised persons who were desirous of acquiring "a good style" in their writing to read Addison, Milton, Burke, Lamb, Thackeray, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Lowell. — W. H. H.]

Will you please tell me what authors' portraits have been published in THE WRITER? Can the numbers of the magazine containing them still be secured? L. O. S.

[Portraits and sketches of authors have been published in THE WRITER as follows: —

July,	1891.	James Lane Allen. Personal sketch by John W. Fox, Jr.
August,	"	Jennie M. Drinkwater Conklin. Sketch by Frederick Orr.
September,	"	James Russell Lowell. (Lowell Memorial Number.)
October,	"	Hamlin Garland. Sketches by J. E. Chamberlin and Charles E. Hurd.
November,	"	James Parton. Sketch by Harriet Prescott Spofford.
December,	"	Danske Dandridge. Sketch by Elizabeth Cavazza.
January,	1892.	William C. Hudson. Sketch by George B. Gallup.
February,	"	Mary E. Hawker. Sketch by T. G. L. Hawker.
March,	"	Molly Elliot Seawell. Sketch by William S. Walsh.

Any of these numbers will be sent postpaid while the supply lasts, by the Writer Publishing Company, for fifteen cents apiece. — W. H. H.]

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

The latest example of the possibilities of mixed metaphor is provided by the humorist of the *Indianapolis Journal*, who imagines an orator shouting: "My friends, the mad rush for the spoils of office is the bitterest eyesore that is eating into the vitals of the body politic!"

CHICAGO, Ill. R. S.

Conan Doyle writes stories of absorbing interest, but his English is not always above criticism. For instance, in "Round the Red Lamp," I find him using "forwards" and "downwards" for "forward" and "downward"; "an European" for "a European"; "as though" for "as if"; "to still further redden his face" for "still further to redden his face"; "very disgusted" and "very amused" for "much disgusted" and "much amused"; "his head sunk a little forwards" for "his head sank a little forward"; and "to hopelessly upset" for "to upset hopelessly." A sensitive reader's enjoyment of a story is lessened by such blemishes. I have often thought that an expert editor is as much required in every publishing-house as an expert proof-reader. Of course, no important changes should be made in an author's manuscript without his approval, but blunders like those quoted from Dr. Doyle's book might profitably be corrected. The author himself might learn something by examining with due humility the red ink changes in his manuscript.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. L.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE CALENDAR OF JEWELS (1895). New York: Fowler & Wells Co. $1.50. 1895.

"The Calendar of Jewels" is an attractive calendar daintily printed in harmonious colors. The card design shows a child's face surrounded by cherubs, and the calendar pad, which has a leaf for each day in the year, gives the gem for each month and its meaning, illustrated by selections from standard writers.

PIPE AND POUCH. The Smoker's Own Book of Poetry. Compiled by Joseph Knight. 182 pp. With frontispiece. Cloth, in box, $1.25. Boston: Joseph Knight Company. 1895.

All the best of the poetry ever written in praise of smoking and tobacco has been drawn upon by Mr. Knight for this new anthology. "From the days of Raleigh to the present time," he says, "literature abounds in allusions to tobacco. Singular to say, Shakespeare makes no reference to it; and only once, in his essay "Of Plantations," as far as the compiler has been able to discover, does Bacon speak of

it. . . . Poets and philosophers drew solace and inspiration from the pipe. Milton, Addison, Fielding, Hobbes, and Newton were all smokers. It is said that Newton was smoking under a tree in his garden when the historic apple fell. Scott, Campbell, Byron, Hood, and Lamb all smoked, and Carlyle and Tennyson were rarely without a pipe in their mouth. The great novelists, Thackeray, Dickens, and Bulwer, were famous smokers." Mr. Knight's acquaintance with the literature of smoking is evidently wide, and his work of compilation has been a labor of love. His collection of smokers' poems is a capital one, and will make delightful reading for any admirer of tobacco's charms. Others, even women, may enjoy it too, for, as Mr. Knight says: "While nearly all the poems here gathered together were written, and perhaps could only have been written, by smokers, several among the best are the work of authors who never used the weed, — one by a man, two or three by women."

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

Substitute for Mucilage. — George Rawlinson says in the *Missouri Editor*: "Buy at any drug store five-cents' worth of gum tragacanth. Put it in a large-mouthed pint bottle and pour on warm water until it is filled. Set it away over night, and it is ready for use. If it is too thick, add a little water, thinning the top, leaving the rest. This keeps winter and summer, never sours, is as strong as flour paste, and never stains the paper. It can be used for all purposes for which paste or mucilage would be used." A writer in the *Boston Transcript* says: "I have used this paste for twenty-five years. It is used by bookbinders, and will not strike through the paper. Buy a five-cent phial of wintergreen essence and put in five or six drops in each mixing to keep it from corrupting and smelling badly. A little gum goes a great way. There is nothing better." H.

BOSTON, Mass.

Curing Writer's Cramp. — A writer in the *Boston Post* suggests the following treatment for the cure of writer's cramp: Lay aside the pen, hang down the hand, and shake the stiffness out of it. Then expand it to its utmost and allow it to close slowly of its own will. Then sway it aloft and shake the stiffness from it again. Then expand it to its utmost and allow it to close of itself. Next swing the hand relaxed around in a circle, the action mainly at the wrist. Then drop it for a few seconds and return to your writing, feeling comfortable, if not cured at once. Try the same process over again if necessary and relief will follow. W. T.

EAST BOSTON, Mass.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

CONCERNING "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGAT." An autobiographical paper. With portrait. Beatrice Harraden. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for January.

THE MEANING OF AN EISTEDDFOD. Edith Brower. *Atlantic* (38 c) for January.

THE WANT OF ECONOMY IN THE LECTURE SYSTEM. John Trowbridge. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

THE AUTHOR OF "QUABBIN." J. T. Trowbridge. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Illustrated. Brander Matthews. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for January.

THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTIST SERIES. F. H. Tompkins. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

A WORD ABOUT THE CENTURY'S PICTURES. W. Lewis Fraser. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

SHAKESPEARE'S AMERICANISMS. Henry Cabot Lodge. *Harper's* (38 c.) for January.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's study. *Harper's* (38 c.) for January.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOWELL MASON. Rev. S. F. Smith. LOWELL MASON. Francis H. Jenks. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for January.

SOCIALIST NOVELS. M. Kaufmann. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for January.

WITH THE AUTOCRAT. (Reminiscences of Dr. Holmes. F. M. B. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for January.

DICKENS' PLACE IN LITERATURE. Frederic Harrison. *Forum* (28 c.) for January.

THE PAY AND RANK OF JOURNALISTS. Henry King. *Forum* (28 c.) for January.

AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS—HENRY WOLF. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for January.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. HOLMES AS PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY. Thomas Dwight, M. D. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for January.

ST. ANDREWS AND ANDREW LANG Mrs. Leicester Addis. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (28 c.) for January.

HOW I MAKE A DRAWING. Illustrated. Frank O. Small. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for January.

MY LITERARY PASSIONS. W. D. Howells. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for January.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH METRES. *Contemporary Review* for November.

REGARDING BOOK-PLATES. Illustrated. K. Porter Garnett. *Overland* (28 c.) for December.

A HAPPY HOUR WITH SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. Illustrated. Clement Scott. *English Illustrated Magazine* (38 c.) for December.

SHELLEY IN ITALY. Illustrated. Richard Garnett. *English Illustrated Magazine* (38 c.) for December.

JAMES E. MUNSON. With portrait. *Munson Phonographic News and Teacher* (13 c.) for December.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Henry Cabot Lodge. *North American Review* (53 c.) for December.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Goldwin Smith. *North American Review* (53 c.) for December.

A PROCESS OF PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLORS. *American Journal of Photography* (28 c.) for December.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. S. F. Smith. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, THE ANATOMIST. D. W. Cheever. DR. HOLMES WITH HIS CLASSMATES. S. May. With portrait *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (53 c.) for December.

A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF RUSSIAN. N. H. Dole. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (53 c.) for December.

THE TREES AND FLOWERS OF TENNYSON. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Eclectic Magazine* (48 c.) for December.

LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITING. *Household* (13 c.) for December.

THE LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. Reprinted from *Edinburgh Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for December 1.

CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN MEMOIRS (Thackeray). Annie Ritchie. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for December 1.

RICHARD JEFFERIES AS A DESCRIPTIVE WRITER. Irving Muntz. Reprinted from *Gentleman's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for December 29, and in *Eclectic Magazine* (48 c.) for December.

JOSEPH HOWARD, JR. With portrait. *Journalist* (13 c.) for December 1.

PROOFREADING AS A STEPPING-STONE TO NEWSPAPER WORK. Kate Masterson. *Journalist* (13 c.) for December 1.

KATE MASTERSON. With portrait. *Christmas Journalist* (28 c.)

THE PROFESSIONAL WOMAN. Margaret Sutton Briscoe. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for December 22.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP. With portrait. Frederic Bancroft. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 1.

DR. JAMES MCCOSH. With portrait. Ethelbert D. Warfield. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 1.

THOMAS HARDY. With portrait. H. M. A. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 8.

W. A. ROGERS. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 22.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. With portrait. Brander Matthews. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 29.

KIRK MUNROE. Portrait. *Harper's Young People*. (8 c. for December 25.

THE LEADING CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS. With portraits of Edouard Pailleron, Victorien Sardou, A. Dumas, fils, Arthur W. Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Bronson Howard, Henrik Ibsen, Hermann Sudermann, Marco Praga, and Maurice Maeterlinck. Arthur Hornblow. *New York Dramatic Mirror* Christmas Number (53 c.)

STEVENSON'S LIFE AT SAMOA. John La Farge. *New York Times* for December 30.

NEWS AND NOTES.

John T. Morse, Jr., is going to write the biography of Dr. Holmes.

Henry Loomis Nelson is the new editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson observed his seventy-first birthday December 22.

Zola is coming to America.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will spend the winter in the south of France. Her son, whose serious illness called her back to this country, several months ago, has fully recovered and is now in college.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is convalescing from her recent serious illness.

Hamlin Garland has bought a small farm in Wisconsin, and intends to devote much of his time to growing blackberries for the market.

C. L. Phifer has established at Pacific (Mo.) a literary magazine, called the *Weekly Quarterly*. It is wholly devoted to the poetical and prose writings of Mr. Phifer.

The *Proofsheet*, published monthly by the Ben Franklin Company (Chicago), is a new publication devoted to the art of proofreading and the interests of proofreaders.

The publication of the *American* (Philadelphia), suspended in January, 1891, is resumed with the issue for January 5. The *American* was first issued in October, 1880, and was continuously published for more than ten years. Wharton Barker was and is the editor.

Our Day (Boston) has been consolidated with the *Altruistic Review*, of which Rev. Joseph Cook will be the editor.

Science (New York) resumes publication, after a few months' suspension, with an editorial committee consisting of eighteen well-known scientific men. The responsible editor is Professor J. McKeen Cattell, Garrison-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Charles F. Lummis is the editor of a beautifully printed and illustrated magazine, the *Land of Sunshine*, published monthly at Los Angeles, and devoted to the interests of Southern California.

The *Bookman*, which has had great success in London under the direction of Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, is to have an American edition brought out by Dodd, Mead, & Co., under the editorship of Professor H. T. Peck and James MacArthur.

The *Photographic Times* (New York) will in future appear as a monthly photographic art magazine. The January number contains a superb photogravure frontispiece, besides more than a hundred illustrations, including many beautiful half-tone reproductions. Among the numerous interesting articles are: "The Portraiture of the Moon," "The Kinetoscope, Kinetograph, and Kinetophonograph," and "On the Road to the North Pole with a Camera," by the official photographer of the Dr. Cook arctic expedition.

The *Southern Magazine*, of Louisville, Ky., is in the hands of the court, after two years of struggle for existence. As usual, a lot of authors who submitted manuscript to be paid for on publication are left in the lurch.

The *Open Court*, of Chicago, in announcing a reduction of price from $2 to $1 a year, says that one reader has hitherto borne ninety per cent. of the cost of its publication. It is eight years old.

The Bacheller and Johnson syndicate, Tribune building, New York, offers a prize of $2,000 for the best detective story of from 6,000 to 12,000 words submitted before May 1, 1895.

The Civic Federation, of Chicago, offers a first prize of $350 and a second prize of $150, the gift of W. A. Giles, for the best and second best essays, respectively, on subjects of municipal reform.

The prizes of $50 and $25 offered by the Pennsylvania Forestry Association to Pennsylvania teachers for the two best essays on the "Practical Value of Forests" are open until March 31.

The *Magazine of Travel* (New York) is a new illustrated monthly which will devote its pages almost entirely to the exploitation of travel and kindred interests.

The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* says: "An announcement was made some time last spring of an offer of $2,000 in prizes for manuscripts of novels, open for general competition, made by the Bow Knot Publishing Company, whose office is in the Pontiac Building, Chicago. This competition was to remain open until December 31 of this year, and special encouragement was given to young and inexperienced writers to try for the prizes. Recently it has been reported to us that the sum of $1 was required with each manuscript as an entrance fee. The company may be perfectly sincere in its offers to the public, but the fact of its requiring a money fee before admitting a writer to the competition lays it justly liable to the suspicion that the dollar, and not the manuscript, is what it is after. For young venturers into the field of books, who wish to seek in this way a market for their first literary efforts, it would be advisable first to look well into any prize-offering concern before forwarding their manuscripts and money."

In 1925 a prize of $1,000,000 will be given to the writer whom the Russian National Academy shall adjudge to have written the best biography of Alexander I. The prize is the outgrowth of a fund of 50,000 roubles given by a favorite minister of Alexander I. in 1825, and left to accumulate at compound interest for a century.

Henry Cabot Lodge, in the January *Harper's* shows, by examples taken from Shakespeare, that many of the so-called Americanisms are survivals of a usage current at the period when immigration began from Old to New England. The word "guess," for example, was, in Shakespeare's time, used in England in the colloquial sense that now attaches to it in America, and examples are multiplied in Mr. Lodge's article.

The first number of the periodical entitled *Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great* by Elbert Hubbard (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) gives an interesting account of a visit to George Eliot's home. It is a beautiful specimen of fine typography.

In the December number of the *Bostonian*, Boston's new monthly magazine, there is an article on "Artists and Art in Boston," with half-tone illustrations.

The complete novel in the January issue of *Lippincott's* is "The Waifs of Fighting Rocks," by Captain Charles McIlvaine. The scene is laid in the mountains of West Virginia, and the tale is one of adventure, love, and jealousy among the mountaineers. "By Telephone," a stirring newspaper story by Francis C. Regal, shows how a plucky reporter defeated a conspiracy and brought the criminals to justice.

Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, the son and executor of the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, asks that any persons having letters of Dr. Holmes will send them to Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., 4 Park street, Boston, or to A. P. Watt, Esq., Hastings House, Norfolk street, Strand, London, with reference to their possible use in a contemplated "Life and Letters of Dr. Holmes." These letters will be carefully returned to their owners after copies have been made of such as are found to be available.

Town Topics speaks of reading sensational papers as "literary slumming."

Comparing the ten-cent magazines with *Harper's* and the *Century*, the *Critic* calls attention to the fact that the cheaper magazines contain hardly half as much reading matter as the higher-priced ones, and that they are sold at not much more than the cost of paper and printing. The illustrations in a single number of *Harper's* or the *Century* cost from $6,000 to $10,000. Timothy Cole's reproductions of famous paintings cost about $300 each. Upon the *Century's* series of war papers more than $100,000 was spent, and the authors of the Lincoln life were paid $50,000 for the serial rights. Joseph Jefferson received $1,000 a month for his autobiography, and the pictures which accompanied it cost even more.

George Meredith has been at work for ten years on the novel, "The Amazing Marriage," which begins in the January *Scribner's*. He frankly says that he has written it in the simpler phraseology which people prefer, rather than in the complex style to which some readers have seriously objected.

W. Lewis Fraser, of the art department of the *Century*, writes in the January number of the magazine of current methods of reproduction of art.

In the January *Atlantic* J. T. Trowbridge, one of the two surviving contributors to the first number of the magazine, pays a tribute to F. H. Underwood, and Mr. Winthrop is also fittingly commemorated at the close of a review of his recent privately printed reminiscences.

The *Quarterly Illustrator* (New York) opens its third volume with the number for January, February, and March, 1895. The number contains 309 illustrations by 128 well-known artists, with articles by Richard Harding Davis, Charles De Kay, Philip G. Hubert, Jr., Alfred Trumble, Charlotte Adams, Alice Morse Earle, and other good writers.

The frontispiece of the January *Review of Reviews* is a portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson; the same number contains another picture of the late novelist—a sketch drawn from life by that clever illustrator, Victor Gribayédoff. There are also portraits of Dean Hole, Carl Schurz, Jean Victor Duruy, James Bryce, S. R. Crockett, Richard Malcolm Johnston, and Frances Hodgson Burnett.

In *Harper's Bazar* for January 5, in which will appear the first installment of Maarten Maartens' new novel, "My Lady Nobody," will be printed a sketch of Mr. Maartens, by his friend, M. H. Spielman, together with a fine portrait.

Miss Adeline Knapp, one of the younger and most promising women journalists of the Pacific coast, contributes a short story to the January *Arena*, called "The Dignity of Labor." As a writer on the *Morning Call* of San Francisco, Miss Knapp has had interesting experiences among the laboring classes. In the same number Rev. M. H. Savage writes on "The Religion of Longfellow's Poetry."

Wilson's Photographic Magazine (New York) for January contains some valuable suggestions about process work and its improvement.

The *New York Sun* says that one successful story writer of this country is having his revenge on those that rejected his earlier stories. He carefully treasured his rejected manuscripts, and, after his first success, began to unload them upon the market. They go now without urging, and at prices he did not demand originally.

In *McClure's Magazine* for January Miss Beatrice Harraden tells how she came to write "Ships That Pass in the Night," when, and where, and how she wrote it, and how she got it published. There is also a portrait of Miss Harraden.

Dr. S. F. Smith contributes some interesting reminiscences of Lowell Mason to the January number of the *New England Magazine*. Dr. Smith and Mr. Mason were close friends from youth up to the time of the latter's death. It was Mr. Mason who first recognized the merits of the doctor's famous hymn and set it to the music of "God Save the King."

Among the book events of the new year will be the issue by the J. B. Lippincott Company of "Miss Cherry-Blossom, of Tôkyô," a charming and entirely new story of Japan and America. It will be originally and sumptuously bound, and is by a member of the Philadelphia bar, who writes for the first time over his own name.

Arthur Brisbane holds out some substantial encouragement to bright young men to enter journalism by telling of the case of a New York reporter who was sent to talk to various members of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, and who received a bigger salary than the cabinet members do, and in addition to his salary he was paid all traveling and hotel expenses, etc.

The present Lord Tennyson, it is said, has had to read 50,000 letters in the course of writing the biography of his father—that is, in addition to papers of all sorts and kinds. The book will probably not be ready before 1896 or 1897, since its preparation is much more of an undertaking than was at first anticipated.

Harper's Magazine for December had a story entitled "The Peddler's Peril," contributed by L. B. Miller, of St. Louis. Since its publication the main incidents of the plot have been by many correspondents traced to a French story written many years ago by Paul Louis Courier, called "Une Aventure en Calabre." But others find that Courier himself based his story on material already old at his hand. Thus the Hon. John Bigelow writes to the editor of the magazine, "I used to thrill my children with it years before I saw Courier's version. I presume it came from Greece, and was a chestnut in the days of Hesiod. But all novelty is but another name for ignorance." Charles Reade frankly used these world-old plots wherever he found them, and never doubted his right to do so, if he could give to an old story a new environment and characterization. Mr. Miller positively asserts that he never saw Courier's story or heard of the plot of "The Peddler's Peril" until he used it, honestly supposing it to be original with himself. Probably Courier was equally honest, although the chief incident of "Une Aventure en Calabre" had been told on the fourth day of the Heptameron of Queen Margaret of Navarre, nearly 300 years before.

The leading article in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (New York) for January is "St. Andrews and Andrew Lang," by Mrs. Leicester Addis, a charming account of the university career and literary life of Mr. Lang, also of the quaint little Scotch city of his Alma Mater.

The original drawings illustrating "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby" have been sold by Mr. Du Maurier for fifteen hundred pounds, to a single purchaser.

Robert Louis Stevenson died in Samoa December 3, aged forty-four.

Harry J. Shellman, formerly managing editor of *Texas Siftings*, died in Brooklyn December 13, aged fifty-one.

Dr. John Lord died at Stamford, Conn., December 15, aged eighty-four.

Rev. George Edward Ellis, D. D., died in Boston, December 21, aged eighty years.

Christina Georgina Rossetti died in London December 30, aged sixty-four.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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WRITER'S CRAMP: ITS RECOGNITION AND PREVENTION.

ORDSWORTH'S aversion to any employment at his writing-desk was unconquerable. "It is to me a place of punishment," he said, "and as my penmanship sufficiently testifies, I always bend over it with some degree of impatience."

This aversion led him to make constant demands upon his faithful sister, who did most of his writing for him. Dorothy's self-effacement was most womanly; but it is to be regretted that, in her devotion to her beloved brother, she could not give her own exquisite genius fuller expression.

Margaret Fuller, also, always felt the use of the pen to be drudgery; her genius needed the stimulus of personal contact with other minds before the sacred flame burst forth with the brilliancy she herself desired.

Many a writer, however, finds the pen an inspiration. As soon as it is in his hand, ideas which have before eluded his grasp marshal themselves tangibly before him, and by the expression of those ideas an interminable vista of suggested thought presents itself. This is the case with Zola. He could never, he says, evolve a single idea by sitting still in his chair and thinking. He must write in order to be able to write.

When an author's mind depends for its activity upon such an external aid as this, he is apt to make too many demands upon his physical strength; for it is undeniable that the prolonged use of the pen, however delightful in its literary results, is a severe tax upon brain, nerves, and muscles. If physical conditions are unfavorable, if the writer's health is impaired, or if some shock occurs causing different manifestations of nervous prostration, then this tax upon nerves and muscles becomes of a very serious nature.

Writer's cramp in one of its gravest forms is, as the name implies, a spasmodic action of the muscles of the hand or forearm which have been concerned in the act of writing, so that if the writer attempts to hold the pen and use it in the same way to which he has always accustomed himself, the fingers refuse to obey the commands of the will, and writing is rendered impossible. But as the symptoms of this disease are varied, and its modifications and complications numerous, a number of different affections are classified under the general term, — writer's cramp, — these affections having the common characteristic, that there is present either an impairment of the power which is exerted in the performance of the delicate movements of the hand concerned in writing or

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in acts analogous to writing, such as sewing, telegraphing, painting, playing the piano, the violin, etc.; or, in extreme cases, a total inability to perform these movements.

The term is not the best one which could be chosen. First, because even in the advanced stages of the paralytic forms of the disease there is never a symptom of cramp or spasm; and second, because it is not restricted to writers, but takes in those muscular and nervous disorders and disturbances of movement which afflict musicians, artists, and others. In my fragmentary suggestions in regard to the recognition and prevention of this disease I shall restrict myself to the more proper application of the term to writers alone. This is an age of such literary activity that any words of warning or of help have value.

The exact seat of the disease known as writer's cramp is obscure, and still a matter of considerable doubt in the profession. Some authorities place it in the central nervous system — in the brain or spinal cord; while others regard it as a purely local affection. For our present purpose this question is of secondary importance. We know that the disease is of terrible significance to writers and other workers; and its exciting cause is what should chiefly concern us. This exciting cause is, in most cases, undoubtedly muscular strain or fatigue due to the constant repetition of the same act, to the prolonged and habitual use of the same set of muscles, especially if the position has been a constrained or unnatural one. Sprains, injuries, rheumatism, Bright's disease, and derangements of the nervous system are sometimes coincident with the symptoms due to muscular fatigue, and when present, of course, add very much to the original trouble. The physician who attempts to treat writer's cramp must have psychological insight, as well as medical skill.*

Some authorities on this subject assert that there are cases of writer's cramp where there has been no excessive use of certain muscles. If so, I should consider the trouble due to some form of nervous shock sustained while these muscles were in use. But this is too complicated and technical a matter to be discussed here. It may be true that some people of robust health can undergo any amount of fatigue, can put any conceivable strain upon the muscles of the hand and never suffer the slightest pain or inconvenience whatever. Others again who use the pen far less may soon have all the symptoms of functional disorder, ending even in paralysis. So many things enter into the question of the different reasons for the appearance of certain diseases that seldom can it be settled to our satisfaction. Writer's cramp, the exciting cause of which is usually chronic muscular fatigue, may be complicated with so many secondary causes dependent upon mental or physical conditions, peculiarities of temperament, of heredity, etc., that it is useless to confuse ourselves with them here; except to remember that the nervous temperament predisposes to this disease, and that those writers endowed with such a temperament, with all its wonderful sensitiveness to both pain and pleasure, should especially be careful to adopt those methods of writing which are least liable to cause muscular fatigue.

The old proverb in regard to the ounce of prevention is as true to-day as ever it was. And in order to make good use of that ounce of prevention it is necessary to realize the importance of the preliminary symptoms of writer's cramp, which are the danger signals of nature. The disturbances of movement which eventually render writing so difficult are, in the first instance, often so slight as to be unnoticed, or if noticed, disregarded till the disease has made grave progress. Some people complain of a sudden onslaught of the disease: the pen falls from their grasp, and the fingers refuse to perform their accustomed task, without previous warning. But it is my opinion that if these sufferers had been placed on their guard and taught the gravity of slight and apparently trifling symptoms, the disease would not be pronounced sudden in its approach. The object of this paper is to emphasize the importance of these early symptoms of pain in the hand due to muscular fatigue; for writer's cramp

* John Keats, writing to his sister from Hampstead in 1891, said that good or bad spirits have a marked effect upon the handwriting, and added he judged his brother's wife was well, because the letter just received from his brother was written in so unnervous and healthy a manner!

is not only insidious in its approach, but it is progressive, and in its advanced stage a cure is very difficult to be obtained.

No two cases of writer's cramp are precisely alike, either in their subjective effects or in their visible manifestations. In describing some of the symptoms which have come under my own observation, I shall attempt no scientific definitions, nor shall I deal in medical terms.

The trouble most often begins with a peculiar feeling of weariness in the hand after writing a long time. The fingers respond as usual to the commands of the will, however, and the handwriting is as firm and legible as ever. But after a while the writer not only feels this fatigue, but he becomes conscious that he has to put forth a greater amount of muscular force in poising the hand, holding the pen, and moving it to form the letters. The pressure he is obliged to use, of course, increases the fatigue. The hand also sometimes feels cold with no apparent cause. If the writing be discontinued, the hand soon gets rested. But the result of the additional effort is sooner or later seen in a stiffness and numbness of the fingers, which do not immediately disappear when the writing ceases. The stiffness and numbness in their turn have the effect of making the writer's

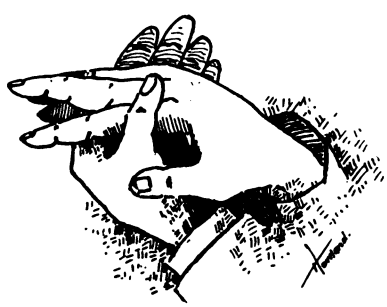


Fig. 1.

grasp of the pen less firm and steady, so still greater effort is put forth in order to write legibly and well.

The weary feeling is often relieved by kneading or rubbing the hand. If a decided sense of relief is experienced by grasping the right hand with the left, as shown in Fig. 1, there is little doubt that the disease known as writer's cramp has commenced.

Another early indication of the disease is a tremor in the fibres of the muscles. This may occur even before there is any pain or sense of fatigue. Then follows a feeling of weakness in the hand, a sense of exhaustion, resulting in a disinclination to use it either in writing or in other work. The hand feels heavy, inert, and inflexible. The old-time suppleness and grace of movement seem to have disappeared. The patient cannot in a natural manner use his hand even for those acts which are analogous to grasping the pen, such as holding a spoon or a fork, buttoning the clothes with the forefinger and thumb, etc. The weakness of the hand and the feebleness of grasp are so troublesome, that gradually the left hand is brought into use. Some relief is found by extending the fingers as far apart as possible, or spreading them out upon a flat surface, giving thus a stretch to the muscles across the back of the hand.

The fatigue from too much writing occasionally manifests itself by a trembling of the whole hand, which necessitates a very tight grasp of the penholder. This brings the fingers into a state of tense contraction, and this state of things is sure to increase the tendency toward the final cramp and spasm, which are so distressing.

But one of the most common symptoms of too much writing is pain — pain in the middle finger, extending soon across the hand, and then between the thumb and first finger. If no attention be paid to this warning, no rest be taken, or no change in the position assumed, the pain increases, and after a time extends into the forearm, and then into the shoulders. As there is great sympathy between all parts of the nervous and muscular systems, even the head and the back may be affected. The pain in the hand is so much increased by the pressure from too vigorous handshakings that the patient soon learns to dread the too ardent affection of his friends.

Atmospheric or constitutional conditions being favorable, this pain, due to fatigue, is apt to become complicated with the pain which is of a neuralgic or rheumatic nature. This often leads the person suffering to ascribe his discomfort

to neuralgia, without hitting on the primary cause, — the constant and excessive use of one set of muscles of the hand.

If proper rest be taken when this peculiar pain is experienced, the hand may regain its normal condition, though, of course, the state of the writer's general health will have much influence; but if no heed be paid to these demands for rest, all the sensations of pain increase in severity; and the writer soon finds that the symptoms which have resulted from a long effort at writing appear when his task is a short one; ultimately they make their appearance when the pen is even taken in his hand. Then, sooner or later, the pain, weariness, and stiffness are felt even when no writing is performed.

Naturally, irregularities in the strokes of the pen are noticeable. The letters, *e. g.*, are apt to grow smaller toward the end of the line, occasionally going off into indefinite marks. When, after a while, the writer has more and more difficulty in moving the hand in the accustomed ways, the handwriting gradually becomes altered in character. This of itself should show the writer the nature of his disease, even if he should be oblivious to the other signs. Illegibility shows that the small muscles of the hand are getting incapable of performing their normal function. The writer often unconsciously adopts unusual positions of holding the pen which will substitute larger muscles in their place. This also is a proof that the disease is making progress.

When the sense of fatigue becomes intense, writing often becomes impossible, though there be no spasm of the muscles. The hand has grown so weak, the muscles so tired, that they simply refuse to obey the writer's will, and so the pen falls from his grasp.

The veins rarely swell even in the advanced stages of writer's cramp; but even in the preliminary stages there is often a throbbing, burning sensation in the hand, a tense, tight feeling, "as if the skin would burst if the hand closed." This also extends to the arm, and is somewhat relieved by the same methods of extending the fingers, pressing the knuckles closely together, and rubbing and kneading them, already mentioned.

The weariness, pain, and numbness soon have a marked effect upon the sensitiveness of the fingers to touch. If they are tested, their susceptibility to impressions will be found to be much impaired.

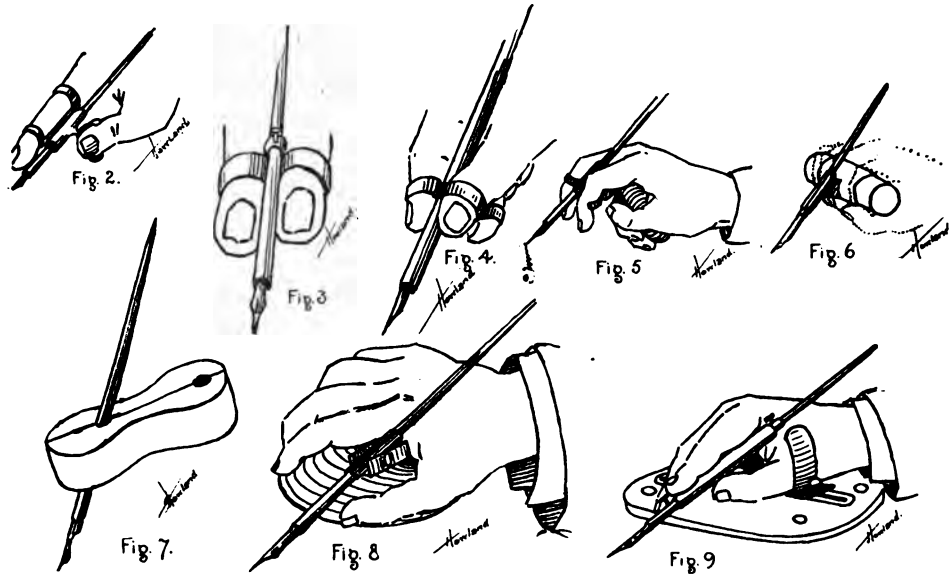
The spasms of the fingers, which are so common in advanced stages of some forms of writer's cramp, are not very serious at first. But it is not long before the fingers begin to act irregularly and the writer loses control of their direction. Soon they cannot keep the pen on the paper without great effort; finally this effort is quite useless. The thumb will become flexed upon the palm of the hand, or the thumb and fingers will suddenly extend themselves and the pen will drop from them; or the "hand will be jerked away from the paper"; or a sudden contraction of the muscles "will hold it so firmly in place" that it cannot be moved at all for a few minutes; or the point of the pen will be driven "into the paper." Such spasms increase in frequency, till finally the hand cannot even be placed in a position to write without their appearance. Many forms of this distressing spasm occur which need not be described here, inasmuch as when they are present the sufferer cannot mistake the nature of his disease. He is not only rendered incapable of writing, but is also unable to do that kind of work which will bring into use the affected muscles or entail similar movements of the hand and arm. Most trying nervousness often accompanies this condition; there is much depression of spirits, and the general health cannot fail to be influenced. Now the patient awakens to the fact that treatment is necessary, but a cure can be obtained only after long, weary months spent in the use of electricity, massage, counter movements, etc., etc.

That which I wish to emphasize is, that the literary worker who becomes conscious of the early symptoms of writer's cramp should at once consult a specialist in nervous diseases. Fortunately for him, the progress in medical science, which has been so marked during the last few years, will be of great benefit to him. Long ago, Canstatt, in writing of this disease, said: "Much has been tried to cure it, but nothing has succeeded." Since massage has come into such favor, however, there have been

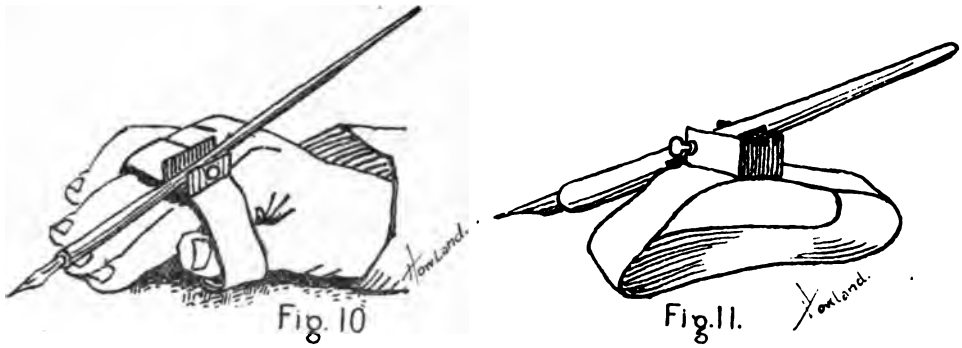
many cures; but in order to be of any practical value, massage must be applied in a special manner by one conversant with the situation of each muscle and nerve and able to make use of the opposed movements, so necessary. The ordinary masseuse is quite unfit for this work.

Several instruments have been invented for the relief of writer's cramp and to enable the sufferer to continue his employment during treatment. As a rule, however, the physician insists on perfect rest. These instruments depend for their utility upon the use of muscles other than those which have been weakened by over-exertion. Fig. 2 shows Mattieu's apparatus: the pen is fastened to the index finger and moved by it and the thumb. Mattieu also invented another instrument (Fig. 3), in which the pen is held by index and middle finger. Casenave devised a ring (Fig. 4), through which the index and middle fingers and thumb are thrust, and rendered immovable. Casenave also devised the apparatus shown in Fig. 5.

Fig. 6 shows an apparatus by which the pen is fastened to a block which is grasped by the hand in the position shown by the dotted lines. Fig. 7 gives Velpeau's instrument, based upon the same principle. All these help the hand to write without grasping the pen at all; the muscles which are weakened or paralyzed are allowed to rest. Fig. 8 gives Duchenne's in-

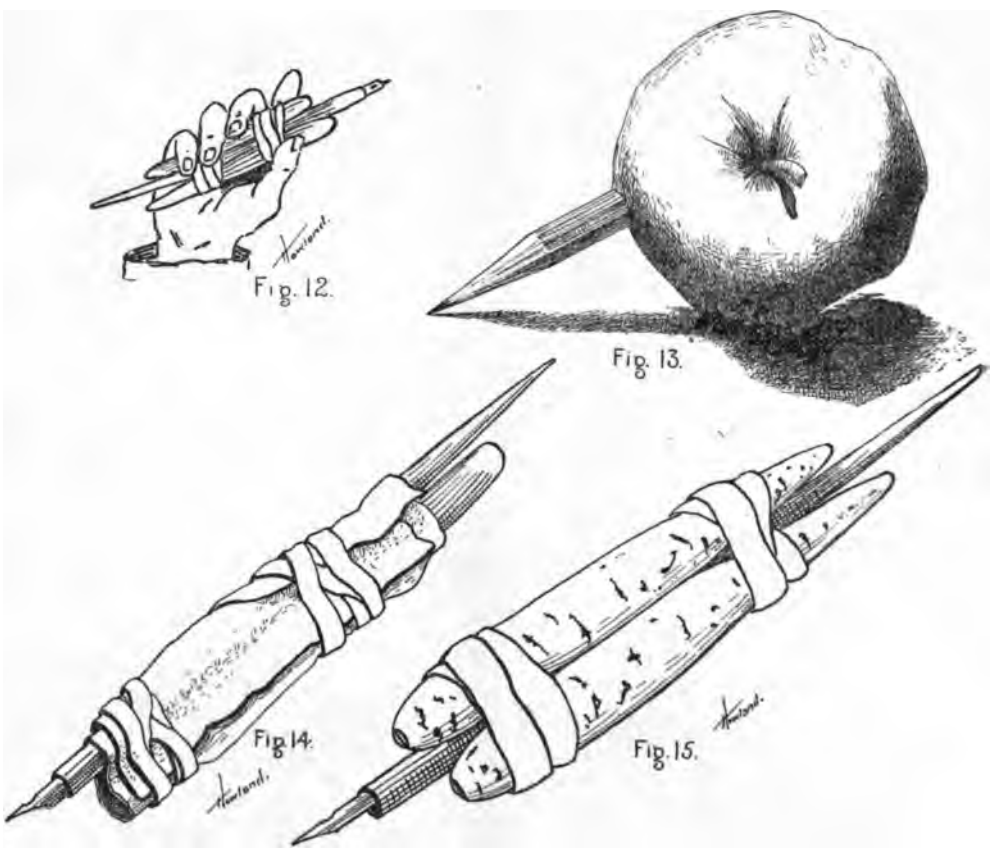


FROM "WOOD'S REFERENCE HANDBOOK TO THE MEDICAL SCIENCES."



VON NUSSBAUM'S APPARATUS, FRONT AND BACK VIEWS.

vention, in which the pen, instead of being fastened to any of the fingers, is attached to a block, which is moved by the whole hand. Charcot and Casenave devised an instrument by which the hand itself, as well as the pen, is fastened to a board and the board slides over the paper (Fig. 9). These illustrations are given here more to excite interest than to recommend their use. It is different with the apparatus invented by Von Nussbaum, shown in Figs. 10 and 11. This has the singular merit of hastening the patient's recovery by its use. It is held in place by putting the thumb and first three fingers in the ring and strongly extending them. The idea is that the cramp has been caused by over-exertion of the flexors and abductors of the fingers. The cure is effected by making use of the antagonistic muscles, while the affected ones are left free.



The typewriter is one of the most useful inventions of the age for literary workers. Of course, if a person be afflicted with cramp due to excessive piano playing, he must be cautious in its use, as the movements of the fingers are very similar to those of piano playing. Some physicians forbid its use when treating patients for writer's cramp, fearing it may, in extreme cases, cause paralysis. This is, however, too conservative an opinion. Even in advanced cases of the disease I can see no harm in the moderate use of the Caligraph by the left hand exclusively. The dangers of the disease appearing in the left hand have been much exaggerated. It is not probable that the typewriter would cause it, anyway. By using the left hand, the right can be allowed perfect rest. The Caligraph seems the best adapted for this left-hand work, because there is a key for

every letter, and the right hand does not need to be brought into use because of controlling keys in the case of figures and capitals.

The best way to prevent writer's cramp is suggested by the small boy's composition on pins: "Pins have saved a great many lives — by not swallowing them." Taking as a starting point the idea that writer's cramp is usually caused by over-exertion of one set of muscles, it is obvious that it is necessary to employ as many muscles of the hand as possible in writing. Therefore, the positions of holding the penholder must be varied. Disabuse your mind of the precepts of the schoolroom. Write for a while grasping the penholder between the thumb and first finger; then put it between the first and middle finger, remembering to keep the thumb from resting too tightly against it. This is important, for, in the absorption in his work, the writer is apt to impair the circulation in the thumb by too much pressure. Penholders are usually grasped too tightly, anyway. This prevents that free, easy style of writing which is so essential. The next position is to put the penholder between the middle and fourth fingers. This, of course, alters the character of the writing somewhat; but more rest to tired muscles has been found in holding the pen in this way than in almost any other. Still more relief is experienced by grasping the penholder with the whole hand, as in Fig. 12. As the person writes entirely with the arm movement, it is obvious that the small muscles of the hand are not over-taxed. It is the same principle as that of putting a short pencil in an apple, — as in Fig. 13, — the apple grasped in the hand half closed. Many writers who are troubled with cramp from writing in the conventional way make use of this convenience. These varied positions do not alter the handwriting as much as one would imagine.

Steel pens, from their lack of elasticity, are to be avoided by one who writes a great deal. Gold pens, with broad, soft nibs, are much preferable, as they can be moved with much less effort. Pencils — if not too hard — and stylographic pens are still better, because no particular angle has to be maintained between the point and the paper, and the position of holding them can be quickly varied.

Now, a word as to the holders. They should never be smooth, but should have a slightly roughened surface. Small steel penholders, by taking away the heat of the hand, should be discarded. It is not an exaggeration to say that many writers have all the symptoms of cramp before they really awake to the fact that cork holders are in existence! It is well to try penholders of various sizes, as even cork holders used exclusively will overtax the same muscles. If you have a long piece of work to accomplish at your desk, write for a while with an ordinary roughened wooden holder, grasping it, as I have suggested, between the different fingers. In about twenty minutes put your pen in a cork holder; after a time fasten to this cork holder a stray pencil by means of rubber bands. The size of the holder can be increased by fastening two cork holders together. But, as a rule, the one with a pencil is large enough, unless the work should be quite prolonged. I have found the most comfort in strapping a cork holder and a fountain pen together, covering them with a piece of chamois leather. This arrangement causes more elasticity than if a holder of the same size were used. This is a very useful little device and a great comfort to weary muscles. (See Fig. 14.)

Fig. 15 shows two cork holders strapped to the fountain pen without the chamois leather. The latter, however, makes writing almost a luxury. Any writer of any ingenuity can make many combinations of pencils, pens, and holders, so as to bring into use different muscles. A hint is often all that is needed. My argument is that if these apparently grotesque methods of writing be adopted before any signs of functional disorder occur, there will be small opportunity for wearisome forms of treatment for writer's cramp. Some of the means adopted for the relief of those afflicted with it might, in the same way, be found useful for others. For example. try putting a rubber band occasionally around the wrist, or a rubber bandage around the forearm; then across the hand around the four fingers, isolating the thumb. Vary its position by isolating three fingers, then two; if, however, the band be tried around the thumb, writing is quite a difficulty, unless the penholder be grasped by the half-closed hand, and

the writing be done entirely with the arm movement. I see no reason why Von Nussbaum's instrument should not be upon the desk of every literary worker. None other we can devise acts quite in the same way. Of course, it seems very awkward, and the handwriting is altered at first, but nothing should be neglected which will prevent the development of writer's cramp. Many writers find relief by simply increasing every year the size of the holder they use. Mrs. Southworth has done this, and she says she has avoided writer's cramp in this way. Miss Beatrice Harraden uses an abnormally large penholder at all times. If she had at first varied the size of her holder, she might have been saved the pain and discomfort which trouble her so often.

We are told at school to place the paper on which we write at a right angle to the edge of the desk; but reason teaches that this position is awkward and constrained. The paper should be laid at an oblique angle to the edge of the table. The paper should be smooth, when a pen is used, as there is less resistance; when writing with a pencil, however, it is well to have the surface of the papers lightly rough.

It seems hardly necessary to call the attention of women who are engaged in literary work to the importance of having the arm untrammeled. Tight sleeves are very apt to impair the functional activity of the muscles and nerves employed in writing. Their action depends largely upon the freedom of elbow and wrist. The arms should also be kept warm. Exposure to cold has, perhaps, never been the direct cause of writer's cramp; but it has much aggravated the trouble.

Each individual worker must select that kind of desk and chair which to him is most convenient. But he must consider that kind of seat, that height of table or desk, which will put the least strain upon the muscles of the hand and arm. A cramped position of the arm is to be avoided, — a chair too high, which does not admit of the relaxation of all the muscles of the body, or a chair too low, which elevates the elbows too high, should never be used. It is reasonable to regulate the relation of chair and table as the height of a piano stool is regulated; that is, let the elbow of the writer be on a level with his table. And it is far better to write on a flat, large table than on a sloping desk. Some writers are heedless of these small details until their attention is called to them. They may also become so absorbed in their work that they are for a time unconscious of the discomfort, which is sometimes serious in its results. Of one comfort writers are too apt to neglect to avail themselves, and also to place before their children, and that is a foot-rest. Children should never be allowed to write unless their feet are firmly supported. The question of the teaching of children cannot, of course, be discussed here; but it would be well to study the advantages of vertical writing, which is now receiving much attention from educators; and it is important to teach children to write with both hands and with varied positions of holding the pen; one side of the body, as well as one hand, can thus be rested while the other is at work.

All specialists who treat writer's cramp agree in the opinion that tobacco and alcohol act very injuriously, and are to be shunned by any writer predisposed to the disease. This is of special importance to authors, critics, and journalists, and the warning should not be neglected.

During any severe mental stress or anxiety it is well not to write too much. Psychical influences and strong emotions have a marked effect upon disorders of the nerves and muscles. A lady became troubled with incipient writer's cramp while answering with great speed numerous letters of condolence. Her health had become impaired, her nervous system had received a severe shock, — hence the strain upon the hand.

In the medical treatment of writer's caamp, galvanism, percussion of the affected muscles, rhythmical exercises, and systematic massage of the whole body occupy an important place. It is reasonable, therefore, to infer that all these means will, by their favorable effect upon the general health, do much in the prevention of the disease. Hence it is well to practice, daily, certain gymnastic exercises which will bring into use all the muscles of the hand and arm. This will equalize their nutrition, tend to maintain free movements, and not tax too

severely one branch of muscles, leaving others unexercised. Any one who writes a good deal, or plays the piano or the violin, will be much benefited by rubbing the hand and arm with some medium, like lanoline, for instance. This makes the muscles supple, and the very act of rubbing is an exercise.

The literary worker should, in fact, care for every detail of his physical nature, and keep brain, nerves, and muscles in that perfect equipoise which is perfect health. Regular hours, systematic exercise, systematic periods of rest, are essential.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Kenyon West.*

WHEN THE MANUSCRIPT COMES BACK.

And so your manuscript has come back, has it? It has just come to-night. Yes. Don't say a word. I know all about it. I know just how you feel.

You had no gilded aspirations, no meaningless sentiment when you sent it away. You have not been living up among the clouds ever since. You have been working faithfully all the time. You have not been expecting anything wonderful to happen.

You have not besieged editors' offices with poems on Spring, full of grammatical mistakes, nor have you been guilty of any of the thousand other ridiculous things that some suppose to be a young writer's natural proclivities.

Neither are you a novice. You have seen your name in print so many times that it looks natural to you; and that's saying a good deal. You have received printed rejection slips till they, too, look natural, and you could perhaps quote word for word the formulas of a dozen or more.

You are a good, bright, sensible girl, who has, in the face of many difficulties, arrived at the — well, perhaps we will say the third round in the ladder of success. But you are tired to-night, and you are disappointed, too.

It doesn't make any difference how many wiseacres tell you not to mind when your manuscripts come back; you can't help it sometimes, and neither, let me whisper, can anybody, I believe. We should n't be human, if we did n't mind all such little disappointments. And we are pretty human, all of us, in spite of ourselves.

I used to think when I felt disappointed over a returned manuscript that I ought to be ashamed of such weakness and folly. I had read a great deal of advice to young writers which had made me believe so. But my mind has changed about that. Or perhaps I'd better say that I've changed from somebody's else mind to my own.

I have noticed lately that a few writers, young ones of course, boast of their indifference and stolidity. Now, I don't believe in that, you know. Maybe those writers feel as they say they do, but it must be a forced and very unnatural state of mind that they've got themselves into. If it helps them to bear disappointment, it's a good thing for them. But I believe that the cure is worse than the disease. What harm is it to be a little disappointed now and then; and what good is it to pretend you are n't?

What would I do with the useless, old ——? Now, don't begin that way. You know better than that, just as well as I do. But I'll tell you what I'd do. I would n't do anything; that is, not now. I'd leave my desk, and read something interesting or take up some pleasant occupation, and I'd forget all about it as soon as I possibly could. Before a week I'll warrant you'll be as enthusiastic over that very manuscript as you ever were and you'll send it away again.

I don't promise it quite, but I should n't be a bit surprised if it found acceptance next time. It's a good thing, and somebody is sure to welcome it soon with open arms.

WENTWORTH, N. H. *Persis E. Darrow.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
282 Washington street (Rooms 9 and 10),
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VOL. VIII. FEBRUARY, 1895. NO. 2.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

The bound volume of THE WRITER for 1894 is now ready for delivery. It is handsomely bound in cloth, with gilt lettering on back and side, in uniform style with the other bound volumes of THE WRITER. It is a valuable textbook of journalism and general literary work. A copy will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of $1.50.

***

By a printer's error, the two columns of page 5 of the January WRITER were transposed in making up the forms. Pages 5, 6, 7, and 8 have been reprinted, and copies of the reprinted sheet will be sent, on request, to those who want them to make the volume right for binding at the end of the year.

***

F. C. Nunemacher, of Louisville, Ky., who has revived the *Southern Magazine*, has sent a letter to THE WRITER to say that he bought the property in December, and will conduct the magazine hereafter on a business basis. "We would have been glad," he says, "to take the property on a basis of providing for the indebtedness of the former publishers, but their books were in such hopeless confusion that we could not ascertain their liabilities with any certainty, so that we could only assume the obligations to subscribers and advertisers." THE WRITER regrets to see that Mr. Nunemacher proposes to pay for manuscripts on publication instead of on acceptance.

***

More than three years ago THE WRITER prepared and published for several months, beginning in November, 1891, the following petition: —

Return This Petition, with Signatures, to the Editor of "The Writer," Boston, Mass.

Petition for the Reduction of Postage on Manuscripts.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives at Washington: —

The undersigned, writers and authors actively and regularly engaged in literary work in the United States, respectfully submit

That the present rate of postage on manuscripts passing between authors and publishers is excessive, being now the same as the rate of postage on letters, and greatly in excess of that on merchandise or on commercial papers.

That manuscripts so mailed are not in any sense personal communications, like letters; and that they may justly be regarded as merchandise, since they are the product of the author offered for sale to the consumer.

That it is only just that manuscripts should be mailed at the same rate as merchandise, or commercial papers, instead of at letter rates, as now, this being the rule in the other principal countries of the world.

Therefore, they respectfully ask for an inquiry into the matter, with a view to securing a reduction of the rate of postage on manuscripts to any point within the United States to *one*

cent for each two ounces — the rate now charged in other countries on all manuscripts, and in the United States for the transmission of manuscripts to any foreign country in the Postal Union.

Name. *Street.* *Town or City.* *State.*

.....

This petition received a large number of signatures, but it was not granted then. Recently the newly-organized Authors' Guild has taken the matter up, with such good effect that it is announced now that Postmaster-General Bissell has practically promised that the change desired shall be made. The seed sown by THE WRITER, therefore, has apparently borne fruit at last.

***

It is hardly necessary to call attention to the importance to writers of such a reduction in rates, or to the justice of their request. A manuscript is just as much merchandise as is a printed book, and the author offering his manuscript for sale ought to have the same privileges, so far as postal rates are concerned, as the publisher selling printed books to be delivered through the mail. This has long been recognized in other countries. If now the United States postal laws are changed, as is proposed, all manuscripts intended for the printer may be mailed, unsealed, at the printed matter rate, and the postage bills of authors will be reduced to one-fourth of what they have been in the past. It is to be hoped that the promise that Postmaster-General Bissell is said to have made will be fulfilled. When it is, it will afford THE WRITER great satisfaction to have been the pioneer in so important a reform. W. H. H.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"To-morrow Is," or "Will Be." — Should we say, "To-morrow is Sunday," or "To-morrow will be Sunday"? Reading over the discussion of this question in THE WRITER recently, I was reminded of the following circumstance: Several years ago the Reading Railroad Co. issued an order requiring its brakemen, as soon as a train started from any station, to call out the name of the next stopping-place. For a while the trainmen would do this by saying: "Next station will be" — Allentown, Reading, etc. Dr. A. R. Horne, editor of the *National Educator*, took them to task for it, pointing out the absurdity of using the future tense in speaking of that which always is in the same place. Whether his correction was heeded or not, I certainly have not for a long time heard the brakemen say: "Next station will be." They now simply say, "Next station" — Allentown, Reading, etc., dropping the verb altogether. H. A. S.

ALLENTOWN, Penn.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

The *New York Sun* tells again the old story of the school teacher who was instructing his class in the use of the preposition. "You may take it as a rule," he said, in conclusion, "that a preposition is a bad word to end a sentence up with." This is a story that purists will do well to give attention to. L. E. B.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

Readers of THE WRITER may be interested in the following copy of a printed slip which I received recently with a manuscript submitted for editorial judgment: —

The following impersonal statement now accompanies all unsolicited articles from my pen; merely as a precaution against the waste of time, patience, and remuneration involved by their occasional loss.

My manuscripts are never gratuitous unless so stated; payment for them is preferred at the time of their acceptance and those retained over six months from the date they bear, without any acknowledgment, I consider *declined*, and, therefore, subject to my disposal elsewhere.

I don't know how such a slip might affect other editors, but it immediately prejudiced me against the manuscript. E. W.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Whom are the characters in "Charles Auchester" supposed to represent? P. F. H.

[It is generally understood that the original of Charles Auchester was Joachim; of Seraphael, Mendelssohn; of Aronach, Zeltex, &c.

Starwood Burney, Sterndale Bennett; of Milans André, Moscheles; and of Clara Bennette, Jenny Lind. — W. H. H.]

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE AIMS OF LITERARY STUDY. By Hiram Corson, LL. D. 153 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

The writing of Dr. Corson's little book must have been easy, — if Sheridan is good authority, — the reading of it is so cursèd hard. Dr. Corson's style is Johnsonian and philosophical in the extreme, and while some of the ideas buried beneath the words seem to be good, too much digging is required to get at them. "The rectification or adjustment of the 'What Is,'" he says, "should transcend all other aims of education, however important these may be." This perspicuous sentence pleases him so much that he uses it twice, translating "the 'What Is'" in the other instance into "that which constitutes our true being." He goes on to elucidate his meaning by saying that of infinitely more importance than the acquisition of knowledge, the emendation and sharpening of the intellect, and the cultivation of science and philosophy, is "the rectification, the adjustment, through that mysterious operation we call sympathy, of the unconscious personality, the hidden soul, which coöperates with the active powers, with the conscious intellect, and, as this unconscious personality is rectified or unrectified, determines the active powers, the conscious intellect, for righteousness or unrighteousness." The book is recommended to the careful consideration of Browning societies everywhere. It has one distinct merit: it is small.

HOOFS, CLAWS, AND ANTLERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. Photographic reproductions of wild game from life. With an introduction by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. 37 full-page plates. Cloth, $5.00. Denver: Frank S. Thayer. 1894.

The most interesting collection of wild game pictures ever published is included in this novel book. The basis of it is a wonderful series of photographs taken in the Rocky Mountains by Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wallihan. They show, for instance, a cougar, or mountain lion, photographed alive and wild, in a tree, at a distance of thirty feet — nearer than most men armed only with a camera would like to get; a near view of a rattlesnake coiled to strike; a buffalo cow and calf at short range; a wild cat, crouching to spring at the photographer; Rocky Mountain goats, close at hand, on the summit of a ledge; herds of deer caught listening or coming down to drink, only a dozen yards away; besides elk, antelope, bears, beavers, sage hens, jack rabbits, coyotes, and prairie dogs, miraculously photographed at home. The pictures in the book are actual realizations of a sportsman's dreams, and considering the difficulty and danger necessarily experienced in getting snapshots of this kind, the collection is truly wonderful. The letterpress tells how the pictures were made, and is very interesting. Every sportsman and naturalist should have a copy of the book.

ART IDOLS OF THE PARIS SALON. Vol. I., No. 1. Six plates in portfolio, 14x18. Chicago: White City Art Co. 1895.

"Art Idols of the Paris Salon" is a new quarterly art publication, of which the first number is now ready. The six pictures in the first number are all studies of the nude, including Fleury's "Leda," Rochegrosse's "Fall of Babylon," Wencker's "Artemis," Benner's "Phrosine and Milydore," and Le Quesne's "Daughters of Menestho" and "The Spider's Web." The reproductions are from photographs, by the half-tone process, and give the full value of the photographs. The publication is now entered for transmission through the mails. Part II. will be ready for delivery March 25.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR. An historical and descriptive presentation of the world's science, art, and industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Parts XIV and XV. 40 pp. Paper, $1.00 Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1895.

Parts XIV. and XV. of the Bancroft "Book of the Fair" continue the description of the wonderful Chicago exposition. Part XIV. concludes the chapter on the Fisheries exhibit, and begins the chapter on the Transportation building. The full-page pictures give a general view of the Fisheries building, a portion of the great Canadian section, a view from the loggia of the Fisheries building, and the Transportation building from the wooded island. The pictures of railway cars are very interesting. Part XV. continues the chapter on transportation, and has full-page pictures showing the golden door, Transportation building, Machinery hall, as seen from the obelisk court, the Fisheries and Foreign buildings from a distance, and the caravel Santa Maria. The smaller pictures in this number are of special interest. The work will be completed in twenty-five parts.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Home-Made Standing File. — I made a convenient standing file for my desk with very little trouble by driving a wire nail, three inches long, through a piece of half-inch wood, two inches square, and then sharpening the point of the nail with a file. It is really better than the files sold at the stores, because the base, being of wood, instead of metal, does not

scratch the desk. I took care, of course, to sink the head of the nail a little in the wooden block. Such a file is very convenient to keep memoranda and loose bits of paper where they are easily reached and not easily displaced.

SOMERVILLE, Mass. B. G.

Splitting Paper. — Every one has at some time had a magazine article which he wanted to paste into a scrapbook, but couldn't because it was printed on both sides of the leaf. In such an emergency these directions for splitting paper, given in *Current Literature*, will be useful: Take two pieces of linen cloth larger than the leaf you want to split. Smear one side of the page with binder's paste; lay it then, pasted side down, on one linen cloth; then smear the other side of the page with paste, and lay the second linen cloth on top. Rub the hand over it to make the adherence perfect everywhere, and hang the whole up to dry. When perfectly dry, pull the two cloths slowly apart. One half of the leaf will cling to one cloth, the other to the other cloth. If, in pulling apart, too much adheres to one of the cloths, you will learn readily how to guide the split back to the centre. When the paper is wholly separated throw the two cloths and the paper still glued to them into a bath of hot water. When the paper has been released, place it on a flat surface and wash off the glue with a moistened sponge. Then paste it on a sheet of paper and dry under pressure. It will be well to experiment with pages of no value until you have become expert. H.

BOSTON, Mass.

Home-Made Card Catalogue. — I have devised a very serviceable and inexpensive home-made card catalogue, which may be described as follows: A shallow cigar box, from which the cover has been detached, is provided with a steel rod about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, which is inserted through holes perforated at the ends of the box so as to run lengthwise a quarter of an inch from the bottom of the box. Cards of proper size are cut to fit the box, and a hole slightly larger than the diameter of the rod is punched (with a conductor's punch) in the middle of each card, about a quarter of an inch from the bottom of the card; the narrow strip of cardboard between the hole and the edge of the card is now slit with a pair of shears, and the file is ready for use. The cards may be easily forced on the rod, and will be held in place, sliding freely back and forth, the rod passing through the holes in the cards. They may be plucked from the rod with a slight effort, but will not drop off with any ordinary handling. Variations as to shape of cards and size of box will readily suggest themselves. Thus, instead of running a single rod lengthwise, two rods crosswise will accommodate a greater number of cards of a smaller size. By using cards of different colors, a classification of the matter indexed may be obtained. Thus, all white cards may bear names or information belonging together, pink cards a similar list, and so on indefinitely, as long as the rainbow will furnish tints, the entire list being arranged alphabetically on the file without regard to colors. The capacity of such a file is unlimited. A single small cigar box will easily hold 2,000 cards, but the number of boxes may be increased indefinitely. I have in use a file consisting of twelve boxes, the alphabet being divided among them. Some boxes contain but a single letter, others two, three, or four.

BOSTON, Mass. A. J. M.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE SUBTLE ART OF SPEECH-READING. Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for February.

CELIA THAXTER. Annie Fields. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for February.

STEVENSON IN THE SOUTH SEA. William Churchill. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. S. R. Crockett. With portraits of Stevenson at different times in his life. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for February.

LINGO IN LITERATURE. William Cecil Elam. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for February.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. With frontispiece portrait. Augustine Birrell. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for February.

RECENT WORK OF ELIHU VEDDER. Illustrated. W. C. Brownell. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for February.

LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH BOOK TRADE. Ouida. *North American Review* (53 c.) for February.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Andrew Lang. *North American Review* (53 c.) for February.

NEWSPAPER ROW AND NATIONAL LEGISLATION. Albert Halstead. *North American Review* (53 c.) for February.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (Personal Recollections and Unpublished Letters). Mrs. James T. Fields. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GEORGE INNES. With portrait. George William Sheldon. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

THE YELLOWS IN LITERATURE. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study. *Harper's* (38 c.) for February.

THE GREAT REALISTS AND THE EMPTY STORY-TELLERS. H. H. Boyesen. *Forum* (28 c.) for February.

THE DYNAMICS OF MIND. Henry Wood. *Arena* (53 c.) for February.

BRAIN DEVELOPMENT AS RELATED TO EVOLUTION. Hon. G. Hilton Scribner. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for February.

THE LOWELL INSTITUTE OF BOSTON. Illustrated. Harriet Knight Smith. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE NEW ENGLAND LYCEUM. E. P. Powell. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

PROGRESS OF ACCURACY IN PICTORIAL ART. Illustrated. Edward King. *Monthly Illustrated* (33 c.) for February.

STORY-TELLING AS A MOTIVE IN PAINTING. Illustrated. Jno. Gilmer Speed. *Monthly Illustrator* (33 c.) for February.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Stephen Gwynn. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for February.

RELIGION AND POPULAR LITERATURE. Rev. Thomas Hannan. Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for February.

RECOLLECTIONS OF J. A. FROUDE. Mrs. Alexander Ireland. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for February.

SAPPHO — THE WOMAN AND THE TIME. S. Millington Miller, M. D. *Godey's* (13 c.) for February.

IAN MACLAREN. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for February.

HELEN J. HOLCOMBE. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for February.

MY LITERARY PASSIONS. William Dean Howells. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for February.

THE MECHANISM OF THE STAGE. Illustrated. Arthur Hornblow. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

WONDERS OF THE KINETOSCOPE. Illustrated. Antonia Dickson. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Illustrated. Charles D. Lanier *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for February.

STEVENSON — AND AFTER. With portraits of J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett, Ian Maclaren (Rev. John Maclaren Wilson), Rudyard Kipling, Stanley J. Weyman, Anthony Hope Hawkins, and Conan Doyle. Jeanette L. Gilder. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for February.

GEORGE SAND. Portrait. *Demorest's Family Magazine* (23 c.) for February.

PHOTO-MECHANICAL PRINTING PROCESSES. Walter E. Woodbury. I. *American Journal of Photography* (28 c.) for January.

HISTORY OF THE FIRM, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS. Illustrated. *American Newsman* (13 c.) for January.

STEDMAN AND SOME OF HIS BRITISH CONTEMPORARIES. Illustrated. Mary J. Reid. *Overland* (28 c.) for January.

A DOMINANT NOTE OF SOME RECENT FICTION. Thomas Bradfield. Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for January.

WALTER PATER: A PORTRAIT. Edmund Gosse. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for January.

THE ELSEVIERS. Baroness Althea Salvador. *New Science Review* (53 c.) for January.

STORY OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Illustrated. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for January 17.

THEODORE HOOK, SATIRIST AND NOVELIST. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for January 5.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Stephen Gwynn. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for January 12.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. A. Patchett Martin. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for January 12.

WALTER PATER. Edmund Gosse. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for January 19.

SOME BEAUTIES OF COWPER. Alice Law. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for January 26.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS. With large portrait. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for January 19.

THE PRESS THE FOE TO ELOQUENCE. T. W. Higginson. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for January 26.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner will spend the winter at Florence, Italy, where they will be the guests of Professor Fiake.

Linn Boyd Porter ("Albert Ross") sailed for Havana January 16, in search of a heroine for one of his future novels.

Private letters from Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Aldrich, who are on their way to England from Japan, say that during their visit to Canton they were stoned in the street.

Stanley J. Weyman has given up work for a year, and will travel in Europe gathering material for fresh ventures in fiction.

The venerable Richard Henry Stoddard, literary critic for the *New York Mail and Express*, seldom ventures down town to the newspaper office, but on the occasion of the announcement of Stevenson's death he started for the office immediately to prepare an extended obituary article. In crossing Broadway, however, Mr. Stoddard, whose sight is dim, was nearly run down by a large truck. So narrow was his escape, that when he reached his desk he could not write a word, from trembling with nervousness.

George Kennan, of Siberian fame, has long had writer's cramp so badly that he has had to use a lead pencil instead of a pen. He grasps his pencil in a peculiar fashion, and writes with a good deal of labor, but the result is sufficiently clear.

J. E. Gunckel, of Toledo, is the editor of the *Pathfinder*, an attractive little paper published in the interest of the Toledo newsboys.

There are five Harvard professors absent from Cambridge on their sabbatical year. Dr. France is in New York, writing a history of German literature. Professor Taussig is in Italy, engaged in literary work. Professor Wright is in Philadelphia, with his family, at work upon a book. Professor Toy is abroad, devoting most of his time to his new translation of the Bible. Professor Barrett Wendell is in Rome for the winter, not specially engaged.

Mrs. Susan Marr Spaulding has removed from Bath, Me., to Boston. Her poem, "Fate," which has been so widely copied, was first printed in the *New York Graphic* in 1876.

William D. Howells occupies a handsome flat on Fifty-ninth street, New York, overlooking Central Park.

Miss Katherine Foote, the Washington correspondent of the *Independent*, has been married to A. J. Coe, of New Haven, where she will henceforth reside.

A new writer has recently appeared who bids fair to rival Barrie and Crockett on their own ground. He calls himself "Ian Maclaren," but in reality, he is a Mr. Watson, a minister of the Free Church of Scotland. He has a story in *McClure's Magazine* for February.

Kenyon West, who has removed recently from Rochester to New York city, has sold to F. A. Stokes & Co. the manuscript of a book giving a critical estimate of the different poets laureate of England, with a preliminary chapter on the origin and significance of the laureateship, largely reprinted from the *Century Magazine*. The book is made up not only of biographies and criticisms of the poets laureate, but of selections from their works. In this work Mr. West has been assisted by a prominent New York lady of literary taste and culture.

Jacob A. Riis is threatened with a cataract in his left eye, and is obliged for a time to stay in a darkened room at his home in Richmond Hill, L. I.

Noah Brooks sailed for Europe and Palestine January 29, to be absent till about the first of April. On his return he will go to Castine, Me.

The *New York Herald* offers prizes for manuscripts amounting to $16,000. The first one, $10,000, will be given for the best serial story of between 50,000 and 75,000 words, submitted before July 1, by an American writer, whether professional or amateur. Next there is a prize of $3,000 for the best novelette of between 15,000 and 25,000 words; then a prize of $2,000 for the best short story of between 6,000 and 10,000 words; and finally, a prize of $1,000 for the best epic poem based on some event of American history that has occurred since the beginning of the war of the Revolution. Manuscripts in these three competitions must be submitted before September 1. All the manuscripts submitted will be examined by a committee of three persons appointed by the *Herald*, who will select the three of each kind which they shall judge to be best, namely, three novels, three novelettes, three short stories, and three epic poems. Beginning with the novels, these will all be published successively in the *Herald;* and, after their publication, the readers of that journal will be asked to determine by ballot to which production of each class the respective prize shall be awarded; and their decision will be final. All manuscripts must be typewritten. Manuscripts must be submitted anonymously, and must bear only private identification marks, so that the identity of the writer will not be known to the three examiners. Rejected manuscripts will be returned.

Push is a new colored-picture humorous paper published in Chicago by the Push Publishing Company, capital, $15,000.

The *Windsor Magazine* (New York) is a new publication issued by Ward, Lock, & Bowden, both in London and in New York. The New York office is at No. 15 East Twelfth street.

The *Metaphysical Magazine* (New York) is a new monthly edited by Leander Edmund Whipple and J. Emery McLean, and devoted to occult, philosophic, and scientific research. The first number is that for January.

Mrs. M. French-Sheldon has begun the publication in Chicago of a magazine called *Africa*. The editor says that in addition to the customary limitations of a review the magazine will contain illustrated historical and biographical sketches of African celebrities, descriptions, and short stories relating to Africa, articles on native customs and ceremonies, hints to travelers, etc.

The *Southern Magazine* (Louisville) has been revived by F. C. Nunemacher.

The *Quarterly Illustrator* (New York) has become the *Monthly Illustrator*. The February number contains 272 illustrations by seventy-four well-known artists.

The *Globe*, "a Quarterly Review of Literature, Society, Religion, Art, and Politics," of which the January number is out, will hereafter be published entirely in New York.

Far and Near has been merged with the *Household*, the Boston publication, which will hereafter have a department devoted exclusively to the working-girls' movement.

The *Charities' Review* is now published at Galesburg, Ill., by President John H. Finley, of Knox College, its editor.

The *American Journal of Politics* (New York) has changed its name to the *American Magazine of Civics*.

All short stories and poems by Rudyard Kipling, A. Conan Doyle, and other popular writers are now carefully copyrighted in this country, and the unauthorized republication of a story or poem involves liability for violation of copyright which would be a serious matter in the case of a newspaper with a large circulation.

A feature of special interest to book-lovers in the January number of *The New Science Review* (New York) is an article on "The Elseviers," which throws a new light upon the characters and the careers of those pioneer printers and publishers.

The trustees of the American Authors' Guild, incorporated in New York, are James Grant Wilson, Julia Ward Howe, Moses Coit Taylor, Albert Mathews, Craven L. Betts, Titus Munson Coan, Thomas W. Higginson, Richard H. Stoddard, Louise Chandler Moulton, Ellen Hardin Walworth, Olive Thorne Miller, Elizabeth Akers Allen, Cynthia Cleveland, Newland Maynard, and Edwin H. Shannon. The purpose of the organization is to promote a professional spirit among authors, to advise them as to their literary property, to settle disputes between them, and to advance the interests of American authors and literature.

Deputy Sheriff Mulvaney has taken possession of the place of business of J. Selwin Tait & Sons, publishers, New York, on claims for $5,602. J. Selwin Tait, president of the corporation, was at one time in the banking business in London and is the author of several books.

In an exceedingly interesting article, entitled "First Attacks on the Mother Tongue," Professor James Sully describes in the *Popular Science Monthly* for February the manner in which children learn to imitate speech, and then to apply correctly the words that they use.

In *Scribner's* for February the best likeness in existence of the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton is published, with a brief note upon his personality and work.

The *Review of Reviews* (New York) for February has portraits of James Creelman, war correspondent of the *New York World*, Robert Louis Stevenson, J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett, Ian Maclaren (Rev. John Maclaren Wilson), Rudyard Kipling, Stanley J. Weyman, Anthony Hope Hawkins, and Conan Doyle.

Recreation (New York), edited by G. O. Shields ("Coquina"), is an exceedingly attractive and interesting publication. Any lover of outdoor life who sees a copy is certain to subscribe.

To the February *Century* Mrs. James T. Fields contributes her personal recollections of Oliver Wendell Holmes, accompanied by a dozen or more unpublished letters by Dr. Holmes in his characteristic vein of humor and literary charm.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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TO PAY OR NOT TO PAY—THAT'S THE QUESTION.

The article on "Payment in Advance or on Publication" by Forrest Morgan in the January *Writer* directs attention once more to a time-worn subject. I admit that I was surprised to find a writer of Mr. Morgan's ability seeking to restore an antiquated, one-sided, and unbusinesslike order of things. His method of editing and publishing is against the logic of events. There has been quite a change — in other words, a reform — within the past ten years. The publishers of the most widely-read papers and periodicals now pay practically on acceptance, or very soon thereafter. This is as it should be. There is no good reason why the dealings between publishers and writers should not be on the same business footing as all other commercial transactions.

The business of writing is not unique. It is not so different from all other businesses that it should be an exception to the rule; for writing is just as legitimate, just as worthy, as buying and selling dry goods. So is publishing. Hence, it is absurd to argue (as Mr. Morgan does) that the well-known and well-defined methods that prevail in every part of the business world shall not apply to the publishing trade.

There is no other regular or legitimate business conducted on the plan that Mr. Morgan seeks to uphold. Why? Simply because every laborer is worthy of his hire, even though he be a writer. Pen craftsmen simply ask to be paid the same way as other craftsmen. They believe that the product of a man's brain is worth paying for as promptly as the product of a man's muscle.

If a shoemaker makes a pair of shoes and exposes them in his window for sale, and a customer sees them, likes them, and says after he tries them on, "I'll take this pair of shoes; they are a good fit," does the customer keep the shoes six months and then return to the shoemaker and say, "I'll pay you *now* for those shoes I bought of you last July"? Not at all. If the shoemaker is not of a trustful and confiding nature, he will insist that the customer pay for his shoes when he buys and accepts them.

The application of this ordinary and not unusual transaction to the writer's business is obvious. The publishers of the *Travelers Record* pay usually their paper-makers, printers, stereotypers, binders, editors, and other workmen in advance, or before publication. But when they come to the writers, who make their publications what they are, these same publishers want a new rule applied. Such a de-

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mand is not only unfair, but unbusinesslike. That is all that need be said to condemn it.

I am not concerned here to take up Mr. Morgan's arguments one by one and to show their weak points. Nor am I willing to go over his analysis of the situation. My own experience as publisher, editor, and contributor has been wide and varied, and, in common with other craftsmen, my objection to the payment-on-publication-plan can be stated in three words, namely — it is unbusinesslike. It is significant that the best-paying publications are those that pay on acceptance or within a short time thereafter. Writers will soon get their just dues and rewards. There is a better time coming for them.

Finally, I think of the old story of two foolish knights who fell into an angry and wordy dispute on the road about the color of a shield. A traveler came along and said: "You are both right and both wrong. The shield is golden on one side and silver on the other." I venture to think that Mr. Morgan sees only one side of the shield.

L. J. Vance.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

LABOR-SAVING HINTS TO REPORTERS.

Laziness among reporters isn't a thing to be encouraged, but there are legitimate helps to make a reporter's work easier, that all reporters do not seem to know about. The lazy reporter is pretty sure to be a faker and absolutely sure to be a failure; but the reporter who labors a little with his brain to save labor for his fingers will accomplish more than the other fellow, and the more a reporter accomplishes, the more salary he usually gets. A reporter's life is hard enough at best; anything legitimate that he can do to make it easier, and particularly any help that he can get from the outside barbarian public, must be regarded as a distinct and valuable gain.

In using such help, of course, care should be taken not to depend too implicitly upon it, since assistant reporters do not always do as good work as members of the regular fraternity. Amateur work should be watched carefully, and verified if possible, but by using a little common sense a good reporter will have no trouble with it, and he may help himself amazingly by using it.

Getting the names of guests at a ball, or of "those present" at a banquet, is one of the most bothersome pieces of routine work that reporters have to do. The task may be made easier by using printed blanks, to be filled out for the reporter by the persons whose names are wanted. For instance, in case of a masquerade ball, cards may be printed, as follows: —

FOR THE KALAMAZOO CALCIUM.

[Please fill out the blanks on this card and leave it at the table at the foot of the stairs. WRITE LEGIBLY.]

Name,.....

Character represented,.....

In the case of a ball, where descriptions of costumes are desired, the word "Costume," with half a dozen blank lines, may be substituted for "Character represented." In such a case it is essential, of course, for the reporter to watch the working of the card scheme carefully, and in case the wearers of the most elaborate costumes do not fill out the cards, to make sure that a description of the costumes is secured. Generally a personal request will effect the desired result. Every reporter knows, of course, that the persons whose names he wants most are usually the ones who care least about publicity.

To get names of people at a banquet it is

well to have cards printed something like this: —

> **FOR THE KALAMAZOO CALCIUM.**
>
> [Please write your name LEGIBLY on this card, and leave it at your plate.]
>
> Name, ...
>
> Accompanied by, ...
>
> .....
>
> .....

The cards may be gathered either by the reporter or by a waiter, duly subsidized. Another plan is to have long cards, one for each table, with something like this printed across one end: —

> **FOR THE KALAMAZOO CALCIUM.**
>
> [Please write your name LEGIBLY, and then pass this card to your left-hand neighbor.]

By starting one of these cards at each table and gathering them when they have gone up one side and come back down the other, a reporter can get names in an easy and effective way.

I once interviewed a whole political convention of 700 or 800 members by having printed on half-letter sheets the questions that I had been instructed to put to each member. Four messenger boys distributed the sheets, and gathered them after time for writing answers to the questions had been given. At the bottom of each sheet were blank lines for the delegate's name and address. About half of the delegates answered the questions asked, and these "interviews," with a little editing, were all ready for the printer. With an assistant's aid I checked off on a complete list of delegates the names of those who had filled out the blanks, and it was a comparatively easy task to interview in the ordinary way the important ones among those who had not responded. In this way I got, with little trouble, a solid newspaper page of five-line interviews, fairly representing the sense of the convention, and the whole thing was done during the regular session without disturbing any one.

Arthur Fosdick.

BOSTON, Mass.

ADVICE TO YOUNG REPORTERS.

An interesting collection of newspaper maxims was the result of the offer of prizes for the best ten words of advice to young reporters submitted at the recent Boston Press Club banquet. Here are the best of the sixty-one suggestions made: —

Know all you can, but don't know it all. — [A. E. Sproul.

Fakes recoil upon fakers — build on truth. — [W. C. Grout.

Ask plenty of questions and don't forget the answers. — [James F. McNally.

Read history; study political economy; learn shorthand; know people; hustle. — [Frank J. Bonnelle.

Write for the people; write English. — [W. R. Ellis.

Be enterprising, accurate, and never break a promise of secrecy. — [Thomas Kirwan.

Make your copy by machine. — [W. C. Harding.

Know men; know facts; then write the plain truth simply. — [M. J. Savage.

Keep posted on current events, write plainly, and avoid flub. — [E. D. Stickney.

When sent for news, get it; and get it right. — [Warren T. Billings.

Be honest with yourself, your employers, and the public. — [Emory H. Talbot.

Be honest, accurate, modest, temperate; cultivate enthusiasm; never violate confidence. — [Henry L. Shumway.

Never write anything you would not sign your name to. — [C. Edwin Bockus.

In all positions or assignments do nothing unjust or unmanly. — [Richard I. Atwill.

Dress neatly, cultivate a pleasant address. Be persistent, but polite. — [H. S. Cornish.

Be always temperate, quick, accurate, and faithful. — [Curtis Guild.

Be observing, quick, shrewd; courteous, tactful, persistent; clear, concise, direct. — [William A. Dresser.

Command respect, despise inaccuracy, eschew verbosity, cultivate charity and humor. — [S. A. Wetmore.

Some of the other maxims contained excellent advice, as: "Speak kindly"; "Be a gentleman always"; "Cultivate numerous acquaintances"; "Say little, listen much." It is gratifying that only two of the sixty-one proverb-makers gave distinctly bad advice. The two exceptions were: —

Get the facts if possible; a good story anyhow. — [J. W. McCoy.

The story, no matter how — but the story. — [D. C. Robertson.

Those two young men are on the wrong track. They represent the worst element in modern journalism.

A summary of the good advice given, with some additions, might well be adopted as a code of principles by every newspaper reporter. Here is one: —

Be accurate, courteous, earnest, enterprising, enthusiastic, faithful, honest, manly, modest, observant, persevering, pleasant, prompt, quick, sensible, shrewd, tactful, temperate.

Ask plenty of questions, and don't forget the answers.

Know all you can, but don't know it all.

Study history, political economy, learn shorthand, use a typewriter.

Keep posted on current events; cultivate numerous acquaintances; say little, listen much.

Never violate confidence; be honest with yourself, your employers, and the public. Have a conscience. Don't fake. Merit confidence. Command respect.

Know men; know facts; then write the plain truth simply. Write plainly and avoid flub. Write for the people. Write English. Be clear, concise, direct.

When sent for news, get it; and get it right. "Accuracy, accuracy, accuracy."

Never write anything you would not sign your name to. Realize your responsibility.

Never be unjust or unmanly. Dress neatly; cultivate a pleasant address; be persistent, but polite.

Observe everything. Study human nature. Study the newspapers of different cities and make a model of the best.

Cultivate humor. Be charitable. Speak kindly.

Keep your presence of mind.

Read good literature. Broaden your mind. Avoid debasing associations.

Hustle.

Any reporter who will follow this advice will have his salary increased — in time.

William H. Hills.

BOSTON, Mass.

THE LOCAL PAPER.

Probably there are few literary helps more slighted by an ambitious young writer than the purely local paper. The aspirant for honors and the seeker for gain turn straight to the "great magazines." Finding no entrance there, they besiege well-known periodicals, the resources of which are inexhaustible. Even after a second failure, they are wont to feel a superior pity for those who contribute (probably without remuneration) to the columns of a village or a county paper.

Yet, from every sensible point of view, the local paper offers a fine field to young writers. Money and fame are will-o'-the-wisps when they lure ignorant travelers from conscientious literary progress. What the novice needs, what he should *want*, is practice, discipline, the opportunity to criticise his printed work, and, most of all, a motive to write something which people *must* read.

The editor of a local paper desires good original matter, but sometimes, in the dearth of the "good," he will accept original articles which are not all that their author fondly supposes them to be. Yet a really earnest writer, with a clean heart and a brain disciplined by

excellent reading, will probably help himself and his paper, if he does his level best for the sheet to which he contributes.

There is a zest in writing when one is confident of seeing his thought in print, and in laying his productions before a community with which he is acquainted the contributor is doing definite work for definite readers. Such work cuts away many vague and abstract qualities of style, and gives him the tonic of instant criticism. Friends, to be sure, are partial, but neighbors are often prejudiced, while the public at large — or small — fairly represents human nature, and praise or blame will be conscientiously brought home to the author's ears.

Here, too, a young writer can learn the virtue of brevity; here he can learn many a valuable lesson of humility, when, after a year of toil, he re-reads his first foolish utterances, with the comforting assurance that the great world will never see them. In short, he may grasp some of the secrets of successful authorship, without large expenditure of patience or of postage.

A regular contributor to a local paper may, of course, become a kind of literary prize-fighter, challenging all the war-like spirits in his county by forcible letters and indignant replies. He will probably end his career with a brilliant display of talent and then — stop his paper.

But an earnest worker is likely to become a *part* of his paper in a helpful and satisfactory way, or, if he has the gift he imagines, he will grow in literary power and the paper will grow with him.

Whatever critics say, it is no small achievement to win real success as a part of a local paper. In bringing his logic and style to bear upon some village nuisance, some struggling enterprise, new project, or public improvement, a writer uses will and heart as well as brains. In fashioning a story for some particular public to read, human nature and probability may check sentiment and romance. It is better to write from a modest knowledge than from the most ecstatic imagination. A lady, who despised the sleepy town in which she lived, read in the weekly paper a poem which described the beauties of the place.

"I don't see how you did it," she said to the young poet. "You didn't say one word that wasn't true, but the old place seemed really attractive after I had read your verses."

Numberless local papers have won national reputation because of certain contributors who have carried them up and out into the world. These papers can now invite noted writers to contribute to their columns, and the benefactors, who began in a humble way, are in great demand. They do not *give* their services now, because their work is worth money. After years of toil, such a writer will send to some international magazine — not the poem about his native hills, which really thrilled his townspeople; not the story of mystery and broken hearts, the pathos of which went up the chimney years ago; but an article concerning the flora of his country, or the animals he has studied, or something about stones, or insects, or human nature. Every one will read this article, and the editors will send him a check because he knew what to say and how to say it.

Of course, he may be a poet or a novelist, but the world demands so much from the singer and the story-teller in this critical age that many of us must look for success elsewhere.

Now, my young friend, suppose you lay aside the story which you are preparing for one of the magazines, and write a short tale for your own weekly paper. When it appears, lay it away for six months, then read it aloud. Although you know that it is good enough to fill the whole sheet to the exclusion of the advertisements (and you will be obliged to cut it terribly to make it fit) I think that the result of this experiment will be a surprise to you. In the mean time you will receive all kinds of praise. Some one will tell you that it was "real good" and that it reminded the reader of B——'s book.

Yes; for an all-around development of what there is in a young writer, there can be no better school than the columns of a local paper. Of course, this applies only to those who mean that every new article shall be better than the last, and who climb with criticism and do not descend with praise.

Ellen H. Butler.

HALLOWELL, Me.

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

The bound volume of THE WRITER for 1894 is now ready for delivery. It is handsomely bound in cloth, with gilt lettering on back and side, in uniform style with the other bound volumes of THE WRITER. It is a valuable textbook of journalism and general literary work. A copy will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of $1.50.

***

In justice to the author of the article entitled "The Local Paper," printed in this number of THE WRITER, it should be said that it was submitted for publication before the article by Arthur Fosdick, "The Local Paper as an Aid to Young Writers," was printed in the magazine.

***

So many warnings have been given to writers not to roll their manuscripts that there seems to be a general impression that a manuscript should always be sent out flat, without folds or creases of any kind. This rule is a good one to follow in the case of a large manuscript, which may profitably be sent out flat, enclosed between two sheets of pasteboard, cut to the size of the paper, but it is better not to send out a small manuscript in that way. A manuscript containing less than a dozen pages, instead of being sent out between sheets of pasteboard, should be neatly folded, like a letter, so that it can be enclosed in an ordinary envelope. In this way a good deal of postage on cardboard will be saved, and, in case of rejection, the editor will not be put to the trouble of hunting up a large-sized envelope, if one has not been enclosed. While no manuscript should ever be rolled, under any circumstances, there is no objection to having a manuscript folded. Rolled manuscripts are objectionable because they are so abominably hard to read and handle, but manuscripts sent folded are as easy to read as if they were sent flat. If a manuscript is sent flat, moreover, no writer has any reason to complain if any editor folds it, so that it will go in a small envelope, when he sends it back. If it has once been folded, a careful editor will always fold it in the same creases in returning it.

***

There was a funny misprint in the *New York Sun* not long ago, when George Kennan was spoken of as "George Kennan of Liberian fame."

***

The *Boston Transcript* editorially says: "It is estimated that about seventy-five per cent. of book manuscripts offered to book publishers

never become books at all. A member of a Boston publishing house once said that if one manuscript in a hundred of those offered proved acceptable, he thought it a very good average. Yet the vast mass of literary production continues to grow vaster every year." This suggests the thought that authors are apt to overlook the fact that the examination of manuscripts is a matter of large expense to publishers. Publishers as a rule express their willingness to examine every manuscript that is sent to them, and every such examination means to them an expenditure of either time or money. If a cursory glance at the opening of the manuscript shows that it is hopeless, no further trouble need be taken with it; but if there is a chance that it is good, either the publisher must read it himself — and it is no small task to read through a book manuscript, even when it is typewritten — or he must submit it to a reader. Now, readers do not work for nothing, and sometimes the judgment of more than one reader is required. An expenditure of from $10 to $100, therefore, may be made by a publisher upon a manuscript which is finally rejected — much to the disappointment of the author, who does not realize what the offer of his book has cost the firm to which he proffered it. Of course, this labor and expense are necessary features of the art of publishing, and the cost of examining bad manuscripts is paid for out of the profits from successful books. It is well, however, that authors should understand what the proffer of a manuscript implies, from the point of view of the sordid, grasping publisher.

* * *

It is to be hoped that the resignation of Postmaster-General Bissell will not delay the passage of a law resulting in the reduction of postage on manuscripts. Mr. Bissell is convinced, it is understood, of the justice of the measure, and had promised it support. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wilson, who, it is expected, will be the new postmaster-general, will take the same view of the case.

* * *

A correspondent of THE WRITER has had an experience that astonished her. A manuscript returned by an editor without a word of comment, and thrown into a drawer unlooked-at, was found, when taken out of the drawer some time afterward, to have been carefully corrected and edited. Unless some literary spirit did the job, which the author does not think probable, the blue pencilling must have been done by the editor who was too busy or too careless to write even so much as, "Declined with thanks." The writer is lost in conjecture as to what his motives for taking so much trouble could have been.

* * *

It is impossible, of course, to speak with certainty, but the chances are either that the editor thought that by editing the manuscript he could bring it into fit shape for publication, and then was disappointed in the result after the work was done, or else that he wanted to do the writer a kindness by pointing out faults in the easiest and most effective way. Even busy editors have been known to do such things. In either case the astonished contributor should study the editorial corrections as she would a text-book, and congratulate herself most heartily on having been favored free of cost with a practical lesson in the literary art. W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

In an editorial in the January WRITER occurs the following sentence: "Mr. Morgan himself says, however, at the outset, that more matter is written than can possibly find a market at any decent price, and that being so, an editor is sure to receive plenty of good manuscript," etc.

Three assertions are made in the sentence:

1. More matter is written than can find a market.
2. That being so.
3. An editor is sure to receive plenty of manuscript, etc.

Who makes these assertions? The grammatical construction of the language shows conclusively, I think, that Mr. Morgan makes them; because, if he makes the first, he must make the last, the two being connected by "and." If he makes these two, surely there is no evidence that the editor injects the second. I believe the context shows, not conclusively, that the editor makes the second and third;

therefore, if Mr. Morgan makes only the first, the sentence should end with "price," and the whole be written thus: "Mr. Morgan himself says, however, at the outset, that more matter is written than can possibly find a market at a decent price. That being so, an editor," etc.

As the sentence stands in THE WRITER, "that being so" is either parenthetical or subordinate, and, therefore, there should be a comma after "and" to show that it connects the co-ordinate assertions 1 and 3.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. *W. L. Klein.*

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"Presented With." — Mr. Brown was presented with an elegant gold-headed cane." Sentences illustrating this use of the word "present" strike the eye of the newspaper reader almost every day. The tide is setting so strongly in favor of this construction, that, since usage makes language, it may be useless to protest; if the phrase is not yet sanctioned by the dictionary, it very likely will be soon. It is much better, however, to say: "A gold-headed cane was presented to Mr. Brown"; or, if Mr. Brown is to be made prominent, to say he was "made the recipient of a cane."

ALLENTOWN, Penn. H. A. S.

"Considerable of an Increase." — "Twenty-five of them ask for license to sell intoxicants in this city — considerable of an increase." The last phrase of this sentence, which is taken from a prominent Philadelphia paper, is grammatically bad, the adjective "considerable" being used as a noun, as a careless speaker will do, for instance, by saying: "He studied considerable." For the sake of both correctness and clearness, I should reconstruct the sentence thus: "Twenty-five of them, a considerable increase, ask for license to sell intoxicants in this city." H. A. S.

ALLENTOWN, Penn.

"The Largest Circulating Medium." — One of our local dailies lately used to print under its title-head the following line: "The —— is the largest circulating and the best advertising medium in the Lehigh Valley." The paper referred to certainly would not pretend to be the largest advertising medium in the Lehigh Valley, which it manifestly is not, but the most widely circulating, and so it should have said. Otherwise its claim might have been properly expressed, thus: "The —— has the largest circulation, and is the best advertising medium," etc. H. A. S.

ALLENTOWN, Penn.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ENGRAVINGS: HOW TO ESTIMATE THEIR COST. By Leon Barritt. 35 pp. Paper, $2.00. New York: Barritt & Burgin. 1890.

In "Engravings" Mr. Barritt describes the various methods of making pictures for books and periodicals and gives specimen illustrations, showing each kind of work described, and some idea of the cost of making pictures by the different methods. The frontispiece of the book is a fine photogravure picture of Edwin Booth as Richelieu, and in connection with it the photogelatine and photogravure processes are described. Next follows a full-page wood engraving, taken from *Harper's Magazine*, the cost of making which was $200, or about $5 a square inch. In connection with this, the process of wood engraving is accurately described. A wood-engraved portrait of Washington, executed for the *Century* by Thomas Johnson is also given, with the information that it cost to produce $212, or about $7 a square inch. In contrast to this are shown a half-tone picture of James G. Blaine, of almost the same size, which was taken from a photograph, and which cost only $8.50, and a steel portrait of Schiller, which cost $200. Full information is given about the processes and cost of photo-engraving, including zinc-etching and half-tone work, and also of steel engraving, lithography, chalk engraving, stereotyping, and electrotyping. The book includes a table showing at a glance the cost of a half-tone picture of any given size, and a scale for reducing drawings.

CHAMBERS'S CONCISE GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. 768 pp. Cloth, $2.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1894.

Here is a handy gazetteer of the world based largely on the geographical articles of Chambers's Encyclopedia, but containing many new articles to bring it up to date. Newspaper readers will find in it, for instance, concise information about Weihai-wai, Port Arthur, and Peking, and general readers will find explained

such references as "the prisoner of Chillon," "the sage of Chelsea," "the hermit of Walden," and "the Chiltern Hundreds." The object of the work as described in the preface is "to tell everything that may be reasonably wanted about every place likely to be looked for, and to tell it with the utmost conciseness consistent with clearness and readableness. References to standard books have been added to the articles on the more important and interesting countries, towns, and even villages." Any writer will find the book a useful addition to his reference library.

THE BABY'S BIOGRAPHY. By A. O. Kaplan. Illustrations by Frances Brundage. 69 pp. Cloth, in box, $3.75. New York: Brentano's. 1895.

A book that will delight the heart of any interested parent is this attractive volume for making a record of a baby's life. A glance through its inviting pages is enough to lead any proud father or mother to become an author, and even without great literary ability a parent may make such a book as this both a valuable and an interesting one. For those who desire only to record the brief facts of child-life there are suitable blanks for writing in due order baby's name, date of birth, with autographs of parents, physician, and nurse, and the important particulars about baby's weight, christening, first outing, first laugh, first picture, lock of hair, first shoes, first ring, first toy, first word, change to short clothes, first tooth, first step, first Christmas gifts, first day at school, etc. Spaces are provided for a progressive record of autographs, progressive photographs, a progressive record of weight and height, school record, record of extraordinary events, health record, and phrenological particulars. For those who wish to make a more extended story, the left-hand pages of the book are left blank, and in them a consecutive history of the baby's life may profitably be written. The book is one of the best of its kind, and both to parents and to the child whose life history is written in it, such a book grows every year more valuable.

THINGS WILL TAKE A TURN. By Beatrice Harraden. 202 pp Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

Besides the title-story, which Miss Harraden has revised for this edition, this new volume of the Globe Library contains "The Umbrella-Mender" and "An Idyll of London." The author says that "Things Will Take a Turn" was originally written more than five years ago, and published in a series of tales for children.

AMONG THE GRANITE HILLS. By Mary M. Currier. 136 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Cambridge: Riverside Press. 1895.

There are some attractive poems in this dainty little volume, with its tasteful binding of gold-lettered white parchment and dark green cloth. "Woman's Love" and "The Cloud and the Mountain" possess the highest poetic quality among them. "When My Wee Bairnie's a Man" is a tender little mother-song, and "Don't Pick a Quarrel with the Past" is good both in sentiment and in expression. "If I Were Not I" is a whimsical conceit, and "Little February Comes," "In Print," and "The Patchwork Tack" also deserves special mention. The author has been known to readers of THE WRITER under the pen-name "Persis E. Darrow."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

A BREATH OF SUSPICION. By Frances Isabel Currie. 288 pp. Paper. New York: F. I. Webb. 1895.

PHILOCTETES, and other Poems and Sonnets. By J. E. Nesmith. 111 pp. Cloth. Cambridge: Riverside Press. 1895.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

To Attain Speed on the Typewriter. — Perfect familiarity with the location of the keys of the typewriter is essential to the most rapid work. Any one using a typewriter regularly should know so well the place of each letter on the keyboard as to be able to write blindfolded, or with the eyes closed, without the slightest hesitation. When such familiarity with the keyboard is attained, writing with the typewriter becomes mechanical, so far as the use of the machine is concerned, and as facile in all respects as writing with the pen. A good way to learn the keyboard is to practice on the curio sentences constructed to include in the shortest space all the letters of the

alphabet. Here are some of the shortest sentences into which the alphabet can be compressed: —

J. Gray, pack with my box five dozen quills (33 letters).
Quack, glad zephyr, waft my javelin-box (31 letters).
Phiz, styx, wrong, buck, flame, quib (26 letters).
I quartz pyz, who fling muck-beds (26 letters).
Fritz! quick! land! hew gypsum box (26 letters).
Dumpty quiz! whirl back fogs next (27 letters).
Export my fund Quiz black whigs (26 letters).
Get nymph, quiz and brow fix luck (26 letters).
Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs (32 letters).

The writer who can rattle off these sentences on his typewriter, with his eyes shut, as rapidly as he can strike the keys, will never have his attention distracted during composition by the fact that he is using a machine. L. P.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

To Remove Ink Stains. — Ink stains on carpets or woolen goods can be removed while they are fresh by taking common baking soda or saleratus, rubbing it well into the spots, and then rinsing with warm water. The same process will remove dried ink spots from cotton goods, if the spot has not been wet with water before the saleratus is applied. L.

BOSTON, Mass.

Home-made Envelope File. — I have just made a convenient envelope file, at a small expense and with little trouble. Here is the recipe: Take two pieces of cardboard, cut to size 7½ x 9½ inches, and bind them together with a piece of bookbinder's cloth, glued on as to cover the outside of both pieces and leave a two-inch strip of the cloth between them for a back. Take a number of the stout manila manuscript envelopes sold by The Writer Publishing Company and get your wife to sew the bottom of each to the cloth back, so that the envelopes will be held in like the leaves of a book. To make the file stronger, a strip of cloth may be glued on the bottom edge of each envelope. Then stiffen the back by glueing a strip of pasteboard to the outside, and cover this strip with binder's cloth, with the edges glued to the sides of the file. Such a file is very convenient for keeping clippings and memoranda properly assorted for early use. It will stand on your bookshelf like any ordinary book, and without danger that the clippings in it will drop out. R. S. P.

DENVER, Colo.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

EDISON. Illustrated. Henry Tyrrell. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (28 c.) for March.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES READE. With portrait. Howard Paul. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (28 c.) for March.

THE LITERARY LANDMARKS OF JERUSALEM. Illustrated. Lawrence Hutton. *Harper's* (38 c.) for March.

TRAINED MEMORIES Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study. *Harper's* (38 c.) for March.

THOREAU'S POEMS OF NATURE. F. B. Sanborn. *Scribner's* (38 c.) for March.

THREE-COLOR PRINTING IN PHOTOGRAPHY. Dr. A. Müller-Jacobs. *Photographic Times* (38 c.) for March.

WHAT WE REALLY KNOW OF SHAKESPEARE'S WIFE. Illustrated. Dr. William J. Rolfe. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for March.

BILL NYE'S FAMILY. Illustrated. Augusta Prescott. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for March.

LITERARY ASPECTS OF AMERICA. Conversation between Conan Doyle and Hamilton W. Mabie. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for March.

MY LITERARY PASSIONS. W. D. Howells. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for March.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. With portrait. Brander Matthews. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for March.

JOURNALISM OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES. Rev James J. Dunn. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for March.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AT CINCINNATI. Illustrated. George S. McDowell. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

THE ARTIST'S COMPENSATIONS. William Cranston Lawton. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for March.

THE MAKING OF A LIBRARY. *Table Talk* (13 c.) for March.

CHEATING AT LETTERS. (Misleading Book Titles.) H. C. Bunner. *Century* (38 c.) for March.

SOME CONFESSIONS OF A NOVEL WRITER. J. T. Trowbridge. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for March.

WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY. Charles Rockwell Lanman. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for March.

CURTIS AS A MAN OF LETTERS. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for March.

WALTER RAYMOND. With portrait. *Bookman* (18 c.) for February.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL. D. With portrait S. R. Crockett and James MacArthur. *Bookman* (18 c.) for February.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF CHRISTINA ROSETTI. Katharine Tynan Hinkson. *Bookman* (18 c.) for February.

JOURNALISM IN THE CONGREGATIONAL AND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES. With portraits. Addison P. Foster, D. D. *Chautauquan* (28c.) for February.

PHOTO-MECHANICAL PRINTING PROCESSES (Concluded). *American Journal of Photography* (28 c.) for February.

JAMES DARMESTETER. M. Gaston Paris. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for February 16.

TENNYSON AT ALDWORTH. F. G. Kitton. Reprinted from *Gentleman's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for February. 16.

THE YOUNGER POETS. Reprinted from *Church Quarterly Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for February 23.

COMPARATIVE POPULARITY OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH WRITERS. T. W. Higginson. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for February 23.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Du Maurier.— Du Maurier's house is in a quiet little street that leads from the open heath down to the Township of Hampstead, a street of few houses and of high walls, with trees everywhere, and an air of seclusion and quiet over all. It is a house of bricks overgrown with ivy, with angles and protrusions, and in the little garden, which is to the left of the front door, stands a large tree.

It was in his study that Du Maurier received me, a large room on the first floor, with a square bay window overlooking the quiet street on the right, and a large window almost reaching to the ceiling, and looking in the direction of the heath, facing the door. It is under this window, the light from which was toned down by brown curtains, that Du Maurier's table stands, comfortably equipped and tidy. On a large blotting pad lay a thin copybook open, and one could see that the right page was covered with large round-hand writing, whilst on the left page there were, in smaller, more precise penmanship, corrections, emendations, addende. In a frame stood a large photograph of Du Maurier, and on the other side of the inkstand was a pile of thin copybooks, blue and red. "A fortnight's work on my new novel," said Du Maurier.

A luxurious room it was, with thick carpets and inviting armchairs, the walls covered with stamped leather and hung with many of the master's drawings in quiet frames. To the right of the decorative fireplace is a grand piano, and elsewhere one sees other furniture of noticeable style, and curtains, screens, and ornaments.

"The circumstances under which I came to write," said Du Maurier, "are curious. I did not know that I could write. I had no idea that I had any experiences worth recording. I was walking once with Henry James, and he said that he had great difficulty in finding plots for his stories. 'Plots,' I exclaimed, 'I am full of plots,' and I went on to tell him the plot of 'Trilby.' 'But you ought to write that story,' cried James. 'I can't write,' I said, 'I have never written; but if you like the plot so much, you may take it.' But James would not take it; he said it was too valuable a present, and that I must write the story myself.

"Well, on reaching home that night I set to work, and by the next morning I had written the first two numbers of 'Peter Ibbetson.' It seemed to flow from my pen without effort, in a full stream. It was printed, 'Trilby' followed, and then came the 'boom.'"

Du Maurier works at irregular intervals and in such moments as he can snatch from his *Punch* work. "For," he says, "I am taking more pains than ever over my drawing. I usually write on the top of the piano, standing, and I never look at my manuscript. My best time is just after lunch. My writing is frequently interrupted, and I walk about the studio and smoke, and then back to the manuscript once more. Afterward I revise, very carefully now, for I am taking great pains with my new book. 'The Martians' is to be a very long book, and I cannot say when it will be finished."— *Robert H. Sherrard, in the Chicago Tribune.*

Hawthorne.— When Nathaniel Hawthorne went home one day, earlier than usual, and told his wife that he had lost his place as surveyor of the port of Salem, she exclaimed: "Oh, then you can write your book!" And when he asked what they were to live on while he was writing this book, she showed him the money she had been saving up, week by week, out of their household expenses. That very afternoon he sat down and began to write the more serious work of fiction he had longed for leisure to attempt. It was really the first book he had written since the forgotten and unknown ro-

mance: the other volumes he had published were but collections of tales, while this was to be a story long enough to stand by itself. A broader experience is needed to compose a full-grown novel than to sketch a short story, and the great novelists have often essayed their first elaborate fictions when no longer young. Scott was more than forty when he published the first of the Waverley novels; Thackeray was not far from forty when "Vanity Fair" was finished; George Eliot was almost forty when "Adam Bede" appeared; and Hawthorne was forty-six when he sent forth "The Scarlet Letter" in 1850. — *Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.*

Maartens. — The story of Maarten Maartens' life is simple. He passed some of his earliest years in an English school, but when still little more than a child was taken thence to Germany. There he went through the public school of Bonn, passing his subsequent life in France and in Holland. He is a graduate of the University of Utrecht. He was destined for political life, but never entered it, and he refused to practice at the bar after taking his degree. The continued ill health of his young wife rendered it necessary that the little household should seek some more genial winter climate than Holland could offer. The Riviera was selected, and from the consequent periods of enforced idleness Maartens sought relief in writing. But he was not Maarten Maartens then; he was known exclusively by his own name — J. Van der Poorten Schwarz. Had he not been born to luxury and ease, it is doubtful whether Maarten Maartens would ever have existed as a literary personality. Try as he would, he could not get a hearing. Finally, his first story, "The Sin of Joost Avelingh," was forced into print, and met with an immediate and striking success. Since then all has been plain sailing.

With the exception of "An Old Maid's Love," which was written at home in his chateau during the summer time in Holland, the books have in all cases been wrought when, with his wife and little daughter, the author has been sojourning in Nice, or in Cannes, in Latour, Wiesbaden, or the Alps; and in the lady whose command of our language is almost as remarkable as his own he has found a critic gentle and wise. He has usually written his stories in a rush, after having turned them well over in his mind and elaborated with the greatest care their well-designed construction; and he has thus been enabled to alternate a half-year's work with a half-year's rest. It may be of interest to add that he never works late into the night, but proceeds as an entirely rational creature, calling up his "happy thoughts" as he requires them, and never, as most novelists do, making notes of spontaneous witticisms and well-turned phrases when elsewhere than at his desk. "I can truthfully aver," he wrote to me a few months ago, "that not one single character in all my books suggests to me any other name than the fictitious name I have bestowed upon it." — *London Graphic.*

Wallace. — In his lecture on "Ben-Hur," General Wallace said: "I selected the name 'Ben-Hur' for my book because it was easy to write, spell, and pronounce, and it was Biblical. The beginning of 'Ben-Hur' was brought about by a quotation from St. Matthew: 'Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod, the king, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.' This quotation affected me more than any other which I had ever read. How simple it seems, and yet analyze it and discover the difficulties which beset you. It says these wise men came from the East, and yet gives no idea of their number. The star which they followed could not have been set in in the heavens; for had it been so, it could not have led them. They could not have walked the entire distance, yet how could they have known when they reached their destination? What was there in that rude hamlet, what about that babe in swaddling clothes to lead them to suppose that they had found Him for whom they sought? A king in a stable manger!

"All these ideas had surged through my brain, and in 1875, as I was recovering from the siege of restlessness after the years of service in the war, I determined to write down these ideas, beginning with the meeting in the desert, and ending with the birth of the child in

the cave of Bethlehem. I was not in the least degree influenced by religious sentiments. I neither believed nor disbelieved. Preachers had made no effect upon me, and I can truth fully say that my attitude was one of indifference. But when my work was really begun I began to write reverently and with awe. With most writers the characters which they create become living creatures to them. It was so with me. The characters of 'Ben-Hur' were living beings. I knew them by their features. I talked to them and they answered me. Some of them I detested, and others I affected and lived with them in constant companionship.

"Well, I finished the proposed serial, and put it away until I should find courage to make use of it. In all this time the thought had not once occurred to me to make of my notes a full-grown book. This may be surprising to many people, and, if so, I would ask critical examination of the beginning of Book II. It will be found to be the beginning of a novel. It is even possible for me to fix the place and hour of its conception — one night in 1876, after I had been listening to a discussion on God and heaven, Christ and his divinity.

"I was fully aware that to make my work acceptable it must be painted in actual colors. The Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians must be real characters, and the only way to accomplish this was to make constant reference. I thoroughly examined books, catalogues, and maps, and when I began writing I had a chart before me which showed sacred places and the country which I was to describe. Travelers told me of animals, and gave me local coloring, and constant reference saved me from mistakes. The least amount of time out of my five years' work was given to actual composition. It was largely in research.

"Do not imagine that I wrote every day. Although it was my great desire to do so, I was a bread-winner, and had duties to attend to. Many of the scenes of the book were blocked out in my journeys to and from my office. During a trip from Indianapolis to my home, when I was delayed upon the road, I wrote the little song of Tirzah's, which has several times been published. But the greater part of my work was done at home, my favorite writing place being in the garden, beneath an old beech tree. At Santa Fé, in the cavernous chamber, I wrote the last chapter of 'Ben Hur.' When I passed into the gloomy depths of the ghost-like place, closing the doors behind me, I was as fully lost to the world as was the Count of Monte Cristo in his dungeon cell. There I saw the Crucifixion.

"I had not been in the Holy Land when I wrote this book, but when I went there afterward I discovered that I had been correct in minor details which had been largely the result of imagination." — *New York Tribune.*

Weyman. — Stanley J. Weyman's first success was the story "The House of the Wolf," which appeared as a serial in 1887. The inspiration for this story came from Dr. Russell Baird's "Rise of the Huguenots." In speaking of the origin of this story, Mr. Weyman says: "Blood and thunder being the fashion, I thought the historical story might be revived with success if the characters were treated so far as possible 'modernly,' and all the old properties — the alack-a-days and the gadzookses — were discarded." This is, in brief, the plan upon which Mr. Weyman has constructed all of his historical romances. "A Gentleman of France" was a decided improvement upon "The House of the Wolf," and upon this second work the author's fame chiefly rests. He has written several books since, all of them excellent in their way, the latest being "My Lady Rotha."

Mr. Weyman was born at Ludlow, Salop, Eng., in 1855, and is the son of Thomas Weyman, solicitor and coroner for the County of Shropshire. He went to his first boarding school when seven years old, to Shrewsbury school at fifteen, and to Oxford at nineteen years of age. He took his degree of B. A. at Christ Church in 1878, and afterward was classical instructor in the King's School, Chester, and then read for the bar, being called in 1881. He went the Oxford circuit and continued to practice until 1890.

In the autumn of 1885 he started for a year of wandering, often on foot and "without any Spanish," through the south of France, the Pyrenees (where he was arrested by the French as a German spy), Spain, Morocco, and all the

Barbary States. In 1890, he visited Egypt, Italy, and Sicily, but (he says) "this time I had more money to spend and was older, and I went the ways of other men."

Mr. Weyman is about five feet eight inches in height, slender, pale, and short-sighted.

Mr. Weyman still lives at the home of his birth, the beautiful old Shropshire town, where Milton wrote "Comus." The castle, too, has its memories of Hudibras, and the town is famous for its magnificent old red-brick mansions. — *Christian Work.*

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. George Parsons Lathrop sailed from New York February 9 for Jamaica, to visit her brother, Julian Hawthorne.

Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer has completed an historical romance, "The Doom of the Holy City." A collection of her "Aunt Belindy Sketches" will soon be published.

Elbridge S. Brooks has returned to his old position of literary adviser to the Lothrops.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford is at 323 Beacon street, Boston, for the winter.

Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler left Cobham February 15 for Fort Worth, Texas, where she hopes to obtain relief from an acute attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr's friends gathered at her home in Rutland, Vt., February 13, and fittingly celebrated her seventieth birthday anniversary.

Jules Verne is now seventy-eight years old. His first novel was published when he was thirty-five, and he has been producing books at the rate of nearly two a year ever since.

Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") sailed from Southampton for New York, February 23.

Legislation has been proposed in France to make the publishers of classical works pay a tax to the state in favor of poor authors on the expiration of the fifty years' copyright. In France at present the heirs of a literary man enjoy their rights in his literary productions for fifty years from the date of his death.

William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic") has started for the West Indies for a four-weeks' trip. Afterward he will go to Europe.

Boston has another new monthly periodical, the *Greater Boston Magazine*, published by Mason A. Green. It is devoted to a discussion of the metropolitan problem now presented to the public for solution.

Vanity is a new society weekly started in New York, with Nugent Robinson and James B. Townsend as editors, and Wyndham-Quin as business manager.

The *Bookman*, "a literary journal, published monthly," is a new periodical begun with the February number, by Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York. It is an American edition of the London *Bookman*.

A company has been incorporated at Syracuse, N. Y., to publish the *Travelers' Magazine*. Frank C. Hamilton will be the editor.

The *Cycle* (New York), founded, edited, and owned by Jennie June Croly, has been transferred to the Cycle Publishing Company, in which Mrs. Croly retains a large interest. The price of the magazine will be hereafter two dollars a year. The *Cycle* is the official organ of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and represents the organized interests of women everywhere.

The Penfield Publishing Company, issuing *Peterson's Magazine*, now has its headquarters in New York.

Romance (New York) has been sold to the Current Literature Publishing Company, publishers of *Short Stories*, but will be continued as a distinct magazine under its old title.

J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York, have secured an extention of time from their creditors, and hope to satisfy all demands against the firm within a year.

Childhood (New York) has suspended publication, deeply regretted by many friends.

Storiettes (New York) for March is given over principally to stories connected with newspaper life and adventure. The publishers offer a bicycle for the best bicycle story of from 3,000 to 4,000 words, submitted by a subscriber before June 1.

Harper's Young People offers three prizes for the best stories, not exceeding 2,000 words, which shall be sent to it, on or before April 15, 1895, written by any boy or girl who is not yet eighteen years old. The prizes will be in money, as follows: First prize, $50; second, $25; third, $25. Fuller information is given in *Harper's Young People* for February 5.

Some modifications have been made in the terms of the *New York Herald's* magnificent prize offers. The changed conditions now read: "The *Herald* will nominate a committee of ten well-known literary men and from them the readers of the *Herald* can select by ballot the final committee of three, who will choose the best works and make the awards." "The works that are adjudged to be second and third in the several competitions will be returned to the authors, after publication, and they will have the privilege of selling their works anywhere, the *Herald* meantime having protected them by copyright."

The inventory of Dr. Holmes' estate, filed in the probate office in Boston, appraises it at $72,117.32, of which $5,000 worth is real estate. The personal property consists principally of stocks and bonds. The value of the books in the library and reception-rooms of the residence is fixed at $804.

The *Magazine of Art* (New York) for March has a frontispiece etching of J. W. Waterhouse's "Ophelia," and many other attractive pictures. The letter-press is full of interest.

The *Magazine of Poetry* (Buffalo) for February contains sketches of Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, Edward A. Oldham, Mary A. Denison, Charles Warren Stoddard, and other writers.

Sun and Shade (New York) for January includes eight fine reproductions in chrome-gelatine and photogravure of paintings by Flemish artists in the Ehrich gallery. The artists represented are Rembrandt, Van der Weyden, Jan Wynants, Paul Potter, Netscher, Rubens, Van Goyen, and Adrian Van der Velde. *Sun and Shade* is now in its seventh volume. It is a beautiful magazine and the bound volumes make a complete gallery of current art.

Queen Victoria is said to be elaborating a scheme for establishing a "literary order of merit for the recognition of those who, as journalists or writers of books, have done good work." There are to be three grades, as in most other orders, the first consisting of twenty-four Knights of the Grand Cross, the second of 100 Knights Commanders, and the third of 250 Companions.

Lawrence Hutton's paper on "The Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem" in the March *Harper's* depicts the features of the modern city most interesting in their associations with Hebrew scripture.

One of the most important projects ever undertaken by *Scribner's Magazine* begins in the March number with the first instalment of President E. Benjamin Andrews' dramatic narrative, "A History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States." This series is of all the more importance because there is no book in existence that gives a history of our own times for those who are living in them.

The way in which fiction becomes fact has recently been illustrated in the organization in various parts of the country of "Matrimonial Tontine Mutual Benefit Associations." Every few days a newspaper paragraph appears announcing the formation of one of these associations in a new locality. The idea of this novel scheme for the protection of bachelors originated with Robert Grant's story in the Christmas *Scribner's*.

Writers of fiction should be careful how they trifle with natural science. One popular novelist described with much eloquence a tropical full moon, and represented as occurring immediately afterward a total eclipse of the sun, an astronomical impossibility at such a time. An American novelist represents one of his characters as pointing to a certain star in the course of conversation, and names as the exact date of the incident a day when the star is visible in no part of the earth.

Charles Robinson, of the *North American Review*, has an article in the current *American Magazine of Civics* on the position and power of the Catholic Church in "the coming social struggle."

There would seem to be not a little profit in the printing business as William Morris carries it on. One of the latest publications issued from the Kelmscott press is an edition of Chaucer, of which only 425 copies have been printed, in addition to seven special copies on vellum. Every one of these has been sold, which means a return for the ordinary copies of £8,500, and of £882 for the vellum copies, which are sold at 120 guineas each. Thus for the printing of one book, and that not an extremely large one, Mr. Morris has secured a gross return of no less than £9,382. Probably the poems of Shelley, which are now being issued in three volumes from the same press, will meet with a like pecuniary success.

Charlotte Brontë's husband, the Rev. E. B Nicholls, is still alive in the south of Ireland. He married again a few years after the death of his first wife.

Miss Lucy S. Furman, a Southern young lady living in Indiana, whose articles in the *Century* are attracting attention, comes from a family not unknown in literary circles. Her great-granduncle, James C. Furman, D. D., for years the president of Furman University, S. C., was a religious editor; her granduncle, Richard Furman, D. D., was also a religious editor and likewise the author of a volume of poems. The late Farish C. Furman, the Georgia agriculturist, whose letters on intensive farming have been published in permanent form, was her cousin. Two of her female relatives, her grandaunt, Mrs. Mary S. Whitaker (formerly Furman) and Miss Lily C. Whitaker, both of New Orleans, have each published a volume of poems, and Mrs. Whitaker has also published a novel.

Arthur Warren writes to the *Boston Herald* that Du Maurier refused Harper & Bros.' offer of $3,500 for the serial rights in "Trilby" and 20 per cent. royalty for the book rights in America, and asked for $5,000 cash instead. His mistake has cost him from $30,000 to $50,000.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* has engaged the French artist, Albert Lynch, to draw a series of cover designs, and will pay him for them nearly $1,000 apiece.

Boston's city government very properly has put up a memorial tablet on the house No. 50 Essex street, where Wendell Phillips lived and wrought; and friends and admirers of Charles Sumner have marked his old home on Hancock street, No. 20, with a bronze tablet.

The Tuscarora nation of Indians has produced two historians — David Cusick and Elias Johnson. The former has been dead for many years. The full title of his work was "David Cusick's Sketches of Ancient History of the Six Nations: Comprising, First — A Tale of the Foundation of the Great Island (now North America), the Two Infants Born, and the Creation of the Universe. Second — A Real Account of the Early Settlers of North America, and Their Dissensions. Third — Origin of the Kingdom of the Five Nations, Which Was Called a Long House, the Wars, Fierce Animals, Etc." Mr. Johnson, "a native Tuscarora chief," lives (or did live a few years since) on the Reservation of his tribe in New York state. His work is entitled "Legends, Traditions, and Laws of the Iroquois, or Six Nations, and History of the Tuscarora Indians." J. N. B. Hewitt, another Tuscarora, is an Indian linguistic writer. He was born in 1858 on the Tuscarora reservation and, is (or was) connected with the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington.

The *New England Magazine* (Boston) has never before been so good as it is under the present progressive management. Especially interesting articles in the March number are: "Weather Studies at Blue Hill," "Old Milk Street, Boston," "Massachusetts in the Civil War," "Harriet Beecher Stowe at Cincinnati," and "The Civil War Envelopes" — all attractively illustrated.

In the March *Century* there is a vigorous protest by H. C. Bunner against the form of "Cheating at Letters," which he finds in the thinly disguised tracts issued in the shape of fiction.

In *St. Nicholas* for March Brander Matthews adds a sketch of Hawthorne to his series of studies of great American authors.

Judge Charles Gayarré, the historian of Louisiana, died at New Orleans February 11, aged ninety years.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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PRIZE OFFERS FOR MANUSCRIPTS.

The prize offer for manuscripts is one of the prominent features of literary life to-day. Such offers are of four kinds. First, there is the unconditional prize offer which promises a prize to the best manuscript submitted, while the other manuscripts submitted will be either returned to their authors or bought at a fair price. Secondly, there is the unconditional prize offer which differs from that just described in that unsuccessful manuscripts become the property of the publisher. Thirdly, there is the conditional prize offer which requires that all who submit manuscripts shall be subscribers for the publication managing the competition, but which stipulates that unsuccessful manuscripts shall remain the property of the authors, to be bought by the editor or not, as he sees fit. Lastly, there is the conditional prize offer which makes a similar requirement, so far as subscription goes, and in addition stipulates that all manuscripts submitted shall become the property of the publisher.

It may be said without the slightest hesitation that the author who submits a manuscript in a competition of the fourth kind injures himself and other writers and helps a grasping publisher. The publisher who proposes such a scheme is playing a sharp and foxy game. He means, in the first place, to get enough subscription fees to pay his prizes with, and perhaps a good many more. His prizes, therefore, are really paid by the unsuccessful ones among the competitors. In addition, the publisher gets for nothing a quantity of manuscripts, some of them almost as good as the one to which the prize is awarded, and the contributors, except the prize winner, get nothing for their labor. A competition of this kind is a literary lottery and bunco game combined, and the common sense of any writer should teach him to keep out of it.

The conditional prize offer which does not stipulate that all manuscripts submitted shall become the property of the publisher may be called a literary lottery without the bunco game attachment. As in the case just cited, the publisher means to get subscriptions enough to pay the cost of his prizes, and as many more as possible. Each competitor, therefore, practically contributes toward a fund which is to become the property of the one who produces a manuscript that is adjudged better than the other manuscripts sent in. It is not quite fair, perhaps, to call the scheme a lottery, since the competition is rather a contest of skill than one of chance, but the element of chance really enters into it, since no two judges will ever agree exactly as to the relative merit of two

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manuscripts. The publisher who makes such an offer cannot be accused of double dealing. An author must decide for himself whether it is worth his while practically to pay a fee for a chance of submitting a manuscript in competition for a prize, with the assurance that if he fails to surpass all his competitors, he will get his manuscript back and have a periodical sent to him for a year in exchange for his subscription.

The unconditional prize offer of the second kind is almost as bad as the corresponding conditional offer, the only difference being that, as no subscription entrance fee is charged, the publisher has to pay the prize money himself, and simply gets a hundred or more manuscripts for the price of possibly two or three. No sensible writer will ever enter a competition of this kind.

The only prize offer against which no objection can be raised from a business point of view is the unconditional offer which stipulates that the ownership of unsuccessful manuscripts shall remain vested in their authors. Such offers as those of the *New York Herald*, the *Youth's Companion*, and the Bacheller syndicate are fair and square, and the successful competitors in such a contest get far better pay for their manuscripts than they could get in any other way. The unsuccessful competitors lose nothing, and they have an equal chance with the rest. It may fairly be doubted whether such offers do much to stimulate literary activity, at least so far as the production of anything of real value is concerned, but they may do something toward encouraging new writers, and they give the old writers some incentive to work and a better opportunity for the disposal of manuscripts on hand than they otherwise would have.

While to prize offers of this one class there is no objection on business grounds, some people object to them on moral grounds, with how much reason each must determine for himself. There are those who think that striving for a prize is unhealthy emulation, and that the disappointment of the many is not compensated for by the success of the few. Such objections, however, are as valid against prize contests of every kind as they are in this special case, and for that matter life itself is a prize contest, in which there are many disappointed and few win great rewards.

SYRACUSE, N. Y. *Edward L. Martin.*

EDITORS' RESPONSIBILITY FOR MANUSCRIPTS.

The *Burlington Hawkeye*, which Bob Burdette made famous, keeps this paragraph standing above its editorial columns: —

> The editor of the *Hawkeye* will not undertake to return rejected manuscript. All contributions must be sent with this understanding.

As a matter of fact, the editor of the *Hawkeye* is not so mean as this paragraph would make him out to be. He has been known to return rejected manuscripts. In all probability he makes it a rule to return such manuscripts in case return postage is enclosed, and keeps the paragraph standing only to avoid responsibility in case a manuscript is lost. An editor must indeed be contemptible who would throw into the waste basket a manuscript duly accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for its return, if it proves unavailable, and the editor of the *Hawkeye* is not such a man. He lays himself open to misjudgment, however, by printing such an announcement. He could accomplish his end in a much better way, by printing a paragraph like that, for instance, which the *New York Recorder* carries regularly on its editorial page, and which reads as follows:—

> As far as possible, rejected communications will be returned if so desired and stated, and stamps are enclosed, but any obligation to do so is expressly disavowed.

The *New York Sun* passes by the question of responsibility, by saying: —

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned, they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

How much better this is than the *New York Herald's* curt sentence: —

Rejected communications will not be returned.

The *Boston Globe* goes a step farther than most of its contemporaries on the return postage question. Here is the warning that it prints every day: —

Manuscripts sent to the *Globe* will not be considered unless return postage is enclosed.
Typewritten copy will always have the preference.

The *Boston Herald* disavows responsibility for unsolicited communications in the following standing paragraph: —

The *Herald* is not responsible for the preservation of manuscript sent without solicitation to this office.

I should like to have some lawyer among the readers of THE WRITER tell me whether the daily publication of this paragraph legally relieves the *Herald* from the responsibility of paying for a manuscript submitted to it for sale and lost by the editor. The question is a very interesting one, and an important one to writers.

Arthur Fosdick.

BOSTON, Mass.

MY RECORD OF MANUSCRIPTS.

The writer who is striving to evolve from his inner consciousness (as many seem to be doing!) a complicated form for keeping track of the incoming and outgoing of manuscripts is invited to cast his eye over the form herewith shown, and to adopt, at least, its simplicity.

I use a blank-book which, when open, offers space equivalent to a full page of THE WRITER, ruled as indicated by this reproduction from one of its leaves: —

HOW I BECAME A REPORTER.

Written June 15, 1894. 1,100-word story.

MS. SENT.		MS. RETURNED.
June 19, 1894.	*S. S. McClure Syndicate.*	June 30.
July 16, "	*Lippincott's.*	July 31.
July 31, "	*Arthur's Home Magazine.*	Sept. 28.
Sept. 28, "	*Comfort.* (Prize Comp.)	"It never came back!"
Jan. 27, 1895.	*Golden Days.* (Duplicate Copy.)	Feb. 22.
Feb. 23, "	*New York Mercury.*	Feb. 26.
Feb. 27, "	*Youth's Companion.* (*No drawings.*)	

The left-hand page is the one shown, the opposite page being reserved for explanations and records supplementing the information given by the mere dates. Usually I need not employ it; but in such a case as noted on line of *Comfort* entry, I write in explanation, to the effect that manuscripts are never returned by this paper; and three months having elapsed, I take the privilege they suggest, and "use the matter elsewhere." Cold *Comfort*, you think?

These are real entries, and show the vicissitudes of this little story; twenty-eight cents in stamps spent thus far — true, but look at the *returns!* If not large, they are frequent.

I own a dating-stamp (cost forty cents), and with this I "dab" the "Sent" and "Returned" dates, as required. Absence of a date at the right-hand side shows the manuscript still en route. Absence of a left-hand date indicates its presence in your own desk — or should. Looking through these pages, if I discover such a case as that last mentioned, I immediately remedy the wrong being done my brain-child — I "push it along," always presupposing it to be a good thing.

Returning to the "Record." I have tried many in several years' mailing of numerous manuscripts — didn't you know you really could in a way make up in quantity what is lacking in quality? — and have finally adopted this as the most satisfactory, all-around method for the purpose. The titles occur in the same relative place all through the book. There is only one to a page, and space is plenty for all needs. Most people are afraid of wasting paper in this connection, it seems to me. Paper is cheap; use it.

Clifton S. Wady.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

THE ART OF SHORT-STORY WRITING.

That certain principles of the literary art may be taught in text-books and in schools is beginning to be generally recognized. Genius cannot be put into a blockhead, of course, nor can a divine poet be made to order out of a limping verse-maker, but any writer with talent may be taught to use his talent to the best advantage, and by proper direction from a master in writing his road to literary success may be shortened and made smooth. Literary technique has its rules and principles as well as musical technique. There is no reason why they cannot be set down in a text-book, so that what writers until now have had to learn by observation and experience may be learned hereafter by direct study in the scientific way.

Newcomer in his "English Composition" made a helpful and important innovation, with this idea in mind. He laid down some useful principles, and his book should certainly be in the hands of every writer who wants to make rapid progress toward doing the best literary work. Now, we have another book,* by a writer who modestly omits his name from the title-page, but whose work shows that he is able to write instructively of the subject of which he treats. "How to Write Fiction" does not pretend to "insure literary success after ten short lessons"; it simply aims to formulate some of the chief rules for story-writing, and to illustrate them by quotations from fiction of acknowleged excellence.

The author recognizes the fact that many people still believe that any attempt to reduce the art of fiction to rules and a system is audacious and ridiculous. "The very word 'rules,'" he says, "is hateful to the truly literary soul. To reveal the fact that the grand climax is a trick, and style may be a clever catching of phrases, seems perfidy of the rankest type, even if such a culpable revelation is a possibility in the very nature of things." His defence for venturing to offer a general guide for the successful practice of the gentlest of arts, he bases on the fact that "circumstances have made him conscious of the needs of a number of modest, though eager, beginners, and to help them he formulated a few principles from such masters of the art of short-story writing as Maupassant.

* HOW TO WRITE FICTION. Especially the art of short-story writing. A practical course of instruction after the French method of Maupassant. 157 pp. Half russia, $5.00. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1894.

The enthusiasm with which they received his suggestions and rules, and the successful use they made of them, led him unwittingly on until he had written a book," which is now offered to the general public.

This book, by the way, is a novelty in execution, as it is one in design. It is not printed in the ordinary way, but has been produced by the use of stencil sheets, made by the author himself upon his typewriter, and printed through afterward on a cyclostyle. The volume is, therefore, an exact reproduction of the author's typewriting, and while it is not so easy to read as if it were printed from ordinary type, its novelty makes it much more interesting. As the first edition, moreover, is limited to one hundred numbered copies, — of which that now before me is numbered 53, — the work possesses interest for collectors, in addition to its merits as a helpful and instructive book.

In his introduction the author argues that the fact that Maupassant studied for seven years with Flaubert before he began to print at all, with the result of a very obvious skill, suggests the possibility that others also can learn the art of story writing. "The young," he says, "can seldom, if ever, attain great and permanent success, except by an apprenticeship, either to some master or to the masterpieces of literature, for the very reason that literature analyzes the emotions, and the emotions are the last part of ourselves which we come to control or understand. In order to succeed as a writer, therefore, it becomes necessary in the case of the young to study and master the psychology of the emotions, and the motives of human action. Zola is, perhaps, the only one who has formulated the theory that the art of fiction must be based on a scientific study of human nature, but his dicta are only what Balzac, and Flaubert, and Maupassant, and the Goncourts thought and said."

As an introduction to more practical details, the author next summarizes from Zola's "Experimental Novel" his general theory of the relation of scientific study to art. Zola "goes out into the world and observes a multitude of facts about various people. When he has observed enough, he takes the facts and puts them together into a regular series. He creates characters out of his observations. Each one of the facts that has gone to make up a character may be verified. The scientific novel differs from poetry in just this, that every fact can be verified, while in poetry it is difficult to separate the actual from the fanciful." Zola's novel "is the carefully arranged report of a multitude of experiments, organized and systematized so as to show clearly the relations of each part to each part." The scientific method of novel writing was never consciously applied until Balzac. "No doubt," says the author of the present book, "Zola goes too far in his insistence upon the novel being treated as pure science, for the *novel* itself is pure art, and it is only the preparatory study of human nature that can be looked upon as pure science. The student will realize the necessity of a scientific knowledge of human nature at every point. He will have to acquire some of it, and no doubt will wish to. If he studies a very little, he may write a very few short stories; if he does more, he can write a larger number of stories or a novel; if he does a great deal, he can write several scores of short stories or several novels. But after he has written one good short story he cannot expect to write another unless he has more genuine materia'.

"But literary art is something very different from literary science. We define art as a process of moving people's emotions, and by emotions we mean simply that part of the human mind which works spontaneously and unconsciously, as distinguished from the conscious, reasoning part of the mind. When people read your story they must *feel* an effect. If they feel nothing, there is no art. Personal equilibrium is absolutely necessary to the successful writing of fiction. If you cannot control your own emotions, you cannot control those of anybody else."

Coming next to his practical directions, the author says: "All short stories may be divided into five different classes. They are: (1) Tale, a story of adventure or incident of any sort, like many of Stevenson's, or preëminently Scott's or Dumas'; (2) Fable or allegory, a tale with a direct moral, like Hawthorne's short stories; (3) Study, in which there is a descriptive study of some type, or character,

or characteristic, usually in a series, like Miss Wilkins' studies of New England people, or Joel Chandler Harris' studies of Southern people, or studies of actors, or studies of sentiment; (4) Dramatic Artifice, a story whose value depends on a clever dramatic situation, or a dramatic statement of an idea, like Stockton's 'Lady or the Tiger,' Richard Harding Davis' 'The Other Woman,' etc.; (5) Complete Drama, like Maupassant's short stories.

"The Drama combines all the elements found in the other kinds of stories into a single effective story. The combination produces a new quality, so that this fifth sort of story is much more than the mere sweeping into one bundle of all the other kinds.

"In practical study we should begin with the Tale, because to be able to tell a plain, straightforward story well is the beginning of the very highest art, and the narrative style is verbally at the bottom of all story-telling. The Fable is less important practically, because the moral of a story usually takes care of itself. From the Study you learn the descriptive style, next to the narrative style the most important to the story-teller. The Dramatic Artifice may be left out of view until the end of one's study, because it can never be effective until one has mastered narrative and description, and then to those who have the dramatic instinct it comes naturally."

The author proceeds then to give a general outline of the method of writing short stories, illustrating his rules by references to the stories in Maupassant's "The Odd Number." "The course of procedure in setting about the writing of a short story," he says, "may be as follows: First, one must have a striking idea, situation, or trait of character, and only one. The length of a story should be the same as the bigness of the idea, no bigger and no smaller." Having an idea, the author must keep his mind definitely fixed upon it. "Having a right start, it is not difficult to go straight ahead to the end successfully, in a simple and natural manner. Still it is often puzzling to know what to select and what to reject of the many things that present themselves to the mind. The invariable rule should be, Put in nothing that has not a bearing on the catastrophe of the story, and omit nothing that has. It is a great temptation if one has a fine moral sentence, an apt phrase, or a terse anecdote or observation, to put it in just where it occurs to the mind; but the artistic story writer will sacrifice absolutely everything of that sort to the immediate interest of the story. That is to him everything. But apparently trivial details that are in the thread of the story must be put in. The secret of giving strength to a story is in a clever use of contrasts, but everything should tend to the bringing out of a single idea or particular thought of some kind, without which the story is valueless."

"The Central Idea" is next discussed, with the central idea in each of the stories in "The Odd Number" taken for an illustration. "The beginner," says the author, "should always try to find large situations, because it is a great deal easier to handle them than the smaller ones. To take a very slight notion and build up a good story on it is the most difficult phase of the art. The idea is useless, however, until the moral idea or principle of life is added to it.

"The second sort of story in our five different kinds," he continues, "was the Fable, which is a story told expressly to illustrate a moral. Though ordinary dramatic short stories do not have a moral which shows itself, still under the surface of every story is something which corresponds to the moral, and which we will call 'the soul of the story.' The soul in any story is that element which makes the story significant for life, which makes it have a bearing on the problems of our existence. Tales of adventure may be clever and interesting, but a story is likely to live or die in proportion to the size of its soul, that is, in proportion as it is in some way significant for life. There is no rule for manufacturing the soul of a story; for just here, alas! we touch on the vast unknown which separates those who have stories to tell from those who have not, or who are not endowed with this sort of genius. But the soul of a story is born of much thinking about life and its principles, its inner meaning, its significance, whether intellectual, moral, or sentient. If one does not know something worth knowing about life, he has no material out of which to create a soul. The soul is

drawn out of the deep wells of our being, and in the written story it is the element which gives immortality."

"Character Study" is the subject of the succeeding chapter. "The third kind of short story," says the author, "is the Study, which may be a study of almost anything, but we may consider it the study of character. This is, then, the third element to be considered in the construction of a perfect story. The tale and the fable tell about people and what they do, but a great many kinds of people might do the things that are described. The finer the point of the story, the more it has a soul, rather than an obtrusive moral, the more individual must be the study of character. The comparison of the various elements in every perfect story to the different sorts of short stories ends here. The original idea or incident, the soul or moral, and the study of character cover the essential elements of the story. Each element is important and indispensable in some form, in greater or less degree, but, perhaps, most depends on the character study. We shall hereafter view everything from that point.

"Every perfect story which describes a human drama," the author goes on to say, "must have one central character, to which all others are subservient. In a short story everything must be viewed from the standpoint of but one life. We may imagine a novel developing several lives completely. In a short story only one incident and one life history are considered. Lines of possibility run out in every direction. It is often a temptation to follow some of them out; but when the writer turns aside from the one line he has chosen to start with, the story is spoiled." This important truth the author illustrates with some curious diagrams, based on Maupassant's stories. He then goes on to discuss "What Makes a Story Worth Telling." The editor of one of the large magazines recently remarked to him, he says, "that the difficulty with the great mass of stories sent to him was not in lack of power to tell, but in the lack of something worth telling. The stories were nearly all well written commonplaces. To make a story worth the telling, in the first place, a story teller must be in touch with the thought and feeling of the public at any given time. What was a good story fifty years ago is not likely to be a good story now. It may have lasting elements, but those would be due to genius, a thing we are not now considering especially. The keen observer will see the signs of the times and not insist on writing provincial stories when cosmopolitan ones are about to come chiefly into demand. If what he writes is worth anything, it must help the public think out the problems which are actually before it. What people like best to know of is something that falls in naturally with their own lives, and consciously or unconsciously helps them in a practical way to live. If the writer wishes to interest the public (which is the meaning of success in writing), he writes about the things the public are interested in, and not only this, but he tells something fresh or suggestive about these topics, or he holds his peace. If he merely writes for the sake of writing, he does not deserve to get into print.

"It has always seemed a plausible plan to suppose that a man and a woman, if they sympathized with each other, could write a story very much better together than either could write alone. In such collaboration the man should make the plot, furnish the general philosophy of life, and work out the practical details of construction. In this sphere he should have full rein. Then the woman should write out the story in her own way, since she is almost invariably superior in taste, delicacy, and truth of expression."

The abstract so far given covers the first sixty pages of the book. In Part II. the author discusses "How to Obtain a Good Command of Language," "Narrative, Description, and Dialogue," "The Setting of a Story," "Plot Construction," "Imagination and Reality," "Contrast," "Motive," "How to Observe Men and Women," and "The Test of Ability." In a chapter headed "A Story Rewritten," a short story is told in two different forms, and the differences in detail between them are discussed.

The book as a whole is a practical and useful work, and the beginner who studies it intelligently will get many helpful hints toward acquiring the art of successful short-story writing.

BOSTON, MASS. *William H. Hills.*

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

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*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

Suggestions for the improvement of THE WRITER are always in order from the readers of the magazine.

***

By an error of the types, which unfortunately escaped the attention of both proofreader and editor, the date 1819 was printed 1891 in the footnote on page 18 of the February WRITER. The author should not be held responsible for the inaccuracy.

***

A good example of how not to do it is afforded by the following copy of a letter received recently by the editor of a Boston newspaper: —

DEAR SIR: I should be pleased to submit to you a few pieces of poetry of mine. Your paper was specially recommended to me.

I have done a little writing for different papers, among them being the *Philadelphia Ledger*. I would like to have you publish one or two pieces for me, and if you wish, I can furnish pieces right along for your paper. I can recommend [Here are given the names of an editor, two professors, and a minister], all of this city and all personally acquainted with myself and my writings. Professor —— has two songs of my composing. I will be very much pleased to hear from you at once, and will send you a few pieces if I hear from you. I have a number now ready for publication, and as your paper has been recommended to me by a prominent Bostonian, I prefer making arrangements with you for the future. Kindly answer at once. My address is —— ——.

It is absurd for any writer to send to an editor such a letter as that. If he has "a few pieces of poetry" ready to publish, let him copy off one of them in his most legible style and submit it to the editor, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for its possible return. No references whatever will be necessary if his verses are good; if they are bad, recommendations by all the editors, professors, and clergymen in the world won't help him.

***

When an editor gets a doubtful poem, together with a letter signed — for example — "S. L. S.," and saying: —

"Please publish. You may hear again from S. L. S., if encouraged by the publication of her composition."

the postscript almost invariably decides him not to publish the effusion.

***

The writer who sends a manuscript to an editor anonymously, or without asking for its return if rejected, does a foolish thing. He shows the editor that he values the manuscript cheaply, and he loses all possibility of placing it, in case the first editor to whom he submits it finds it unavailable.

***

The writer who does not enclose a stamped envelope with his manuscript has no reason to

complain if the editor who rejects it has to fold it otherwise than in the original creases when returning it. It is unreasonable to expect that an editor should keep envelopes of odd sizes on hand to enclose odd-sized manuscripts.

***

The writer, who sends some verses to an editor, and says in a letter sent with them: —

"The poetry I will give you, and I hope you will use it, as I can testify it is absolutely true."

forgets that truth is not the only quality in poetry that editors are looking for.

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Is the *Chicago Graphic* still published?

A. P. L.

[The *Chicago Graphic* has been dead for nearly a year. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

I want to thank THE WRITER for the suggestion of a substitute for mucilage made in the January number. I have tried the paste described and find it not only better than anything of the kind that I have ever before used, but very much cheaper. It is the ideal mucilage for writers' use. R. S. P.

DENVER, Colo.

Have readers of THE WRITER noticed that the *New York Herald* now says on its editorial page: —

All business, news, letters, or telegraphic despatches must be addressed *New York Herald*.

Unless I am mistaken, the invariable rule used to be that all such matter should be addressed simply: "James Gordon Bennett, New York, N. Y." I know that the printed envelopes furnished by the *Herald* to its correspondents used to be so addressed. A. F.

BOSTON, Mass.

Chancing to see a copy of THE WRITER for October last, I have read with interest Eliot C. True's criticism of "Trilby," and, while his reflections are true, they only seemed to me as so many charms, those defects he has pointed out. It cannot be that a writer who has shown himself such an artist as to capture by storm the English-speaking mind the world over, be it only for a day, in a book one-quarter French (which is in itself an affront unpardonable), and giving an unheard-of and impossible case of hypnotism, which, if it ever is possible, unhinges the individuality of the mind by making one man live into, and be, another — it cannot be possible, I maintain, that such a writer did not estimate the faults he left upon the page in writing his famous novel. J. R.

HYDE PARK, Mass.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE GROWTH OF THE IDYLLS OF THE KING. By Richard Jones, Ph. D. 161 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1894.

Professor Jones has made an intelligent and faithful study of "The Idylls of the King," and of critical literature regarding Tennyson's noblest work. The result is a concise and clearly-written book, showing the sources from which the poet drew his inspiration, and describing the growth of his work. "He said well," says the author in his preface, "who said that only when we understand the conditions under which a truth or a poem arose, or a political or philosophical system came to be, do we in reality understand what that is which has come to be." With this in mind, Professor Jones discusses first the subject-matter of the "Idylls," next their beginnings, and finally the "Idylls" as a completed work. He points out that Tennyson's obligations to Malory have been overestimated, and shows that Tennyson must have been familiar with the versions of the Arthurian legend by Geoffrey of Monmouth, Ellis, and Nennius, as well as with that of Malory. An appendix gives a hitherto unpublished version of Tennyson's "To the Queen," treats of the poet's punctuation and use of capital letters, and discusses the possible existence of another '57 copy of the "Idylls." Altogether the book will be of great value to any reader of the "Idylls," and will help the student of English literature to a better understanding of them.

THE RALSTONS. By F. Marion Crawford. Two volumes. Cloth, $2.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

"The Ralstons" is even a better book than "Katharine Lauderdale," of which it is a continuation. The story is simple and direct, and it is entertaining from the first page to the last. Mr. Crawford has undeniable skill in the por-

trayal of character, and the personages of his present series of New York novels are as distinct and real as the characters in the Saracinesca series — and that is saying a great deal. New York life is depicted in "The Ralstons" with fidelity to detail, and in a most effective way. It is pleasant to know that the story of the family that Mr. Crawford has created is to be continued still further, and there will be innumerable readers ready for each successive volume, as long as he continues to write in such an entertaining fashion.

MISS CHERRY-BLOSSOM, OF TOKYO. By John Luther Long. 364 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1895.

Mr. Long's story is a novelty in fiction. His heroine is a captivating Japanese girl, "born in Japan, and modeled in America" during several years spent at a college near Philadelphia. The young secretary of the American legation at Yokohama falls in love with her, ignorant of the fact, which she herself wants to forget, that she was betrothed in childhood, according to Japanese custom, to the present under secretary of the legation. When her father finds how matters are going, serious complications result, and as Miss Cherry-Blossom is acting as private secretary to her father, a Japanese official, the case threatens to become, in a certain sense, an international question. The plot is complicated by the plottings of a young American woman, who tries to keep the secretary from Sakura-San and to hold him for her sister, by fair means or foul. The beginning of the book is a little obscure, but the story improves steadily as it progresses, and the closing incidents especially are dramatic and exciting. The character of Miss Cherry-Blossom is most attractively portrayed.

THE WHITE COMPANY. By A. Conan Doyle. 362 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

TREASURE ISLAND. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 238 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

These two new volumes in the Globe Library are well-printed on good paper, and are generally satisfactory so far as typography is concerned. It would be hard to find two more interesting stories.

MARTIN HEWITT, INVESTIGATOR. By Arthur Morrison. 264 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

Martin Hewitt is a second Sherlock Holmes. If Arthur Morrison is not Conan Doyle, as some have thought he might be, he is a clever imitator. The detective cases of Martin Hewitt are interesting, and the stories of them are told in an attractive way.

JEAN BELIN, THE FRENCH ROBINSON CRUSOE. Translated from the French of Alfred de Bréhat. Illustrated. 350 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

The story of the French Robinson Crusoe is full of healthy excitement and adventure, and it teaches useful lessons by showing how Jean and his companions adapted themselves to their surroundings after being cast shipwrecked upon an uninhabited part of the coast of Africa. The book is an admirable one for young people, and older readers, too, will find it interesting.

IN WILD ROSE TIME. By Amanda M. Douglas. 299 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1894.

The stories of Miss Douglas always have a good moral, and they are entertaining as well as elevating. "In Wild Rose Time" is one of the best books that she has written, and will increase largely the number of her admirers.

THE PANGLIMA MUDA. By Rounseville Wildman Illustrated. 139 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. San Francisco: Overland Monthly Publishing Co. 1894.

This story by the editor of the *Overland Monthly* is reprinted from the pages of that magazine. It is a tropical romance, and narrates the exciting experiences of two Americans during a war among the native princes of the Malayan peninsula. An attractive love story runs through the book.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

PHILIP, OF POKANOKET. An Indian Drama. By Alfred Antoine Furman. 136 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Stettiner, Lambert, & Co. 1894.

SIDNEY FORRESTER. By Clement Wilkes. 351 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: H W. Hagemann. 1895.

SAPPHO, AND OTHER SONGS. By L. B. Pemberton. 72 pp. Paper. Published by the Author. 1895.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Caine. — Hall Caine told me in London that it took him three whole years to write "The Manxman," and that he did very little else during this time. He wrote it more carefully, perhaps, than any other book he ever produced, having the feeling all along that the story would make his reputation. His methods of writing the book differed, too, from those which he usually follows. "Hardly one passage of the book was written with pen in hand," said Mr. Caine. "I used to wake early in the morning, usually about 5 o'clock, prop myself up in bed, and with closed eyes think out the part of the story which I was to write that day, until not only the situations took shape, but every pass-

age found expression. I would lie in bed that way for about three hours, then rise and write down what I had thought out. This would take me about an hour, after which I would have my breakfast and do nothing but read for the entire day until evening, when I would devote an hour or so to revising or recasting what I had written in the morning. Then I usually spent about half the night thinking out the next situation. It was a bad way of working, and it almost broke my health. I wouldn't advise it for others, and I wouldn't do it again for a good deal."—*Edward W. Bok, in the New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Crawford. — F. Marion Crawford gives the following account in *McClure's Magazine* of his methods of work: "Since my first novel or two I always see the end of the story from the start. When I have thought it over in this way, I take a large sheet of paper, and, having decided on the size of the book, I make up my mind that it shall have, say, twenty-four chapters. Along the left margin I mark the numbers of these chapters, one under the other, a line for each. If it is to be in three volumes, as most of my novels are in England, I place a horizontal mark after each eight chapter numbers. That indicates the volume. Then, after the manner of a playwright choosing what he calls his 'curtain situation,' I decide on the culminating incident in each volume, and also decide in which chapter it shall fall, and place a catch-word indicating that situation on the line with the chapter number. Then I fill in for the other chapters a catch-word or phrase which indicates the minor incidents in succession that culminate in the major incident. Of course, all these things do not come at once, and I may fill in, from time to time, after I have begun the novel. But when the skeleton is comparatively complete, I begin to work. Along the right-hand margin I write down the calendar of the novel, as it may be called, from day to day. If it is a novel in which the action takes place in a very short time, I write down not only the day of the month and week, but the hour of the day, so that the action of the story may move logically. With this skeleton of the novel before me, I write with great rapidity. Indeed, I have found that if I write a novel slowly my conception of the leading characters may change from week to week, so that in the end the novel is not artistically so forcible or so complete as those written rapidly. You will understand, of course, that after the novel is begun I may have to shift the position of the leading incidents and alter the general arrangement. One of my stories, 'Marxio's Crucifix,' which is not a long novel, I wrote in ten days, in its original form, as it appeared serially. Afterward two chapters were added for book publication. 'The Tale of a Lonely Parish' I wrote in twenty-four days — one chapter a day, of about 5,000 words. Both of those stories were easy to write, because I was perfectly familiar with the background of each. I had once studied silver carving with a skilled workman, and the idea suggested itself to me to write a story about an atheist who should put his life and soul into the carving of a crucifix. With that for a motive, the story wrote itself. In the case of 'The Lonely Parish' I found myself with a promise unredeemed, given to my publishers, for a novel at a certain date, as I had already sold the novel which I had intended for them to a magazine for serial publication. So I looked around in my memory for some spot which was thoroughly familiar to me as a background for my novel — so familiar that I need not invent details, but simply call them up from my memory. I immediately thought of the little village of Hatfield Regis, in Hertfordshire, where I was sent as a pupil to a clergyman. I lifted that little village bodily out of my memory and put it into my story, even to the extent of certain real names and localities."

Emerson. — It was Emerson's practice to set down in his journal his detached thoughts as soon as they had taken shape. Whenever he had a lecture to prepare, he selected from this journal those sentences which seemed to bear on the subject of his discourse, adding whatever other illustrations or anecdotes suggested themselves to him at the moment. "In writing my thoughts," he declared, "I seek no order, or harmony, or results. I am not careful to see how they comport with other thoughts and other words — I trust them for that — any more than how any one minute of the year is related to any other remote minute which yet I know

is so related. The thoughts and the minutes obey their own magnetism, and will certainly reveal themselves in time." To Emerson an essay was rather a collection of single sayings than a harmonious whole. He was keen-eyed and clear-sighted enough to understand his own shortcomings, and he once said that every sentence of his was an "infinitely repellent particle." His thoughts did not form a glittering chain; they were not even loosely linked together. They lay side by side, like unset gems in a box. Emerson was rather a poet with moments of insight than a systematic philosopher. The lack of structure in his essays was, in a measure, due also to the way they were written. — *Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.*

Harrison. — Mrs. Burton Harrison was formerly Constance Cary, of Virginia, granddaughter of Thomas, the ninth Lord Fairfax. Her childhood was passed in the luxurious atmosphere of one of the most cultivated homes that the Old Dominion afforded. Soon after the war Miss Cary went abroad with her mother, where she remained for some time, storing her mind and her memory with much that she has since made available. Returning to America, she was married to Mr. Burton Harrison, and since then her home has been in New York City.

She made her literary début in the columns of *Scribner's* in 1876, in a pleasing article entitled "A Little Centennial Lady," which was an account of the diary of domestic events kept by her great-aunt, little Sally Fairfax, the pet of General Washington. Mrs. Harrison's next venture was in "Golden-Rod," a story of Mount Desert, imaginary reminiscences of a summer's sojourn on that rock-bound coast. The story which has done most to attract attention to Mrs. Harrison as a writer of fiction is the "Anglomaniacs," which appeared in 1889.

The next year, "Flower de Hundred," the tale of a Virginia plantation during its years of prosperity, and its subsequent ruin by the war, attested its writer's versatility. "Sweet Bells Out of Tune" and "A Bachelor Maid" have since been published. In the spring of 1893, Mrs. Harrison allowed herself a series of wanderings in several European countries, one of the results of which has been a story called "An Errant Wooing," now being published in serial form in the *Century*. Besides her novels, Mrs. Harrison has written several charming books for children, and a series of papers on historical subjects, and has translated and adapted from the French a number of comedies. — *Baltimore News.*

Steel. — Mrs. Flora A. Steel, whose "Tales of the Punjaub," a collection of the folk tales of India, have attracted wide attention, is the youngest of a family of three sons and two daughters, her father having been for some time sheriff clerk of Forfarshire. Mrs. Steel's husband is a retired Indian civilian, and more than twenty years of her married life were spent in India. She has acquired five of the native Indian dialects, and can thus pursue studies in folk-lore which even learned philologists, who know only the written languages, could not accomplish. She is described as "a bright, cheerful, ruddy-complexioned little woman, somewhat more than fifty years of age, with a fine head of gray hair, and a merry twinkle in her eyes." Mrs. Steel is at present in the Punjaub, armed with a camera for the pictures which are to be made into magic lantern slides to illustrate the Indian lectures that she intends to deliver on her return home next year. — *Boston Advertiser.*

Ward. — Mrs. Humphry Ward writes to the *Critic* that for more than ten years now she has been plagued with a form of writer's cramp, which makes the writing of every day, whether literary work or correspondence, a burden. "It does not get worse, but it is always there, and I seem to be always fencing with my letters so as to get off with as few as possible. On the other hand, I have never broken myself in to dictation, as I ought to have done, and, except for business letters, cannot get over a perfectly childish dislike to it." — *Indianapolis Journal.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the

periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE AUTHOR OF TRILBY. (Autobiographic Interview with Du Maurier.) Robert H. Sherard. Illustrated. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for April.

THE PIERRE LOTI OF PRIVATE LIFE. Madame Adam. Illustrated. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for April.

HALL CAINE (Series of portraits). *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for April.

THE ART OF SHORT-STORY WRITING. Walter Blackburn Harte. *Arena* (53 c.) for April.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AT HOME. William E. Bryant. Illustrated. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

STUDIES OF CHILDHOOD — LATER PROGRESS IN LANGUAGE. Professor James Sully. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for April.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF THINKING. Professor M. Allen Starr. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for April.

AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS. William B. Closson. Illustrated. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for April.

LITERARY ADVANTAGES OF SCOTCH. The Point of View. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for April.

BUCOLIC JOURNALISM OF THE WEST. Mary E. Stickney. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for April.

THE WOMANLINESS OF LITERARY WOMEN. J. W. Abernethy. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for April.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Illustrated. Brander Matthews. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for April.

THE LITERATURE OF CHILDHOOD. *Table Talk* (13 c.) for April.

ART'S COLLABORATION WITH LITERATURE. Illustrated. Edward King. *Monthly Illustrator* (33 c.) for April.

THE HEALTHFUL TONE FOR AMERICAN LITERATURE. Richard Burton. *Forum* (28 c.) for April.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. C. T. Copeland. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for April.

NEW YORK NEWSBOYS. Illustrated. Kathleen Matthew. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (28 c.) for April.

IN MANXLAND. Illustrated. E. Rimbault Dibdin. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for April.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN AUTHORS. With portraits of F. Marion Crawford, Julian Hawthorne, Thomas Nelson Page, Frank R. Stockton, Edward Bellamy, Richard Harding Davis, Brander Matthews, Lawrence Hutton, E. C. Stedman, William Drysdale, T. B. Aldrich, Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Arthur Hornblow. *Peterson's* (13 c.) for April.

NEW YORK NEWSPAPER WOMEN. With portraits. Margherita Arlina Hamm. *Peterson's* (13 c.) for April.

THE NEWSPAPER WOMAN. With portraits. Emma B. Kaufman. *Arthur's Home Magazine* (13 c.) for April.

PRACTICAL PHOTO-ENGRAVING. — I. A C. Austin. *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (33 c.) for March.

WILLIAM JAMES. With portrait. Herbert Nichols. *Book Buyer* (13 c.) for March.

RICHARD BURTON. With portrait. Arthur Reed Kimball. *Book Buyer* (13 c.) for March.

COPPER, STEEL, AND BANK NOTE ENGRAVING. Illustrated. C. W. Dickinson, Jr. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for March.

BOOKBINDING: ITS PROCESSES AND IDEAL. T. J. C. Sanderson. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for March.

THE TWO ETERNAL TYPES IN FICTION. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Forum* (28 c.) for March.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S PLACE IN LITERATURE. Frederic Harrison. *Forum* (28c.) for March.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE LIFE OF LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Susan Hubbard Martin. *Colorado Woman* (18 c.) for March.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH. With portrait. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for March.

A DAY WITH JOAQUIN MILLER. Helen E. Gregory-Flesher. *Arena* (53 c.) for March.

MARK TWAIN AND PAUL BOURGET. Max O'Rell. *North American Review* (53 c.) for March.

THE OLD PULPIT AND THE NEW. Bishop Cyrus D. Foss. *North American Review* (53 c.) for March.

ON THE MAKE-UP OF HUMOR. D. H. Hill, Jr. *Southern Magazine* (18 c.) for March.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Young E. Allison. *Southern Magazine* (18 c.) for March.

THE BANCROFT LIBRARY. Illustrated. J. J. Peatfield. *Overland Monthly* (28 c.) for March.

F. MARION CRAWFORD: A CONVERSATION. Illustrated. Robert Bridges. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for March.

PHOTOMECHANICAL PRINTING PROCESSES. Ernest Edwards. *American Journal of Photography* (28 c.) for March.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Reprinted from *Quarterly Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for March 2.

CHRISTINA ROSETTI. Mrs. Alice Meynell. Reprinted from *New Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for March 2.

CHRISTINA ROSETTI. Arthur Christopher Benson. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for March 9.

THE NEW BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY. Illustrated. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for March 16.

CHARLES GAYARRÉ. With portrait. John Dimitry. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for March 30.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Hezekiah Butterworth has completed his plans for a long-contemplated trip to South America, Spain, and the Holy Land. He will sail May 4, and will be absent about a year.

Henry W. Fischer, a contributor to the magazines, now has an editorial position with *Munsey's*.

Miss Minnie Gilmore, daughter of the late bandmaster, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, has written two novels and a number of short stories and poems.

G. W. Smalley, for many years the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, has accepted the position of correspondent of the *London Times* in New York.

Miss Alice Brown will soon publish a volume of New England stories, entitled "Meadow Grass."

Mrs. Harrison ("Lucas Malet") is on her way back from India.

Henry B. Robinson, author of "Men Born Equal," is an Englishman by birth. He came to America twelve years ago, and began work on the *New York Tribune*. He is now the editor of the *Railway Age*.

Albert Matthews, the author of "A Bundle of Papers" and "Ruminations," and the "Paul Siegvolk" of the literary weeklies, is the stepfather of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Edgar Shepherd, and Mrs. Fearing Gill, all of whom are sisters. Mr. Matthews is a lawyer by profession, with a penchant for literature.

Miss Rhoda Broughton, the famous novelist, lived for many years at Oxford, and she described the university city cleverly in her novel, "Belinda." She has removed now to Richmond.

Articles of much merit on financial and industrial subjects have appeared during the winter from the pen of James M. Glenn, of Cincinnati. Mr. Glenn is sixty-five years old, and is president of the chamber of commerce of Cincinnati. He is a retired merchant, who last year became chief owner of the *Cincinnati Daily Tribune*. He writes the Tribune's most telling local editorials, and regards his literary success with as much surprise as pleasure.

Anna Robeson Brown, author of "Alain of Halfdene," is a Philadelphia girl, the daughter of the late Henry Armitt Brown.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin was married March 30 to George Christopher Riggs, of New York city, at All Souls' Unitarian church.

Moncure D. Conway spent a fortnight in Paris at the end of February, working in the government archives, where he discovered some further Paine documents. He is now in London again, preaching every Sunday at the South-place Chapel.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, with her daughter, Mrs. Hall, will soon sail for Europe. They are going over to be with Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott at her home in Rome, as she is not able to come to America this year.

Marion Crawford includes the ability to read Russian at sight among his many accomplishments. Mr. Crawford, by the way, has just returned to Italy.

Miss Agnes Repplier was in Rome, at last accounts.

Charles E. L. Wingate, whose book, "Shakespeare's Heroines," is soon to be published, is the managing editor of the *Boston Journal*, and the Boston correspondent of the *Critic*, and has already published a genealogical history, a "Dramatic Year Book," and a novel, entitled "An Impossible Possibility."

Mr. Hitchens, who now acknowledges himself to be the author of "The Green Carnation," has succeeded G. Bernard Shaw as musical critic of the *London World*.

R. K. Munkittrick, who began life as a writer of humorous paragraphs, and is now devoting himself almost entirely to writing serious verse, celebrated his forty-second birthday anniversary this month. Mr. Munkittrick lives at Summit, N. J., not far from Hamilton Mabie. Frank R. Stockton and A. B. Frost live but a short distance above him at Convent Station.

The Study is a new monthly magazine for preachers, published by Rev. H. M. Douglass, at St. Johnsbury, Vt. Each number will have articles by preachers of all denominations, together with illustrative material.

The *Home Review* is a new monthly published by the Harvey Publishing Company, 203 Broadway, New York city.

The *Bibelot*, published by Thomas R. Mosher, Portland, Me., is "a reprint of poetry and prose for book lovers, chosen in part from scarce editions and sources not generally known."

Campbell's Illustrated Monthly is a new Chicago periodical. The current number contains portraits of Oliver Wendell Holmes and of the late Professor Swing, with biographical sketches. Many of the celebrated paintings of Europe are reproduced in copper-plate engravings. J. B. Campbell, 215 Madison street, Chicago, is the publisher.

Moods, a Journal Intime, is a new Philadelphia publication which "hopes to fill the breach between art and letters."

The *American Jewess* is a new Chicago monthly, devoted to social, religious, and literary subjects.

The *American Fabian* is a new journal edited and published in Boston. It is intended to be the medium for uniting social reforms, for leading the way to a conception of socialism "broad enough, free enough, practical enough to include all that is of value."

The Basis: A Journal of Citizenship, is a new weekly magazine started by Judge Albion W. Tourgee at Buffalo, N. Y. The publishers make a number of prize offers for manuscripts, but each manuscript submitted in competition must be accompanied by a certain number of subscriptions.

Montreal has a new French monthly, *La Revue Nationale.* The February number contains portraits of all the contributors to it, including one of Louis Fréchette.

Maine Outings is a new monthly magazine published at Portland, and devoted to out-door life in Maine.

John Brisben Walker, the millionaire owner of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, is planning to start a weekly paper after the style of *Harper's Weekly.*

The publication office of *Public Opinion* has been removed from Washington, D. C., to New York city, Clinton Hall, Astor place. The typographical appearance of the paper has been much improved. *Public Opinion* is simply indispensable to any one who wants to keep well-informed on the progress of current thought.

The Spire (Grove Hall, Boston) is a new literary journal issued once in three weeks. It offers a prize of $25 for the best short poem on "Love" submitted by a three-months' subscriber before May 1. In other words, each poem submitted must be accompanied by a twenty-five-cent subscription.

The *Outlook*, New York, offers three prizes, of $50, $30, and $20, respectively, for the best specimens of amateur photography on subjects relating to out-of-door summer life, pastime, travel, and recreation, submitted before April 30. Contestants must be, at the time specimens are submitted, subscribers to the *Outlook* or members of the immediate families of subscribers. It is desired that a few lines describing each photograph shall be furnished by the maker.

Our Animal Friends offers a prize of $50 for the best story treating of animals or animal life, submitted by a subscriber before May 1. Stories must be typewritten, and must not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should be addressed to John P. Haines, 10 East 22d street, New York.

The Patria Club of New York offers these prizes, to be awarded May 29: A $25 gold medal and a $15 silver medal for the best and second best papers prepared by teachers in kindergarten schools on the subject, "How May the Kindergarten System Be Used to the Greatest Advantage to Awaken in Children a Love of Country?"

Blue and Gray has removed its headquarters to Washington, D. C.

Modern Art is about to remove from its present quarters in Indianapolis to more congenial surroundings in Boston. Mr. Bowles, the editor and publisher, has made arrangements with the Prang Company whereby the company will give *Modern Art* the benefit of its capital and field. Mr. Bowles will remain the editor, with a half interest in the magazine, and, in addition, will advise with Mr. Prang in determining upon artistic features of the Prang publications.

The *Christian Inquirer* has been bought by the *Examiner* (New York) and will be no longer published.

Mrs. French Sheldon has severed her connection with *Africa*, a late journalistic venture in Chicago.

Mrs. M. A. Jackson, of Charlotte, N. C., whose husband was General Stonewall Jackson, is announced as the new editor-in-chief of *Woman*, a monthly published at Richmond, Va. Mrs. Jackson gave evidence of her literary ability in her "Life and Letters of Stonewall Jackson."

An English edition of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* will be published in London by Routledge & Sons.

The *New York Sun* insists that New York ought to have a monument in honor of James Fenimore Cooper, the greatest American romancer.

The American News Company, it is reported, will begin to manufacture and publish a large new line of 12mos this year. W. B. Perkins, formerly with the Lothrop Company, and with De Wolfe, Fiske, & Co., of Boston, will act as manager of this department.

No. 3 of Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great" describes a visit to William E. Gladstone, and No. 4 a similar visit to John Ruskin. The publishers are G. P. Putnam's Sons, and the series is a very attractive one.

The study of mind, perhaps the most fascinating branch of science, receives much attention in the April *Popular Science Monthly*. Professor M. Allen Starr, M. D., of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, opens the number with an account of "Some Curiosities of Thinking." His cases include persons with various strange hallucinations, and some with a single curiously defective or greatly superior faculty. Professor Sully's paper on "Later Progress in Language" — the seventh of his Studies of Childhood — gives insight into mental action from another point of view.

An English reviewer proposes that for a year all books should be issued anonymously, that readers might free themselves from their present prejudices, and each writer's popularity might be tested, unaided by his previous reputation.

To illustrate Darwin's modesty, John Murray says that the famous naturalist once came to see his father, and brought with him a manuscript. As he laid it on the table he said: "Mr. Murray, here is a book which has cost me many years of hard labor; the preparation of it has afforded me the greatest interest, but I can hardly hope that it will prove of any interest to the general public. Will you bring it out as you have my other books?" The book was the famous work on "Earthworms," which in the course of three months reached a fifth edition.

Macmillan & Co. expect to have ready about Easter a biography of the late Professor E. A. Freeman, edited by the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens, Dean of Winchester.

S. R. Crockett, whom the "Stickit Minister" made famous, is said to have now an assured income of $25,000 a year, and to have contracted to do enough literary work to keep his pen busy for the rest of the century. Only recently he occupied a pulpit in a Scotch village church on a salary of $1,200. Mr. Crockett, by the way, is writing a life of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The late Professor Austin Phelps' well-known work, "English Style in Public Discourse," has been condensed, revised, and supplemented by Professor H. A. Frink, of Amherst, in a manner to adapt the work for general use as a textbook on rhetoric. It will be published shortly by the Scribners, under the title, "Rhetoric: Its Theory and Practice."

The first book of a juvenile series by James Riley will be published by Lee & Shepard in the fall. It will deal with farm life in New England, with which Mr. Riley has been made familiar by personal experience.

The *Review of Reviews* for April has pictures of John Stuart Blackie, Edwin D. Mead, Melvil Dewey, Arthur J. Balfour, W. E. Gladstone, and Herbert Spencer. The March number had pictures of Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., and John Clark Ridpath.

The *Monthly Illustrator* (New York) for April is crowded with pictures in the best style of modern art. Its letterpress, also, is of high quality. No other art magazine has such elements of popularity.

It is proposed to place in Boston a memorial to Francis Parkman. Subscriptions may be sent to the treasurer of the committee, Henry L. Higginson, 44 State street.

The *Bostonian* completed its first volume with its March number. It has steadily improved since its first issue, and fills well its peculiar field.

Miss Braddon, the novelist, has lost her husband, John Maxwell. He was a publisher, and thirty-five years ago started *Temple Bar*.

Professor John Stuart Blackie died in Edinburgh March 2, aged eighty-five.

Maturin M. Ballou died in Cairo, Egypt, March 27, aged seventy-four.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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SOME MISTAKES OF WRITERS.

For those gifted men and women who are engaged in the production of wholesome fiction I entertain a high esteem. I cannot undertake, just now, to tell how much they have done for me, or to find words in which to express my gratitude. Let me say, merely, that I love them all — with a few unimportant exceptions.

Still, of stormy days, and at times when my rheumatism is more than usually troublesome, I am apt to find myself wondering why some of these friends of mine seem to be so fond of dealing with matters concerning which they have not, apparently, taken the trouble to inform themselves. Let me find a few examples among the magazines and weeklies lying about this little room of mine. The majority of them are two or three years old, but that, probably, does n't matter particularly.

Take the story I was reading last evening, for instance. It relates to the tolerably well-known island of Nevassa, and this is how it begins: "There are many islands in the Pacific ocean, but our story has to do with only one of them."

Now, that same Nevassa occupies a humble position among the islands of the West India group; and the chances are much against its moving into the Pacific, at present. This writer might easily enough have "located" it, as the reporters say, before taking up his pen to begin the story.

Here is another story, introducing, among other characters, one who says that in his seafaring days he found that a ship bound, say, from New York to San Francisco could avoid the task of doubling Cape Horn simply by going through the Strait of Le Maire. That was, indeed, a discovery. He might as well have told us, while he was about it, that the steamers running from New York to Savannah could dodge Cape Hatteras by passing through the Kill von Kull.

But he is mistaken, that is all. Within a dozen miles of Madison square there may be found several thousands of men who have learned by wet, cold, and otherwise uncomfortable experience that even when a ship has passed through the strait just mentioned, westward bound, the cape is still many a mile away, and it may be several days before she finds herself abreast of it.

This illustrated article seems to contain more or less fiction. Although this may have been unintentional on the author's part, that is his

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affair, not ours. It is by somebody who had just discovered the Erie Basin, in Brooklyn, and seen things there the like of which I am sure no one else ever saw. To begin with, he found a ship unloading a cargo of jute butts, from Manila, to be made, he tells us, into rope. Going a little farther, he comes upon "a Sicilian bark, hailing from Ragusa, and loaded to the water's edge with liquorice root."

All this is interesting; but I respectfully submit that jute butts are not brought from Manila, but invariably from some port in British India (Calcutta, usually), and, instead of being made into rope, they are used in the manufacture of bagging and of paper.

As to the "Sicilian bark, hailing from Ragusa," she deserves a place alongside the traditional "Frenchman from Dublin." Again, if she was deeply laden, she must have had something heavier than liquorice root under her hatches.

It is truly wonderful what an amount of valuable misinformation can be put into a magazine article of ordinary length, provided the writer takes a genuine interest in his work.

This huge Sunday newspaper contains, among other things, a "sea story." Anybody can write sea stories, and a large proportion of them, I am informed by publishers, are the work of young ladies residing in the Western states. But it is different with this one. It is from the pen of a well-known writer of short, but tough stories, who, having crossed the Brooklyn bridge some hundreds of times, is perfectly at home with matters geographical and nautical.

In this romance he figures as second mate of a ship sailing from Sydney, New South Wales, and bound to London. Nothing remarkable occurs, he tells us, until one day, when they are some four hundred miles due west of the Cape of Good Hope, they fall in with a mysterious craft, running gaily before the wind, with all her sails furled, and nobody at the helm.

Opinions may differ as to what is remarkable and what is not. Any seaman, however, would consider it very remarkable indeed should he, while making the passage from an Australian *port to Europe, find* himself anywhere within a thousand miles of the cape aforesaid.

If this writer has imbibed the notion that ships in the Australian trade make their homeward trips by way of the Cape of Good Hope, he is wrong. Outward bound, these vessels pass that way, but they always return by the way of Cape Horn, thus circumnavigating the globe in the course of every round voyage. It is easier to sail a thousand miles with a rattling fair wind than to make a tenth part of that distance against a head wind and sea.

Let me also remark that no ship or other vessel will run before the wind without some one at the wheel. It is only in fiction that ships are intelligent enough to steer themselves.

To my mind, the best thing that Josh Billings ever gave us was his remark that "It is better not to know so very much, than to know so many things that ain't so."

Here is one more magazine — a relative of mine sent it to me a year or two ago. There is a little romance in it that affected her very much, as she afterward informed me. Let us dip into the middle of this touching tale, and see what we shall find. Here, now, we have a summer hotel on the sandy shore of Cape Cod, a calm, starlight night, and some salt water, upon which floats a small boat, containing a pair of oars and an unhappy young man, who has had, but an hour ago, a serious and final quarrel with the object of his affections. He rows hither and thither in an aimless way, stopping now and then to gaze at the unsympathizing stars overhead, and wonder if life is, after all, worth living.

At the hotel a dance is under way, and an occasional strain of music, mellowed by the distance, is wafted to his ears.

This writer says: "The tide was coming in, and was nearly at flood." Now what in the name of the Farmer's Almanac and Blunt's Coast Pilot are we to understand by that? If he means that it is almost high water, why doesn't he say so? Has he never learned that the use of the terms flood and ebb is to designate the inward and outward movements of the tide respectively?

But let us read on. Just listen to this, now: "He held his oars motionless in the water, to

keep the boat from being carried along by the current."

O, my dear young author! do, I beg of you, devote an evening to the study of physics, or, at least, buy yourself a little treatise on natural philosophy, and look into it now and then, as you go up and down town on the cars!

But so it goes. We do not need to search for such flaws as these in our periodical literature. They are always with us, and we cannot help seeing them. "My friend," said Theodore Hook to the fellow who was trying to hide a stolen codfish under a somewhat scanty garment, "wear a longer jacket next time, or steal a shorter fish."

Two courses seem to be open to the professional writer—let him cultivate an acquaintance with his chosen subject, or else content himself with writing of places and things with which he is already familiar.

George T. Bicknell.

NEW BRIGHTON, Staten Island, N. Y.

A WRITER'S HANDY REFERENCE LIST.

Writers know that most publications have established limits in regard to length of articles or stories. For instance, *Frank Leslie's Weekly* wants articles of from 300 to 800 words in length. Knowing this, you would never send one of 1,500 or 2,000 words, no matter how good it might be.

In order to keep within limits on any article intended for a certain paper or class of publications, I have made up a list of my favorite mediums, in which appears information to render this easy. This list, in addition to a statement of the requirements of each periodical in this respect, also has information about the number of columns to a page; width of columns; number of words to an inch; average number of words to a column; number of words to a line.

With this information before one, he may write and "fit" the dress of his words to the form in which they are to appear.

My list is tabulated after this style:—

LIST: "NUMBER OF WORDS."

Name of Magazine.	Width of Column.	Number of Columns to Page.	Inches Long, Each Column.	Words in Each Line.	Number Words to an Inch.	Words to a Column.

The opposite pages of any blank-book offer good opportunity for such ruling. Space may be left for miscellaneous explanations in connection, and either more or less than is here indi-

cated may be made to appear in the table.

I feel sure that an adaptation of this hint will be useful to the professional writer who has a wide market for his work and desires to have it all "stay put" the first time it is sent out.

A knowledge of the number of columns to the page and their width and length is essential when one gets up special drawings for articles, or furnishes the printing plates, as I often do.

Clifton S. Wady.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

MISTAKES OF TRIED WRITERS.

Nothing in those profound wells of unconscious allegory, our nursery tales, is so illustrative of one little human peculiarity as that which relates how Jack, having struggled to the top of the magic beanstalk and ventured with trepidation and in fear of his life into the giant's domain, speedily loses his shyness sufficiently to make free with the giant, almost under his very nose, and even to risk his waking anger and pursuit by a bold snatch at the money-bags. Thus history repeats itself, over and over again, in the cases of the writers who have succeeded, not only in reaching the top of the stalk, but in penetrating to the dwelling-place of that testy giant, the Great Public.

Much advice as to their trials, temptations, and mistakes, principally issuing from tried and experienced writers, is bestowed on the beginners in this most pleasant and least profitable of professions; but no one hears or says anything of the mistakes of tried writers, which might lead us to suppose that after acceptance and publication and appreciation have become a comparatively old story, their subject, as pictured in the old hymn, is

> "Carried through the skies
> On flowery beds of ease,
> While others fight to win the prize,
> And sail through bloody seas."

Are there no mistakes peculiar to experienced writers, just as the tyro has his own especial set of snares and pitfalls? The question answers itself in the pages of current periodicals, where one's literary conscience marks, first, the errors of his fellow-craftsmen, and then, after a dress of cold type has made the discovery too late, his own. While nothing succeeds like success, it is true also that nothing spoils like success; and it takes only a very moderate taste of that delicious, delusive intoxicant to set the feet of him who drinks it stumbling among snares.

Snare No. 1 is one of the commonest — literary carelessness. Nobody begins with it — the novice's maiden attempt goes out weighted with a truly pathetic amount of earnest labor and painstaking polish; everybody is at least in danger of ending with it, from the great novelist who scornfully tells himself that an asinine public will swallow anything written over his hand and seal, to the newspaper paragraphist who makes nice calculations as to the amount of strain in the way of "padded" work his position will stand. It is fatal, of course. Dozens of promising writers have ruined a good future by assuming that two or three years of success are sufficient to secure them both a never-failing audience and an assured literary style, neither of which will need further cultivation. These have fallen by the wayside, and their bleaching bones have served as a disagreeable reminder that there is no resting on one's oars from the first pen-stroke to the last, but, on the contrary, the "demnition grind" never relaxes or releases. To trifle with the giant is to have him after us with a club, and without hope of the happy issue of events which befriended Master Jack.

After steering clear of this rock,—if I may be allowed to change the simile,—the man with a market is apt to find himself foundering on another, the Scylla to its Charybdis. Over-carefulness is as common a fault as slipshod writing, as disastrous to the writer and even more exas-

perating to the reader. Countless examples, which it would be cruelty to authors to quote, suggest themselves as examples of writers who have left the wholesome, simple, attractive style with which they have made their success, for one the machinery of which creaks at every move and shows too plainly the effort by which subtlety was strained to incomprehensibility, and originality to eccentricity. The anxiety to manufacture epigrams has smothered the main idea and purpose of the article under a dead weight of platitudes. Artificiality has a merciless habit of exposing itself, and when a story, essay, or poem brings before us the vivid picture of the author sitting with a "Thesaurus" on one hand and a dictionary on the other, anxiously studying over unusual methods of expressing himself, both work and author are foredoomed to failure in the long run, if not in the short one.

Then one gets the idea-saving mania. I call the noble army of martyrs — I mean authors — to witness to the frequency of this panic, which usually takes the form of refusing to put one's very best on paper lest some day of greater need present itself. Having become impressed — who has a better opportunity? — with both the value and the scarceness of ideas, we decide that this brilliant descriptive touch, that apt quotation, the other bit of safe wisdom are too good for the article in hand, which is (let us say) only for a second-rate paper's second-rate readers, and unsigned at that. Exhaust our brains for a dollar or so? Never! The precious talent is snugly and solicitously laid away in a napkin — to tarnish past use, of course. Ideas breed ideas, and it is never safe to give less than one's best, for one's own sake.

This is the end — of my space, not of the errors into which a writer of experience may be misled by that very experience. He is tempted in a dozen ways — to sell his ideal for a mess of pottage, and write for an indiscriminating rather than a discriminating, public, for the reason that, like Hans Andersen's goblin, he cannot leave the huckster because of the pudding; to imitation, to self-caricature. Last and worst, he may gain ridicule and envy — never anything more — by trying to discourage inexperienced writers by telling them of the hardships, small profits, and other drawbacks of a literary career. The very fact that he himself stays in such a profession makes such counsel null and void. The undaunted tyro shrewdly concludes that there must be something in it after all, like the maiden in the old song, who, in spite of her grandmother's repeated warnings against marriage, decided that

> "If the boys and the girls had been so afraid,
> Grandma herself would have been an old maid."

Louise Betts Edwards.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

TYPEWRITER OR PEN.

A bit of practical experience related to me by a friend of mine has convinced me that, as THE WRITER once said, an author nowadays cannot afford not to own a typewriter. My friend's handwriting, I must say at the start, is not altogether legible. Not long ago she finished a 6,000-word story, and before submitting it to any editor she sent it to me to read and asked for my candid judgment of it. I read it, slowly and painfully, spurred on when I was inclined to stop by my sense of duty toward my friend. Then I wrote to her frankly, that while I believed there was merit in the manuscript, I also believed that no unbiassed editor would ever read beyond the first three pages of it, so blindly was it written. She took the criticism in good part, and gave the manuscript to a typewriter. The typewritten copy of it she sent to *Scribner's Magazine*, and in two or three weeks she got a check for $150 for it. The next day she had a typewriter of her own and $50 left.

Arthur Fosdick.

BOSTON, Mass.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

The *Chicago Record's* prize offers for stories of mystery are of such importance that writers will be interested in details given in a circular issued by the *Record's* publisher. The prizes offered are one each of $10,000, $3,000, $1,500, $1,000, and $800, two of $600 each, and five of $500 each. Ten thousand dollars additional will be paid, at space rates, for stories of accepted value which may not be awarded any of the twelve cash prizes. "Space rates" in this case means five dollars per printed column of the *Record*, measuring three hundred agate lines space (or twenty-one and one-half inches), and this payment conveys to the *Record* all right and title to the story for any and every purpose for which the *Record* may at any time use it. The *Record* reserves the right to buy at this rate any story accepted, but not awarded a prize.

The stories submitted in this competition are required to be "stories of mystery," in order that readers may be offered prizes for guessing the solutions of the mysteries in advance of their publication.

***

The circular goes on to say: "The general type of story desired for the purposes of this competition may, perhaps, be adequately described in the statement that it should be sufficiently sensational to hold the pleasurable attention of the general mass of daily newspaper readers, but, at the same time, it should be of such a literary character as to interest the more cultured and critical reader as well.

"Translations, whether in whole or in part, will not be accepted or in any way considered.

"The stories must reach the *Record*, at its office of publication, 181 Madison street, Chicago, Ill., before October 1, 1895, and the awards will be made as soon after that date as they can be read and judged.

"The following conditions will rule the competition:—

"1. The story should contain not less than 140,000 words, or more than 160,000 words; the idea being to aim at an average of 150,000 words. An installment should consist of two chapters, averaging about 2,500 words each, or from 4,500 to 5,500 words for an installment. The stories must be 'clean' and free from improper suggestion. They must not have for the central motive 'the misdemeanors of the sexes.' They must be of such a general character in construction of the plot and in

phraseology that they may be read aloud without embarrassment in a mixed family circle.

"2. As to construction, the story should be on the 'popular' line, and include abundance of life and action, supplemented by interesting incidents, but without a great deal of detail description. There should be, to make the work more acceptable, intensely dramatic situations, and the entire story should be so divided in installments that each will close with an indefinite or, perhaps, an unfinished situation, to the end that the reader's interest may not only be maintained but enlarged in anticipation of the developments in the succeeding installment. Authors should bear in mind the salient fact, that the stories are intended for daily publication in comparatively short installments. In order to provide the 'mystery' involved, the author should aim to work in such a number of intricate details as to make it difficult for the reader to guess them *all* and *perfectly*, while a fair degree of probability should be maintained. The 'mystery' should run through the story up to and including all the chapters except the final chapter, and it must be solved or explained *only in the final chapter.*

"3. The final chapter must be inclosed in a separate and securely sealed envelope, preferably the special envelope which will be provided for the author's convenience, and must include the author's name and address. Nowhere else in or about the story must the author's name and address, or name, or address, appear. The story must bear on the first or title page some distinctive mark or word by which only the author may be able to identify it, and this mark or word must also appear in connection with the name and address in the separate sealed envelope in which is contained the final chapter. Every story will be judged without any reference to, or knowledge of, its author's name or identity.

"4. On receipt of manuscripts by the *Record* an automatic numbering machine will be used, and the contents of the package will be numbered in triplicate; that is to say, the envelope or wrapping covering the manuscript will be numbered with the same number as the body of the manuscript and the envelope containing the solution of the mystery and the name and address of the author.

"5. Authors will be required to make an affidavit to the effect that the plot or solution, or any part of the plot or solution, has not been divulged to any person, and that it will not be divulged under any circumstances whatever. And they must further agree in their affidavit that they will not by themselves, or through or by others, compete for the prizes which may be offered readers of the *Record* or any other newspaper in which their stories may appear as stories carrying a prize for the solution of the mystery.

"6. The *Chicago Record* will take, own and control, for publication in its own columns or elsewhere, all the accepted stories, and will copyright each and every accepted story in the name of the author, who shall, as part of the transaction involved, assign all right and title to the copyright, and to the story as copyrighted, to Victor F. Lawson, and the author will agree to accept the sum of money awarded as a prize as payment in full for his or her work.

"7. The *Record* must be considered the final judge of merit and award of prizes, and there will be no reopening of the contest for any purpose whatsoever after the awards have been made. All stories submitted that may be deemed by the *Record* as at all worthy of publication in its columns will be considered in the competition for the cash prizes, and because of this judgment will be duly entered in the lists; but the *Record* reserves the right to decline any story that, in its judgment, does not possess sufficient literary and popular value to merit publication in its columns, and to decline any story that does not fairly come within the essential conditions of the competition. In case stories are on any account not accepted, they will be promptly returned, in strict confidence, to their authors, carriage prepaid, and the manuscripts in no way mutilated or damaged beyond what is unavoidable in handling, wrapping, and reshipping.

"8. Legible penwritten manuscripts will be accepted, but it is greatly to be desired that manuscripts be typewritten, so as to facilitate reading and judging, and as a safeguard against

errors in composition should the story be accepted and published. In no event will illegible manuscripts be read or considered. Such matter will be returned to the author.

"9. All manuscripts must be sent by express, charges fully prepaid, and in no other way, and authors must take receipts from express companies and hold such express companies responsible for the safe carriage and delivery of their manuscripts to the *Record*.

"10. This offer is not open for acceptance by authors unless they shall have sent to the office of the *Record* and obtained a contract signed by Victor F. Lawson, and shall have signed and returned the same to this office, which contract shall contain the only terms upon which said authors shall compose stories, enter into competition and receive prizes or other compensation therefor.

"For additional information authors will address Victor F. Lawson, publisher the *Record*, Chicago, Ill."

***

The *Chicago Record*, it is hardly necessary to say, is abundantly able to carry out the promises it makes, and its prize offer is without unfair conditions of any kind. The circular is interesting, moreover, because it tells what qualities a story must have to be acceptable for serial publication in a daily newspaper. The newspaper market for fiction has grown to be an important one, and such information is valuable to story writers.

***

A copy of "Methods of Authors" or a copy of "Writing for the Press" will be sent free to any one who will secure and send five new subscriptions for THE WRITER.

***

The editor of *Peterson's Magazine* requests that manuscripts sent to "his magazine be typewritten. It is much easier," he says, "to get at the gist of an article if it is plainly typewritten than if it is badly copied in poor handwriting. The majority of manuscripts now offered to editors are typewritten, and when writers consider that it costs considerable money to read manuscripts offered to a magazine, they will probably realize that the least they can do is to offer manuscripts which can be easily read." The editorial offices of *Peterson's Magazine* and of *Arthur's Home Magazine* are now in New York. The business offices are at Asbury Park, N. J., where both magazines are printed.

***

Writers may get a useful hint, perhaps, from a paragraph in one of Edward W. Bok's literary letters, in which he quotes a bookseller as saying: "It is strange how much more difficult it is to sell a story which has a sorrowful ending than one that has a bright ending. This is particularly true of women, the majority of whom avoid a book with a sorrowful ending as they would a fever-stricken house. They come in here, look over the books on the counters, fix upon one, the title or author of which strikes their fancy, and their first act is either to turn to the last few pages to see how it ends or to ask, 'Do you know anything about this story? Does it end happily?' If it happens to be a story with an unhappy ending and I tell them so, in nine cases out of ten the book goes back on the counter. So strong is this tendency with women that I have recently found myself reading the last page of any story that is brought to me by the 'drummers' of the big publishing houses, and I guide myself by the ending in the number of copies that I buy. It may seem foolish, and I know, as a matter of fact, that it does to some, but, of course, I can only afford to keep books which the public will buy, and having a large woman's trade here, I have found that women are not apt to buy books with sorrowful endings, unless in special cases. Girls shun such stories almost entirely."

***

There is no doubt that many readers have a prejudice against stories with unhappy endings, and that being so, a writer who makes a story end unhappily deliberately reduces the size of his audience. Of course, if he thinks only of his literary art and not at all of the financial profit from his work, this makes no difference to him. If, however, he is writing for lucre as well as for love, the hint given by Mr. Bok's bookseller is worth considering. One good argument in favor of making stories end happily is that in real life there is misery enough without creating misery in fiction. This argument will not

convince those who believe that literature should be a faithful fac-simile of life, bad as well as good, but together with the financial consideration it ought to have some influence with those who think, as THE WRITER does, that the chief object of a story is fulfilled if it entertains, instructs, and educates, and that the less said in fiction about the dark side of life, the better for all concerned. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

I sent some jokes recently to *Printer's Ink*. They came back to me with a big blue cross marked against each dialogue, and the words "not available" pencilled on the manuscript. As a consequence I had to make another typewritten copy of them before sending them out again. Why should the editor of *Printer's Ink* make me this unnecessary work? A. F.

[There is no excuse for such a misdemeanor. — W. H. H.]

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton went over to New York on Thursday. She is not sailing for Europe until May. — *Boston Herald.*	Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton went over to New York Thursday. She will not sail for Europe until May.
It looks as though the men would have to reform. — *New York Sun.*	It looks as if the men would have to reform.
Can it be possible? — *New York Sun Headline.*	Is it possible?
Miss Lydia W. Ragalz is the "confidential man" of the firm of Franklin McVeagh & Co., of Chicago, and receives the largest salary of any woman in that city. — *Philadelphia Times.*	Miss Lydia W. Ragalz is the "confidential man" of the firm of Franklin McVeagh & Co., of Chicago, and receives a larger salary than any other woman in that city.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

In discussing the use of the words "woman" and "lady" in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for April Margaret Deland says that the use of "lady" when the street-car conductor cautions, "Don't get off, lady, till the car stops," or the cash girl wails, "Here's your change, lady," is plainly courteous, and that "Woman, here's your change," would be distinctly unpleasant, though not meant to be impolite. The word "madam," however, she suggests, is a golden mean between extremes. She might have added that "madam" is practically a translation of "my lady" or "miladi," expressions which are common overseas. "Here's your change, madam," is unquestionably an improvement on "Here's your change, lady." Sometimes a discreet clerk might pay a gentle compliment by changing the phrase, when there is reasonable excuse for doing so, to "Here's your change, miss." L. L. F.

BROOKLINE, Mass.

In the February number of THE WRITER in the article on "Splitting Paper" quoted from *Current Literature* are the words "Smear one side of the page," "Smear the other side of the page," etc. What is one side of a page? It should read one side of a leaf; a page has only one side. H. B. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

With regard to ending sentences with a preposition, Dr. Earle, an authority of the first order, says it is "the true English idiom and tradition," the fashion of "to whom" or "to which" being a Gallicism. Aside from this, it is patent to everybody's senses that the persistent use of the latter makes a very stiff, pedantic, pompous style. F. M.

HARTFORD, Conn.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SYNONYMS DISCRIMINATED. By Charles John Smith, M. A. Fourth edition. 781 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1893.

The author of "Synonyms Discriminated" has taken advantage of the works of Crabbe, Taylor, Graham, and Whately, and has combined his own ideas with those of these earlier writers on English synonymy. He has also derived useful material from Guizot's book on French synonyms, and from other sources. The plan of his book is illustrated by the entry under "Wrath," which is headed: —

WRATH. ANGER, CHOLER, IRE, RAGE.

Then follows a discriminating discussion of the distinctive meanings of these different words, each being taken up in turn and its exact use shown by explanation and example. More than half a page is devoted to this one entry. The arrangement of the entries is alphabetical

under the leading word — in this case "Wrath." An alphabetical index at the end of the volume makes all the secondary words instantly accessible. The author has paid a good deal of attention to giving the derivations of the words analyzed, and his illustrative quotations have been chosen with great care. Altogether, the book is a very useful one.

A CATALOGUE OF THE BOOKS, MANUSCRIPTS, AND PRINTS BELONGING TO ——— ———. 250 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

Any one who owns a library will find this volume useful in making a library catalogue. It is a blank book with ruled pages, having columns with printed headings for title, shelf mark, author, size, date, number of pages, publisher, etc., of each book in the library. At the end of the catalogue are a few pages ruled and printed for a record of books lent, having columns for title, number of volumes, shelf mark, to whom lent, when lent, and when returned. There are also a number of pages left blank for memoranda. For facility of reference a numerical character or letter can be inserted in the centre of each shelf of the book-case and in the second column of the catalogue, which will give immediate access to any book required.

MASSACHUSETTS YEAR BOOK AND CITY AND TOWN REGISTER FOR 1895. Compiled by Alfred S. Roe. 552 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Worcester, Mass.: F. S. Blanchard & Co. 1895.

The first issue of the "Massachusetts Year Book" contains more information about the Massachusetts of to-day than was ever collected and collated before. It gives nearly everything that any one can want to know about the state, its natural and political divisions, its public officials of all ranks, its judiciary, its banking institutions, insurance companies, and railroads, with the names of all officers, and the latest data concerning them. All state institutions, libraries, churches, societies, schools, with their officers and statistics, are given. The 323 towns are catalogued in alphabetical order, and a glance will give the reader the population of each, its debt, the amounts raised for various purposes, and the names of all its public officials. The thirty-one cities are similarly treated. A fine map of the state is also given. The information in the book is fresh and trustworthy. To any one interested in Massachusetts it is indispensable for reference.

THE STORY OF PATRIOTS' DAY. By George J. Varney. Illustrated. 170 pp. Cloth. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

April 19, the anniversary of the stirring events at Lexington and Concord, is now a legal holiday in Massachusetts, taking the place of Fast day, which was abolished in 1894. The name Patriots' day was given to the new holiday by Governor Greenhalge. Mr. Varney's book relates the story of the events of April 19, 1775, and is made more valuable by half-tone pictures of places of historic interest in Lexington and Concord.

MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY, AND STORY OF PITCAIRN ISLAND, 1790–1894. By Rosalind Amelia Young. Third edition. Illustrated. 266 pp. Cloth. Oakland, Calif.: Pacific Press Publishing Co. 1895.

The story of Pitcairn Island possesses fascinating interest. It is told in Miss Young's book by a native of the island, who has spent practically her whole life there. Her lifetime covers almost one-half of the time covered by the history of the island and her father was the second oldest man of the community at the time of his death in 1893, and was a grandson of John Adams, one of the mutineers of the Bounty, who died in 1829. She has thus had great advantages for obtaining a correct knowledge of the island history. Her story is clearly told, and the book is illustrated with a score or more of excellent half-tone pictures.

ART IDOLS OF THE PARIS SALON. No 2. Six plates, in portfolio. $1.00. Chicago: White City Art Co. 1895.

The second number of "Art Idols of the Paris Salon," which will be published quarterly hereafter, is even better than the first. The pictures are fine examples of the work of modern French artists and include "Les Indiscrets," Ballavoine; "Noon-tide Rest — the Model," Cauconier; "Le Guêpier," Bouguereau; "Lassitude," Ballavoine; "Cupid as Pilot," Coomans; and "The Vision," Carolus-Duran. The descriptive letterpress, by Stanley Wood, is printed on plate paper to correspond with the rest of the publication.

MARCELLA. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 548 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

A note following the copyright notice of this new edition of "Marcella" says: "Two-volume edition set up and electrotyped March, 1894. Reprinted April twice, May, June, July, August three times, September, 1894. One-volume popular edition set up and electrotyped March, 1895."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

THE MASTERY OF SHORTHAND. By David Wolf Brown. 130 pp. Paper, 35 cents. Cincinnati: Phonographic Institute Co. 1895.

IN THE SADDLE. By Oliver Optic. Illustrated. 451 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

DOCTOR GRAY'S QUEST. By Francis H. Underwood, LL.D. 406 pp. Cloth, $1.75. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD. By J. T. Trowbridge. With frontispiece portrait. 459 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

LISBETH WILSON. By Eliza Nelson Blair. 374 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

A SOULLESS SINGER. By Mary Catherine Lee. 272 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1895.

BURKE ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA. By A. J. George. 99 pp. Boards, 30 cents. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1895.

WEBSTER'S SPEECH ON BUNKER HILL MONUMENT. By A. J. George. 34 pp. Boards, 20 cents. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1894.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME. By Victor Hugo. 416 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

A COUNTRY SWEETHEART. By Dora Russell. 398 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

SPERRY STORIES. By Arthur Sperry. 115 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Washington: H. B. Sperry. 1894.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Dickens. — Dickens' inconsistencies just now seem to excite considerable interest. A reader of the *Record* contributes the following from Chapter VIII. of "Nicholas Nickleby": —

BEFORE BREAKFAST.

"Here's a pretty go," said that gentleman (Squeers); "the pump's froze."

"Indeed!" said Nicholas, not much interested in the intelligence.

"Yes," replied Squeers. "You can't wash yourself this morning."

"Not wash myself?" exclaimed Nicholas.

"No; not a bit of it," rejoined Squeers, tartly. "So you must be content with giving yourself a dry polish till we break the ice in the well, and can get a bucketful out for the boys."

AFTER BREAKFAST, SAME MORNING.

"Where's the second boy?"

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. "So he is. B-o-t, bot; t-i-n — bottin; n-e-y, ney, bottiney. Noun, substantive; a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em."

Sudden changes in the weather are by no means uncommon here, but we don't break ice in wells and weed gardens on the same morning. — *Philadelphia Record.*

Daudet. — Alphonse Daudet thus describes his method of writing a book: "I write slowly, very slowly, and revise and revise. I am never satisfied with my work. My novels I always write myself. I never could dictate a novel. As to my plays, I used formerly to dictate them. I had a certain talent in my legs, just as Napoleon had a certain genius in the legs of his soldiers. My books go through many processes. To begin with, I fill my note-books. Each note as it is used is scratched out in blue or red pencil. From these written notes and the tablets of my memory — 'the deltoi of my memory' — I write out in copy-books the first copy of my novel. I write this first copy on alternate pages of my copy-books, and leave the opposite sheet blank. When the book is finished in its rough state, I rewrite it page by page on the blank sheets. The page on the right is the amended copy of the page on the left. Then my wife looks at this second copy and suggests to me what improvements might be made. I note these down. Then I rewrite the whole book again with the joy of a schoolboy who feels that a wearisome task is ended. So that, apart from my notes, I write each manuscript three times over, and, if I could do so, I would write it as many times more, for, as I have said, I am never satisfied with my work. But I am very irregular in my way of working. Sometimes I work eighteen hours a day, and day by day." — *Rockland (Me.) Tribune.*

King. — Miss Grace King, of New Orleans, had told stories for years, never thinking of her gift as anything more than an amusement for her friends. One night, at a dinner party, her host was entertaining Charles Dudley Warner and Miss King sat near him. In the course of conversation she told a pathetic little tale of the devotion of an old negress to a white child. It astonished and delighted Mr. Warner, who asked Miss King if she had ever written anything for publication and offered, if she would write out her little story as she had told it to him, to attend to its publication. It opened the doors of the magazines to her work and gave her high rank among American story tellers. Miss King was educated among the Creoles, although she belonged to a Georgia family. Her father was a prominent lawyer in New Orleans, and it was his encouragement that developed the story-telling gift of which she has made so much.—*Anna Leach, in Munsey's Magazine.*

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

A Simple Bookmark. — Those who need help in keeping the place in any book they are reading will find that the triangular piece cut from the corner of a stout envelope makes a convenient bookmark. One envelope will make four such bookmarks. Sometimes such things are convenient to mark places in books of refer-

ence used at intervals. The envelope corners are better than slips of paper, because they cannot slip down into the book. A. M. L.

TORONTO, Ont.

Clipping Papers with a Knife. — A writer in the *New York Sun* says that with a knife you can always cut out a piece from a newspaper with neatness and dispatch by keeping the blade flat. "First," he says, "make a little downward jab with the point of the knife alongside the column mark. Then put in the blade, holding the handle of the knife as flat against the paper as you can conveniently get it. You will find that although the blade is dreadfully dull, you can cut straight down the whole length of the paragraph. Then bring the knife blade cleanly around the bottom, carry it up the side and finish along the top, and there you have the scrap easily cut out and without a tear or a break." L. B. C.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Potatoes as Pen-cleaners. — There is no better way to keep a steel pen in good condition than by sticking it in a common potato kept lying on your desk. A writer in the *New York Tribune* says: "The mixture of starch, glucose, and water in the potato seems well adapted to take up the impurities of ink and to keep the pen point clear and bright, while the alkaloid of the potato, known as solanine, doubtless has something to do with it in the same line. These elements readily take up the tannate of iron, which is the body substance of ink. F. M. O.

AUGUSTA, Me.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for May.

A STANDARD THEATRE. T. R. Sullivan. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for May.

A TALK OVER AUTOGRAPHS. Second paper. George Birkbeck Hill. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for May.

LE COMTE DE LISLE. Paul T. Lafleur. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for May.

FRENCH POSTERS AND BOOK COVERS. Arsène Alexandre. With reproductions of originals by Steinlen, Bonnard, De Feure, Grasset, Forain, Willette, and Chéret. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for May.

THE GERMAN DRAMA. Sidney Whitman. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for May.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE. Rev. William Wye Smith. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for May.

JOURNALISM IN THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Rev. G. A. Carstensen, Ph. D. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for May.

WOMEN IN CURRENT FICTION. Alice Hilton. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for May.

JOURNALISM. A lecture delivered to the students of Union College. Charles A. Dana. With a portrait of Mr. Dana. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for May.

TECHNICAL TENDENCIES OF CARICATURE. Illustrated. Henry McBride. *Monthly Illustrator* (33 c.) for May.

MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN. Gilson Willets. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for May.

ARTHUR MORRISON. Reprinted from the *Bookman* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for May.

SOUTHERN DIALECT. Val. Starnes, H. S. Edwards. Open Letters. *Century* for May.

HOW TO READ. James Baldwin. *Table Talk* (13 c.) for May.

MARIE CORELLI AT HOME. Ethel Mackenzie McKenna. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for May.

THE WIVES OF THREE AUTHORS (Mrs. George W. Cable, Mrs. Conan Doyle, Mrs. Thomas Hardy). With portraits. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for May.

GLIMPSES OF CHARLES DICKENS. — I. Charles Dickens, the Younger. *North American Review* (53 c.) for May.

DIPLOMACY AND THE NEWSPAPER. E. L. Godkin. *North American Review* (53 c.) for May.

PROFESSIONAL INSTITUTIONS. I. — PROFESSIONS IN GENERAL. Herbert Spencer. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for May.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY. Illustrated. C. Howard Walker. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

THOMAS BALL, THE SCULPTOR. Illustrated. William Ordway Partridge. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

OUR GRAPHIC HUMORISTS — SIR JOHN TENNIEL. Illustrated. M. H. Spielmann. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for May.

THE NEWSBOYS OF NEW YORK. Illustrated. J. Carter Beard. *Demorest's Family Magazine* (23 c.) for May.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Reprinted from *Quarterly Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for April.

THE TYRANNY OF THE MODERN NOVEL. D. F. Hannigan. Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for April.

CHRISTINA ROSETTI. Arthur Christopher Benson. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for April.

SOME MEMORIES OF BOOKS, AUTHORS, AND EVENTS. Reprinted from *Chambers' Journal* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for April.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF WOOD ENGRAVING IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA. M. H. Spielmann. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for April.

SOME HUMORS OF PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for April.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES (Posthumous). Professor Richard A. Proctor. *New Science Review* (53 c.) for April.

CHANGES IN SPOKEN ENGLISH. A. B. Kingsbury. *New Science Review* (53 c.) for April.

PHOTO-MECHANICAL PRINTING PROCESSES. (Continued.) Ernest Edwards. *American Journal of Photography* (28 c.) for April.

MAX SIMON NORDAU. With portrait. William H. Carpenter. *Bookman* (18 c.) for April.

A VISIT TO MRS. ANNIE THACKERAY RITCHIE. With portrait. Constance Cary Harrison. *Bookman* (18 c.) for April.

HOW STEREOTYPING WAS INTRODUCED INTO AMERICA. W. W. Pasko. *Harper's Young People* (8 c.) for April 9.

MADAME BLANC (Th. Bentzon.) Katharine de Forest. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for April 13.

EDWIN A. ABBEY. Portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for April 20.

JAMES DWIGHT DANA. With portrait. Marrion Wilcox. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for April 27.

REV. DR. HENRY M. FIELD. Portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for April 11.

WILLIAM V. ALEXANDER. With portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for April 11.

RAPID LONGHAND REPORTING. James C. Moffet. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for April 11.

A NIGHT IN THE REPORTERS' GALLERY. Michael MacDonagh. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for April 6.

ROBERT SOUTHEY. George Saintsbury. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for April 13.

SOME HUMORS OF PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for April 20.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. H. Bellyse Baildon. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for April 27.

THE STORY OF MY FIRST VOYAGE. Illustrated. W. Clark Russell. *Youth's Companion* (8 c. each) for April 18 and April 25.

MRS. BROWNING'S GIRLHOOD. Mrs. Andrew Crosse. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for April 25.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Margaret Sutton Briscoe was married April 16, in New York, to Arthur Hopkins, of the faculty of Amherst College.

Rudyard Kipling will soon return to India, and from there will contribute regularly to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine.*

Hezekiah Butterworth sailed May 4 from New York for a year in Europe, Egypt, and South America.

William Scoville Case, author of "Forward House," is a Hartford lawyer, who graduated at Yale in 1885, and who during his college course contributed some clever verses to *Life.* A short story of his, "Told After Thirty Days," published in *Two Tales*, may be remembered.

Grant Allen began life in Kingston, Ont. (once called Frontenac), with three Christian names, Charles Grant Blairfindie, but wisely dropped two of them. He published his first novels under the pseudonym of "Cecil Power."

Mrs. Sally Pratt McLean Greene, whose "Cape Cod Folks" made a stir some years ago, is now residing in Simsbury, Conn. She is a childless widow now, her two children and her husband, who was Franklin Greene, of Ohio, having all died.

Charles B. Lewis, better known as "M. Quad," will resume his editorial connection with the *Detroit Free Press* this month.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will not go abroad this summer, but will go to Newport for the season.

Ella S. Leonard, who has been the manager of *Kate Field's Washington*, has taken a position on the *Chicago Mail.*

Robert Halstead, a son of Murat Halstead, has been appointed managing editor of the *Fourth Estate* (New York), Mr. Birmingham's excellent "newspaper for newspaper men," in place of F. H. Lancaster, resigned.

Every play that Ibsen writes is most carefully revised, and in many cases rewritten at least three times.

Ella H. Stratton, whose work is familiar to readers of the *Youth's Companion*, *Golden Days*, *Daughters of America*, and other periodicals, is a lineal descendant of Admiral Robert Blake, of English renown. She can trace her ancestry back to the Halls, before the Conquest. While her great-grandfather fought under Washington throughout the Revolution, and her grandfather helped to draft the Constitution of Maine, when it became an independent state. She comes from a race of ready writers, and was one of the Maine women whose literary works received an award in the Woman's Building, at the Chicago World's Fair.

Richard Harding Davis is the subject of the second paper in the series of New Figures in Literature and Art, appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly.* An able review of his work appears in the May number.

At the instance of Dr. Comanos Pascha, physician to the Khedive of Egypt, a copy of "Methods of Authors," by Dr. Hugo Erichsen, has been added to the library of His Royal Highness at Cairo.

Dr. Schele de Vere has tendered his resignation as a member of the faculty of the University of Virginia, and the board of visitors has accepted it. He has been a professor in that institution for fifty-one years.

The *Vermont*, an illustrated monthly to be edited by C. S. Forbes, of St. Albans, will make its first appearance at Burlington, Vt., in June.

The *Lark* is the style and title of a decidedly unconventional magazine to be issued in San Francisco monthly, beginning May 1, by Bruce Porter and Gelett Burgess. Its pervading spirit will be that of joyousness, as opposed to the morbid tone of the *Yellow Book*, the *Chap Book*, and other organs of *décadence;* and its revolt against conventionality will appear in its striking and original style of typography and illustration. The *Lark* will contain no advertisements.

The *Newspaper Maker* is a new weekly journal started in New York by Frank H. Lancaster, until recently associated with Ernest F. Birmingham in the publication of the *Fourth Estate.*

The *Connecticut Quarterly* is a new magazine, started at Hartford by George C. Atwell and W. Farrand Felch.

The *Bachelor of Arts* (New York) is a new monthly magazine devoted to college interests.

The *Mother's Journal* (New Haven, Conn.) has reached the sixth number of its first volume. It is a monthly periodical devoted to the interests of the baby and the home.

The *Commercial Travelers' Home Magazine* (Binghamton, N. Y.) under its new management is of a general literary character, and is intended to supplement information of a commercial nature with good reading for the family circle, as well as for travelers on the road. The magazine is not a private enterprise, but is published for the purpose of raising funds to build and maintain a home.

An illustrated weekly magazine, entitled *Atlantis*, will soon be published in New York by William Paulding Caruthers. High-class fiction, art, music, the drama, and fashion will be leading features. It will be printed in the best style of the printer's and illustrator's art.

The Longmans announce a new magazine for sports, to be called the *Badminton Magazine*, which will also contain "fiction which possesses a more or less pronounced savor of sport." The editor will be Alfred Watson, who assisted the Duke of Beaufort in editing the *Badminton Library.*

Music (Chicago), which was established in November, 1891, as "an act of faith," has been successful, and is constantly increasing its circulation and its influence. Its office is now in the Auditorium tower. W. S. B. Mathews is the editor.

The weekly paper which for fifteen years has been known as *Harper's Young People* changed its name with its issue of April 30 to *Harper's Round Table.* This change in title has not been made arbitrarily, but is an expression of the paper's already extended field. The broadening of the periodical has been going on for some time, and corresponds with a real growth and a design to appeal to a larger circle of readers. Departments especially devoted to amateur sport, notably in the leading schools of the country, which will be conducted by an editor well qualified by experience in this field, whose attention will be wholly given to this work; a department established in recognition of the extraordinary interest at present taken in bicycling, including maps of roads that will be useful to wheelmen in all parts of the country, supplying a need that has been long felt, but has not yet been met; the remodeling of the page in its proportions, type, etc.; employment of new as well as the maintenance of the old contributors of fiction and special articles, — these are some of the particulars in which the changed referred to will manifest itself.

The *Southern Magazine* has changed its name to the *Mid-Continent Magazine*, and is now published simultaneously in Chicago and in Louisville. The principal article in the May number is on Henry Watterson.

All the Year Round, Charles Dickens' paper, after an existence of thirty-six years, has come to an end and is swallowed up by *Household Words*, which was started in 1850 and incorporated with *All the Year Round* for many years.

The *Magazine of Travel* (New York) is to become a weekly.

Home and Country has removed its office to 149 Leonard street, New York.

The *Magazine of Poetry* has been bought out by the Peter Paul Book Company, Buffalo. All of its former characteristics will be retained, but it will be enlarged by the introduction of new departments, including book reviews, personal literary sketches, literary notes, and a series of bibliographies.

The editor of the *Bostonian* says in the April number: "There is room in the magazine for short stories, especially for those founded upon the history of Boston's past. In addition to these, we will be glad to have any which deal with the public questions of the day, and are in line with the spirit of reform which is now giving new life and strength to our state and national institutions."

During the coming year the editor of *Short Stories* (New York) wishes to publish a series of tales relating to the various races that go to make up the American nation, but that still retain, in some measure, the language and customs of their native lands. In order to obtain such stories, a prize of $25 will be paid to successful competitors for each accepted manuscript of from 4,000 to 6,000 words. It is desirable that these tales should be strongly characteristic of the people they describe, and the French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Swedish quarters of the larger cities, and the Hungarian mining colonies are suggested as promising fields for the desired material.

The Humboldt Publishing Company, New York, has been incorporated, with a capital stock of $40,000.

The Twentieth Century Company, of New York city, has been incorporated to acquire and publish the *Twentieth Century*, a weekly magazine; capital, $30,000.

The Health and Beauty Publishing Company, of New York city, has been incorporated to print, publish, and sell books, and to publish and sell *Health and Beauty*, a monthly magazine; capital, $15,000.

Kate Field's Washington has suspended publication, and Miss Field has joined the staff of the *Chicago Times-Herald*.

Storiettes (New York) has suspended publication.

The *Journalist* (New York) has suspended publication.

Push and *Vanity Fair*, two Chicago ventures, have suspended publication.

Around the World (New York) has suspended publication.

The *Review of Reviews* for May has portraits of Bishop Potter, Professor Dana, of Yale, James W. Scott, W. Jennings Demorest, Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, Clark Howell, Professor William G. Sumner, John La Farge, and Sir J. E. Millais.

Grant Allen says of "The Woman Who Did": "It was written with long and calm deliberation. I spent five years in maturing it before I ever put pen to paper. I spent several months in writing the first outline. I spent two years in re-reading, polishing, correcting it, till every episode, every sentence, every image, had been considered or re-considered eight or nine times over. Good or bad, it is my best possible work."

An expert in philology has computed that with 1,000 words an ordinary man can say everything that is really essential; and of these he commonly uses only 400 or 500, reserving the remainder for extraordinary occasions, when some idea out of his usual line of thinking occurs to him.

Herbert Spencer begins a new series of articles in the *Popular Science Monthly* for May. His general subject is "Professional Institutions," one of the divisions of his Synthetic Philosophy, and he will show how each of the professions has been developed out of the functions of the priest or medicine-man.

Miss Viola Allen posed for the cover design of the May number of *Godey's Magazine*.

The *Monthly Illustrator* for May contains many articles upon art in various relations, and every page is crowded with fine pictures.

Mrs. Humphry Ward begins the only serial that she has ever contributed to a magazine in *Scribner's* for May. It is entitled "The Story of Bessie Costrell," and will run through the May, June, and July issues. It depicts life among the poor English farm laborers in an inland county.

The *Proof Sheet* (Chicago) is the only paper in the world devoted to the interests of proof-readers.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* (Philadelphia) has issued a book of 272 pages, illustrated with portraits of 170 authors, and entitled "5,000 Books: An Easy Guide to the Best Books in Every Department of Reading," which it will send to any address on receipt of a postal card request. It is a very valuable catalogue.

The June *Arena* will open the thirteenth volume of this liberal review. Illustrations, fiction, and biographical sketches will be striking features during the months of June, July, and August.

"Titus, a Comrade of the Cross," a tale of the Christ, by Florence Morse Kingsley, is the story chosen out of 377 manuscripts as the winner of the $1,000 prize offered by the David C. Cook Publishing Company.

The announcement that in the early fall a subscription edition of the poems of the late Colonel Richard Realf would be printed by a New York publishing house, and that E. E. Cothran, of San Josć, Calif., was editing the work, has brought out the fact that the widow of Colonel Realf, who lives in Pittsburg, holds a copyright on all his writings. She is now corresponding with a publisher, and expects soon to sign a contract for the publication of Realf's poems, and two of his lectures, "Ossawottomie Brown" and "Battle Flashes."

Puck's Library, No. 95, is entitled "Wheelers," and is devoted to bicycling jokes and pictures.

Hall Caine is said to write with such microscopic fineness that he can put 700 words on one sheet of note-paper.

The requirements of modern journalism are illustrated by the experience of a *New York Sun* reporter. For nearly three months he was assigned to watch for the death of Cyrus Field. His hours were from noon to 3 a. m. Early in his siege he showed his versatility and enterprise by making friends with a servant in the employ of the attending physician, and every night his friend gave him shelter from the cold blast, and allowed him to sleep on the laundry table, obtaining for him also the latest news.

The May number of the *New England Magazine* opens with a most interesting description of Boston's new public library, by C. Howard Walker, the Boston architect, with many excellent views of the library exterior and interior. No other article upon the new library has been so complete and satisfactory as this.

"Glimpses of Charles Dickens," by Charles Dickens, the younger, in the May number of the *North American Review* gives an insight into the social life of the novelist and describes his fondness for private theatricals. In the same number E. L. Godkin, editor of the *New York Evening Post*, furnishes an article on "Diplomacy and the Newspaper," in which the drift toward jingoism of certain American publications is vigorously deplored.

In the American Newspaper Directory for 1895 there will be catalogued exactly 2,359 newspapers that have been established since the Directory for the previous year was compiled. The papers that have ceased to exist within the year are nearly as numerous as the new ventures.

Attorney-General Olney has decided that all books copyrighted before the International Copyright act of 1891 was adopted can be republished in foreign countries and brought into the United States and sold in spite of the law.

Charles Camille Doucet, permanent secretary of the French Academy, died April 1, aged eighty-three.

W. Jennings Demorest, the founder and publisher of *Demorest's Magazine*, died in New York April 9, aged seventy-three.

Professor James Dwight Dana died at New Haven April 14, aged eighty-two

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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A LITERARY STUDENTS' LEAGUE.

The student of drawing and painting gets plenty of school; the literary student is compelled to work out painfully by himself the canons of his profession. Outside of the colleges, where literary expression is more or less adequately taught, the technique of writing is to be learned only in the school of experience.

My contention is that an institution ought to be established in which, under skilled criticism, a student might learn such part of the literary art as may be learned. The following reasons seem to me to justify my contention: —

1. Literature can be taught. It is less tangible, on its technical side, than the plastic arts. The idea counts for more, the manner for less, than in painting and sculpture. Nevertheless, intelligent criticism of literary effort will inevitably accomplish good results. It is through no accident that a very great number of the men who have attained distinction in American letters are claimed by the university which has longest encouraged practical literary training.

2. Coöperation and association are needful among students of literature. It is the testimony of most young artists that they get quite as much from their fellow workers as from their instructors.

3. The establishment of a literary school would shortly fix a national literary standard. American illustration has a distinctive style of its own; the American novel does not differ essentially from its French or English prototype. With a fixed standard, the gulf between trained and untrained talent would be widened. The burden of manuscript that weighs upon the publishing houses would be lightened, since it would become an understood thing that only the work of trained pens was desired. Fewer reputations would be made as the result of accident. Literature would be put upon a professional basis.

4. In its present state of anarchy literature is decadent, or at best only stationary, while art, more socialistic, is progressive and buoyant. American pictures and illustrations fill a much greater place in the world's attention than do American books. Our artists are thoroughly trained young men with love for both the technique and the soul of their calling. Our literature needs to go to school to our art.

My point, then, is that we ought to have at least one good school of literary expression. It might well be called "The Literary Student's League" and be carried along on lines parallel

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to those of the Art Students' League of New York. It would be coöperative, and would include social features. The members would be brought together by common interests and would gain the advantages that come from association.

The details of the educational part could easily be worked out. There would be lectures, sparingly introduced, by well-known men. The regular instructors could be taken from among the younger men. Authors are not as a class so wealthy but that many could be found who, for reasonable compensation, would give part of their time to the wearisome work of reading and criticising the efforts of students.

Classes could be arranged, perhaps, on the model of the composition courses at Harvard. Every student might well be required to write daily themes, which would be promptly returned to him with a written criticism. There would be reading of themes by the instructor and discussion of them by the students. There might be courses, sadly needed, in poetic expression; courses in political and historical writing involving special research; courses in criticism, literary, artistic, and musical; courses in story-writing and the technique of the modern novel.

Some such institution deserves to be started, and I would suggest Boston as the city in which it would be most likely to succeed.

Frederick William Coburn.

New York, N. Y.

AMERICA'S FIRST HOMOGENEOUS NOVEL.

"I have come to discover America. I shall devote five years to the discovery, having for my object the writing of a thoroughly homogeneous novel, — the first of the kind in your literature."

David Christie Murray, the English novelist, was making an after-dinner speech.

"I am inspired to discover you," he went on, "by the example of hundreds of my intrepid countrymen, from Sir Francis Head to Rudyard Kipling. Moreover, I am told that the American people like to be periodically discovered. There are only some sixty millions of you, and I feel that when I come to publish I shall soothe your self love."

But what about the object of his discoveries, the homogeneous novel? I met the novelist next morning just as he had finished a morning walk; a smile lighted up his ruddy, healthful face; he ran his fingers through his silver hair, and lighting a cigarette, he said: "You see, not a single one of your novelists has as yet written what may be called a thoroughly homogeneous novel. *Not that there is any* question as to the genius among American writers to produce such a work. No! No! But it seems to be a lack of courage, or a want of patience to grapple with so broad a subject."

"What is the homogeneous novel, exactly?"

"Well, I should define it as a book embracing all sections, classes, and conditions in your country; and, considering them socially, morally, politically, religiously, showing their inter-relations. It is a novel, not of any particular locality, but of all America.

"Now, thus far, your novelists have taken only a corner of your country, and filed away at that, and only that. Take Bret Harte, for instance. He selected one little corner of California and has continued to file away at that corner, until, as some one has said of Stevenson, he has fitted in his inlaying to a hair. Another instance is the case of Miss Wilkins, who has selected, not New England as a whole, but simply bits of local town life here and there, as in the case of 'Pembroke.' Again, Mr. Howells, though he tells me he was born in Ohio, has selected Boston as his particular cor-

mer. And so we we might go through the list of American writers.

"Yes, England and France each has a homogeneous novel. In 'Vanity Fair' Thackerary reproduced all England, just as Hugo in 'Les Miserables' has included all France. In 'Vanity Fair,' I think you will find mention of many hundreds of persons, some hundreds of whom are more or less completely characterized. The book shows the inter-relation of no end of families, and dovetails, as it were, all the social elements in England, bringing into one story the highest and lowest strata of society in a way that would leave either one incomplete without the other.

"And as for America, well, yes! I have promised myself the pleasure of writing a novel of American life in the very broadest, comprehensive sense.

"So many Americas? Yes! I know! Mark Twain says there are so many Americas that it is impossible for any one man to study them all in a life-time, or to combine them, with any semblance of completeness, between the covers of one book. But I rather think this difficulty can be overcome in America, just as it was in England.

"Of course, it is a vast subject, — perhaps I may find it too vast to treat completely in one book. And, yet, I have met with several circumstances in American society which served to afford an axle, as it were, from which the various spokes of interest might radiate to the limits of the whole wheel. Here is one, by way of example. Not so very long ago there was a man in this city who held an official position which brought him in touch with the best people. He was a politician of the bosses' set, and on the darkest side of life was hand-in-glove with low saloon keepers, convicted thieves, and the riff-raff of the fistic ring.

"I take that man, a living character, as the centre of my circle, let us imagine. He has a daughter, a charming, witty, and beautiful girl, who is ambitious of social success. She achieves it. A real fact. Father and daughter alive and in New York to-day. Do you see? My threads radiate from that one centre to the topmost aristocracy of New York, and to the bottom depths of the city's poverty and rascaldom. You had such a central fact alone as a basis for a work which shall include every kind and condition of men and women.

"But before that central fact is to be of general use, you have to study society in a hundred moods and tenses. What is the real task, then? To find out in what details the manifestations of these moods differ here from those we know of at home. The human, natural elements offer the same difficulties everywhere. Difference of language, accent, custom, have to be observed, national sentiments, local aptitudes, local failings, parochial prejudices, a crowding mass of things, which are full of a passionate interest."

I suggested to Mr. Murray the possibility of some American writer getting in ahead of him with just such a novel, especially now that he has made his own view public property. He laughed, saying, "There is one man now in this country who is pretty certain to do it. He is living quietly down in Vermont, so very quietly that it seems to prophesy something. He is a keen student of human nature, and he has the rarest faculty for the swift assimilation of unfamiliar detail of any man now living. So far as the sudden appearance of a homogeneous novel of American life is concerned, I look for it, just now, only from Rudyard Kipling.

"But I don't mind hazarding a slight bet that whoever has the good fortune to begin, whether he be native or alien, will find followers; and this at least is certain, that America is the one country in the world where the chances and changes of life are the most dramatic. A man is not impertinent because he resolves steadfastly to devote himself to a great task, and patiently to struggle toward its fulfilment. He may fall infinitely short of his aim, and not be ridiculous.

"The one thing I object to in the attitude in which I find myself is that I have something of an air of saying: 'Look out! I'm going to do it.' That is not in the least the pose I want to take. The mere plain truth is that I am going to try very hard to do it. I ought to have held my tongue, for when, in a few years' time, I fire my little cracker, I shall have many to remember and to ask if this is the promised volcano."

Gilson Willets.

New York, N. Y.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The *Cosmopolitan* will reduce its price to ten cents a copy, beginning with the July number. Apropos, Frank A. Munsey says that he made the discovery some time ago that the people know only five prices smaller than fifty cents — one cent, two cents, five cents, ten cents, and twenty-five cents. In their minds there is nothing between ten cents and twenty-five cents, and if a publisher is to ask more than a dime for his magazine, Mr. Munsey says, he may as well ask a quarter.

* * *

Speaking of newspaper errors, the *Boston Standard*, in telling of an attempted murder and suicide, said in its issue of May 22, 1895:—

Smith drew his revolver, and, taking aim at Hewett, fired three shots. Two took effect, one striking Hewett on the top of the head. His wounds are dangerous, but not necessarily fatal.

He then placed the revolver to his own head, pulled the trigger, and sank to the floor without a groan. Death was instantaneous.

At a late hour last night he was resting comfortably at his home, No. 18 Hampshire street, where he is under the care of his family physician, Dr. Dodge.

That reporter was evidently in a hurry.

* * *

Some excellent suggestions regarding material for short stories are given by the author of the book, "How to Write Fiction," which was reviewed at length in THE WRITER for April. "An idea on which to base a good story," he says, "must be original in some way, convey some new notion, or give a fresh impression. It is necessary for one to understand his audience well, to be informed of what the reader knows and what he does not know, and what he wants to know; for what is old and commonplace to you may be fresh to another, and likewise (do not forget) what is new and fresh to you may be perfectly familiar to many another. To get a new idea one must either go beyond the bounds of his everyday life, or he must make discoveries underneath the surface. If one wishes to write about sentiment or the secrets of life, that is, stories of human interest, he will find that the most effective ideas for a story are such as determine the entire course of some human life. The more unexpectedly, and abruptly, and entirely the idea turns the life current about, the more effective it will appear. To tell effectively a story like one of Maupassant's the writer must understand the life he writes about to the very roots. He must have a deep and vivid knowledge of the principles of psychology, of the actions and reactions of human feeling — in short, he must know practically all there is to know about the

life in which the incident occurs. Human life is so wide that one man can know but one variety of it well. A writer's natural bent of mind will determine what variety. The knowledge of the public and what it wants is the one great secret of successful writing. The young writer who is to be successful must discover something new and useful by experimenting himself, and when he has found it he will keep pretty close to his original line, if he wishes to keep on succeeding."

* * *

Mr. Chatto, the senior member of the London publishing firm of Chatto & Windus, tells what an experienced publisher considers essential in a work of fiction. The first requisite is that at an early stage in the story it "must arrest attention and interest the reader; secondly, with imagination and novelty of invention, it must touch chords of human sympathy; and thirdly, as to treatment, the work must disclose literary aptitude and power of expression." It is a good deal easier to describe, however, than it is to write.

* * *

Stephen Crane, author of "The Black Riders," is twenty-three years old — young, but still old enough to know better.

* * *

Mourners over rejected manuscripts may gain some consolation from knowing that "East Lynne," of which 250,000 copies have been sold in the fifty years since it was written, was rejected by four different publishers. Finally, the Bentleys, in whose magazine it appeared as a serial, made a book of the story, and it was a financial success from the start.

* * *

Collectors of editors' rejection slips will be interested, no doubt, in this copy of a Chinese editor's letter accompanying a returned manuscript: —

"Illustrious brother of the sun and moon — Behold thy servant prostrate before thy feet. I bow to thee, and beg that of thy graciousness thou may'st grant that I may speak and live. Thy honored manuscript has deigned to cast the light of its august countenance upon me. With raptures I have perused it. By the bones of my ancestors, never have I encountered such wit, such pathos, such lofty thought. With fear and trembling I return the writing. Were I to publish the treasure you sent me, the Emperor would order that it should be made the standard, and that none be published except such as equaled it. Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what you have done, I send your writing back. Ten thousand times I crave your pardon. Behold, my head is at your feet. Do what you will. Your servant's servant. The Editor."

And yet the Chinese are called half-civilized!

* * *

"Are the works of the best modern literary artists improved by illustration?" asks Sidney Fairfield in *Lippincott's* for June. The illustrators think they are. W. H. H.

FAILURE IN CHILDREN'S STORIES.

The literary interests of children and grown people differ widely. Psychologically speaking, grown people are interested in the relation of ideas expressed in a piece of writing, and also in the relation of those ideas to their own thoughts and experiences. With children, however, words stand directly for their objects. There is no secondary or derivative interest.

Nothing could make this clearer than the way the two classes of readers regard "Gulliver's Travels" and the story of "Jack the Giant Killer." The child has not sufficient experience to enable him clearly to discriminate the mythical world of Gulliver from a real world. The world of giants and pigmies is, in a sense, a real world to him; for, so far as he can see, there might be such a world, which he could experience if things happened right. Hence the child's interest in the actual narrative as a possible fact. The wider experience of the older reader, on the other hand, convinces him that the world of the redoubtable Gulliver is simply one of imagined beings; hence his interest lies in imagining what things would seem like if we were giants and pigmies. Beyond this, the mature person sees that, after all, these fantastic creatures are strangely like ourselves, and he therefore appreciates the satire — a thing utterly beyond the child's comprehension. Again, to the older reader the story of "Jack the Giant Killer" is a simple myth, a pleasing fancy with which to while away an

hour outside this too real world. The child's lack of experience and greater visualizing power, however, make Jack a real hero, who climbs a real bean-stalk, and actually kills a giant by chopping its roots.

The moral is obvious. To make a good child's story the writer must think, not of the play of words or of ideas, but of actual objects and their relations. The humor, for instance, must come through the description of some supposed actual occurrence, as by telling how Jack is put in an oven, and not by hinting that the adventurous Jack in search of the hen which laid golden eggs represents the efforts of literary aspirants.*

Real persons, things, deeds, seriously treated, however strange they may be, are the requisites of a good child's story. Failure to grasp the reality of a child's imaginative world means failure in writing for children.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. *Robert Etheridge Gregg.*

TO PREVENT LOSS OF ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

Every one agrees that manuscripts accompanied by original drawings or photographs stand much the best chance of use, in many publication offices. I "run to pictures" in all my work. Sometimes I fix upon a title and have it lettered and a drawing made to illustrate the sketch, before the matter has been written out. There is inspiration in looking at good drawings made in line with a tale I have half formed—or formed and half developed.

How to submit the drawings without danger of loss was the question I had to solve, after losing one or two valuable pieces of work, through the dishonesty or carelessness of periodicals or the mysterious failure of the United States mails; and this is what I did: I had my drawings made on drawing-paper of but ordinary thickness, rather than on stiff cardboard, and took "blue-prints" of them.

The blue-prints answer most requirements, and the original india-ink drawing remains in my own hands through the days of coming and going of manuscripts, if there be such, and need be mailed only after acceptance of the article or story. This reduces to the minimum the danger of loss from any cause. I have known unprincipled publications to copy good drawings for cuts, and return the drawings as "unavailable." While loss from this direction may not be frequent, it is possible, unless a writer be most careful in selecting the journals with which he deals.

Blue does not "take" with a camera, and the unprincipled editor cannot use such a print to get a photo-cut without payment.

Blue-print paper is easily made, by using a wash of a formula obtainable at any photographic supply house. I found difficulty in getting the ready-prepared paper as fresh and strong as I desired for my work. Of course, effects in the blue print are reversed — instead of white paper showing black lines, you are given blue ground with white lines. Still, the quality of the drawing is evident, and its treatment is sufficiently apparent for most purposes of an editor who examines it with a view to its use in any given connection.

Occasionally I take my risk, and get single or double column cuts made at once. Leaving a space in the manuscript where such cuts should appear, I impress the face of the cut there, by use of a rubber-stamp pad. A thin sheet should lie over this in such cases, to prevent soiling with the ink.

In most large cities firms are in existence whose sole business is the production of blue-prints, mostly for architects' work. Inquiry of such firms may aid you, if you don't care to use the paper yourself.

Clifton S. Wady.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Does a typewritten manuscript really have much advantage over one written with a pen?

A. F. N.

[The time is coming before long when editors will decline to examine unsolicited contributions unless they are submitted in typewrit-

* Unfortunately for my figure, Jack was not in search of anything but adventure; he got the goose by chance.

ten form. The reason is obvious. A typewritten manuscript can be read and judged much more easily than even the most legible manuscript written with a pen — almost as easily, in fact, as if it were in print. It stands to reason that any editor with a score of manuscripts before him, fifteen typewritten and five written with a pen, is going to examine the typewritten manuscripts first. The chances are good that his immediate needs will be supplied before the penwritten manuscripts are reached, and then, unless there is something peculiarly attractive about them, the penwritten contributions are likely to be returned after only a hasty glance. Editors have just as large a stock of human nature as anybody else, and they are likely to take the most direct road to the accomplishment of desired results. When they have plenty of good manuscripts typewritten, they are not likely to struggle with penwritten manuscripts any more than they can help. It must not be concluded, however, that a writer must go out of business if he does not own a typewriter. As the demand for typewriting has grown, expert copyists have set up in business, and a writer without a typewriter may have his manuscripts typewritten in proper form at the rate of six cents a hundred words. The Authors' Typewriting Agency, P. O. Box 242, Boston, does a great deal of such work for authors, and in the best possible style, because it employs literary copyists and makes a specialty of typewriting manuscripts. A poorly-typewritten manuscript labors under the same disadvantage that a poorly-printed periodical — badly-spaced, full of misspelling and other typographical errors — would suffer from. Good typewriting costs no more than poor work, and it pays to get the best. The experience of business men everywhere has shown that goods sell best when they are put up in the most attractive packages, and this rule applies to manuscripts as well as it does to fancy crackers. The writer who does not own a typewriter, therefore, should have his manuscripts copied by the best manuscript copyist available, until he gets a machine and can typewrite them himself. Legal copyists should be avoided, for their style of putting up manuscripts is not suited for periodical matter. Complete rules for typewriting manuscripts properly were given in THE WRITER for June, 1894. Every writer should have a copy of these rules on his desk and should see that his manuscripts are copied in accordance with them; and without any unnecessary delay he should have a good typewriter himself. — W. H. H.]

Can you give me a recipe for making ink powders? R. T. P.

[The following directions are given by the *American Stationer:* For making ink powders take one and two-thirds ounces of nutgalls, one-half ounce of sulphate of iron, one-third ounce of gum arabic, and one-eighth ounce of roche alum, all in powder, and divide into twenty powders. A fair ink can be made promptly by putting one of these packets into a cupful of boiling water and bottling when cold.— W. H. H.]

I note a criticism in the January WRITER on a number of Conan Doyle's grammatical constructions. There is one sentence with which I find no fault, yet it has been changed, not corrected. It is. "His head sunk a little forward." "L." finds fault with the irregular verb, "sunk," and turns it into "sank." This did not appear an improvement, so I resolved to verify it. I have a list of irregular verbs here, and sink is given as follows: "Present, sink; Past, sank or sunk; Perfect Participle, sunk." Euphonious words are preferable, and I think "sunk" is more so than "sank," which has a brassy sound. I have also noticed that all the old masters use the former for the past.

H. T.

["H. T." is right in saying that there is good authority for the use of "sunk" instead of "sank" as the preterite of "sink." The old writers seem to have preferred "sunk"; for instance, "The stone sunk into his forehead," I. Sam. xvii: 49, and "He sunk down in his chariot," II. Kings, ix: 24, may be cited. The modern tendency, however, is to substitute "sank" for "sunk" in the past tense, to make "sink" conform with "drink," and other words. Hill's "Foundations of Rhetoric" says: "'Drank' and 'drunk' are sometimes used indiscriminately, even by good authors; but it seems better to confine 'drank' to the preterite tense, *e. g.*, 'I drank,' and 'drunk' to the participle, *e. g.*, 'You have drunk.' A similar remark may be made about 'sang' and 'sung,'

'sprang' and 'sprung,' 'shrank' and 'shrunk.'" Whitney and Lockwood's "English Grammar" says: "'Sing,' 'sang,' 'sung': like this are 'ring,' 'spring,' 'swim,' 'stink,' 'begin.' All these verbs *sometimes* form their preterite like the participle." By the substitution of "sank" for "sunk" in the preterite tense, the advantages are gained of having different forms for the preterite and the participle, and of securing uniformity with other verbs.—W. H. H.]

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Aldrich returned on Saturday week on the Lucania from their trip to Japan. They are enthusiastic over their experiences, and are both looking splendidly well.—*Boston Herald*, May 19.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Aldrich returned last week Saturday on the Lucania from their trip to Japan. They are enthusiastic over their experiences, and are both looking exceptionally well.

I met T. B. Aldrich in the street yesterday. He is stopping for a day or two at Ponkapog. — *Boston Daily Record.*

I met T. B. Aldrich on the street yesterday. He is staying for a day or two at Ponkapog.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR. An historical and descriptive presentation of the world's science, art, and industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Part XVI. 40 pp. Paper, $1.00. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1895.

The Bancroft "Book of the Fair" is the only work attempting to reproduce in print the Chicago exposition entire. It will comprise 1,000 imperial folio pages, twelve by sixteen inches in size, to be issued in twenty-five parts of forty pages each, and will contain more than 2,000 of the finest half-tone illustrations, many of them full-page plates, covering 102 inches of surface. Part XVI. concludes the chapter on transportation, gives a chapter on the live-stock department, and begins a description of the department of anthropology and ethnology,—all lavishly illustrated.

THE ROYAL NATURAL HISTORY. Edited by Richard Lydekker, B. A., F. R. S., F. Z. S. Part I. 96 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1895.

Students of natural history and intelligent readers generally will find Warne's "Royal Natural History" satisfactory in all respects. It is to be completed in thirty-six fortnightly parts, and the subscription price for the complete work, delivered postpaid as the parts are published, is $15. The work will comprise 3,456 royal octavo pages, exclusive of indexes and presentation supplements, and will be illustrated with seventy-two colored plates and 1,600 other pictures, many of them full-page cuts. The work is wholly new, and is fully abreast of the present state of biological knowledge. In it the animals of sport for the first time secure the space to which their importance entitles them; and, wherever possible, measurements are given, not only of the animals themselves, but of their horns and antlers, and other trophies of the chase. In the other sections of the work similar care has been taken with these interesting details; and the text throughout is as fully descriptive of habits and haunts and modes of capture as of structural features and distinctive peculiarities. The first number contains chapters on the general characteristics of mammals, the man-like apes, chimpanzees, gorillas, orang-outan, old-world monkeys, and baboons, their structure and distribution, etc. It contains two colored plates, and is otherwise profusely illustrated by pictures drawn from life. The work is to be commended to every lover of nature.

TREATISE RELATIVE TO THE TESTING OF WATERWHEELS AND MACHINERY. By James Emerson. Illustrated. 569 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Willimansett, Mass.: Published by the author. 1894.

Mr. Emerson's book is not only a treatise on water wheels, with mathematical tables of probable value to anybody interested in the subject, but also, as his title page says, "a record of inventions, studies, and experiments, with suggestions from a life's experience." It describes a swimming machine invented by the author, has articles on the culture of flax, and the processes of manufacturing flour, cotton, jute, etc., an essay on "What is poetry?" followed by articles on "Lisle Thread," "The Protective Tariff," "Fire Escapes," "Tide Power," "Meddling with the Mails," "Evolution," "Diet," and other subjects not intimately connected with water-wheels. There are also some reports of the author's spiritualistic experiments, and an exposition of his ideas about Christianity. The book has reached its sixth edition.

COLLEGE SONGS, NEW AND OLD. 84 pp. Paper. New York: Richard A. Saalfield. 1895.

Most of the songs in "College Songs, New and Old," are old favorites. Words and music, with piano accompaniment, are given. The songs are full of life and jollity.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Barr. — For nearly thirty years Mrs. Barr has lived in the State of New York, and yet she never visited Boston until last week. Mrs. Barr has a strong and unique personality. The first impression gained is this: Here is a woman of absolute sincerity. This instinctive trust increases as she speaks of her varied life

—the birth of fifteen children, the loss of husband and four sons from yellow fever within two days of each other, anxieties from repeated illnesses, the plundering of their Texas home in the lawless times following the Civil War, years of hard toil in connection with the daily press of New York, and, finally, an accident which disabled her for a time and shut her up to the necessity of writing books for the support of the family. Mrs. Barr is a hard worker, rising at five, taking a simple breakfast of fruit and cereals, and then devoting the forenoon to writing. After a noon dinner, from which flesh food is eliminated, she has a nap of an hour or two, revises the manuscript of the morning, drives and receives her friends, eats a light supper, and retires at nine. By this regimen she preserves her health and secures a serenity of soul which is one of her strong characteristics. For many years Mrs. Barr has made annual trips to England and Scotland, where her early life was spent, and in order to get the local atmosphere for "Jan Vedder's Wife" she passed a season at the Shetland Isles. It is her purpose next fall to leave, temporarily, her beautiful home on the top of Storm King, at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, and come to Cambridge, where one daughter, Mrs. Kirk Monroe, lives.—*F. J. D., in The Congregationalist.*

Hearn.—I met here in Japan recently a man who, in his way, is as remarkable in literature as Goldsmith, Keats, or Shelley. I refer to Lafcadio Hearn. Some twenty years ago I was the editor-in-charge of a daily newspaper in a Western city. One day there came to my office a quaint, dark-skinned little fellow, strangely diffident, wearing glasses of great magnifying power, and bearing with him evidence that Fortune and he were scarce on nodding terms. In a soft, shrinking voice he asked if I ever paid for outside contributions. I informed him that I was somewhat restricted in the matter of expenditures, but that I would give consideration to whatever he had to offer. He drew from under his coat a manuscript, and tremblingly laid it upon my table. Then he stole away like a distorted brownie, leaving behind him an impression that was uncanny and indescribable.

Later in the day I looked over the contribution which he had left. I was astonished to find it charmingly written in the purest and strongest English, and full of ideas which were bright and forceful. I printed the article, and the next day the writer called for his honorarium, which, as I remember, I paid from my own exchequer. I became interested in him, for it seemed strange to me that a person of such appearance should show such writing talent and marks of education. He wrote more, and I paid him inadequately. That was Lafcadio Hearn. He told me that he was a native of Smyrna, that his father was an Englishman and his mother a Greek, and that he was securing a precarious livelihood as a proofreader in a publishing house. Subsequently he asked for steady employment on the newspaper, and I gave it to him at a salary so ridiculously low that I am ashamed to recall the fact. But those were the days of cold, small things.

He sat in a corner of my room and wrote special articles for the Sunday edition as thoroughly excellent as anything that appeared in the magazines of those days. I have known him to have twelve and fifteen columns of this matter in a single issue of the paper. He was delighted to work, and I was pleased to have him work, for his style was beautiful, and the tone he imparted to the newspaper was considerable. Hour after hour he would sit at his table, his great bulbous eyes resting as close to the paper as his nose would permit, scratching away with beaver-like diligence and giving me no more annoyance than a bronze ornament.

His eyes troubled him greatly in those days. He was as sensitive as a flower. An unkind word from anybody was as serious to him as a cut from a whiplash, but I do not believe he was in any sense resentful. The classics were at his fingers' ends. He was poetic, and his whole nature seemed attuned to the beautiful, and he wrote beautifully of things which were neither wholesome nor inspiring. He came to be in time a member of the city staff at a fair compensation, and it was then that his descriptive powers developed. He loved to write of things in humble life. He prowled about the dark corners of the city, and from grewsome places he dug out charming idyllic stories. The

negro stevedores on the steamboat landings fascinated him. He wrote of their songs, their imitations, their uncouth ways, and he found picturesqueness in their rags, poetry in their juba dances. The coroner's office in those days was a source of much inspiration. A crime with a mystery attached was handled by him with the skill of a Gaboriau. He came to be companionable in time. He enjoyed the office humor, but never attempted jocularity. I can see him now, moving stealthily and reservedly about, his quaint cap pulled low on his forehead, his great coat hanging loosely upon his attenuated frame, always ready with a smile, always industrious. And I recall the days when I could take him from a story of political knavery or a repulsive crime and set him to writing a book review, with the full confidence that it would be treated delicately, justly, and in a style that the Addisonian scholars might envy.

One day the spirit of restlessness came upon our Chatterton, and he drifted away to New Orleans. There the climate and the sensuous life of the creoles charmed him. He wrote for the press, and we heard of his sketches of creole life. He wrote of their crude beliefs, their music, their songs, and their wild voudoo dances. Before Cable had made us familiar with their dialect Hearn had fathomed the mysteries of their minds, had, with marvelous research and detail, fished out their folklore, and made us familiar with their domestic lives. This singular work attracted the attention of a New York publishing house, and Hearn was sent by them to the West Indies to write of the natives as he had written of the Louisiana creoles. This work established his literary repute in the East. His amazing, dreamy sketches of the West Indian negroes, his familiarity with their patois, his pictures of their homes, and their pets, and their flora showed him to be a master of the pen and a child of genius.

And in all those days, as in all days subsequent, he was as indifferent to worldly matters as Poe, and as profoundly shrinking as the "Learned Minister of Watergrasshill," Father Prout. Offers from publishers came to him, but he wrote only in his moods, and money could not tempt him beyond his realized capacity. I heard of him often in New York living in humble retirement, enjoying his own rich thoughts, and letting the world roll on in the old whimsical way. If he produced little with his pen, that little excelled in all the essentials.

Five years ago Mr. Hearn came to Japan. He was not long in adjusting himself to these contented, polite, and sensitive people. Their philosophy appealed to him, and their life was as his dreams had been. He found occupation as a teacher in their schools at Matsue. He mastered their language. He studied the Japanese with the same faithfulness he had shown in his study of other dark races. He lived among them, wore their garb, and ate their food. Their legendary lore, their goblin stories, their methods of thought, their characteristics became familiar in time to him. He became acquainted with their scholars, their priests, and their pretty children. He studied and wrote, and in time the result was a work entitled "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," published by a New York house, and admitted by all to be one of the most just and interesting of all the modern books published on Japan. Mr. Hearn traveled and lived in remote districts,—even in far Oki,—looking for the real life of the country. No other foreigner has reached the true and inner life of these people with such prescience and fidelity to truth as has Lafcadio Hearn.

In Kobe recently, I found Mr. Hearn. He called at my hotel, and we had an hour's chat. He was somewhat augmented in flesh, his hair showed that the snowfall of Time was stealing over him, but in spirit he was the same, unchanged by contact with strange worlds and undisturbed by their vexations. He had been engaged on the *Kobe Chronicle*, but had given up on account of his failing eyesight. He laughed when I told him that I had heard before coming out here that he had embraced Buddhism, and had become an assistant priest in an up-country temple. He told me he had married a Japanese woman, and was the proud father of a son, in whose education he was now deeply interested. He talked of taking up his residence in Tokio soon. His dress was tidy and *de rigeur*, which I attributed to his life

among the Japanese. He informed me that he had just finished another book on Japan, which was in press in Boston and would soon be published.—*John A. Cockerill, in New York Herald.*

Sardou.— Sardou has a method. He rises at six and writes till noon. As soon as he enters his study he locks the door, and is disturbed by nobody, except the barber, who comes every day to shave him. He breakfasts at twelve with his wife and children, and eats like a cormorant. After breakfast a stroll, a cigar, and the daily papers. At three a reception — actors, actresses, managers, directors — everybody by turns, and no one long. They come from all points of the compass, chiefly London and New York. Then he writes his letters, dines at half-past six, smokes another cigar, and goes to bed at ten. Sardou is a king in his own world. He is unequalled as a *metteur de scène*, "produces" his own pieces, and won't alter anything he has written. "Not a line — not a word — not a syllable!" said Sardou when it was suggested to "change" "Thermidor." He even decides on the colors of the actresses' dresses. "If I did not," he says, "they would all wear red to draw attention to themselves, and this actually happened once at the Odéon!"— *London Tid-Bits.*

Tabb.— Rev. John B. Tabb is a warm Southerner. He was born in Virginia, and lives now in Maryland, where he is a professor of English at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, which is for the ecclesiastical education of Roman Catholics. Born before war-times, Father Tabb fought for the Confederates, and was taken prisoner several times. After the war the family estates were deteriorated, and he interested himself in educational matters, and subsequently began to teach. He was afterward converted to the Roman Catholic faith and later on became a priest. Some time afterward he was engaged to teach at St. Charles', where he has since remained. He is a tall, thin, rawboned man, of a very nervous temperament. He spends most of his spare time in the open air, and thinks little of a walk of twenty miles. Some years ago a small volume of his poems was published, for private circulation, by Murphy & Sons, of Baltimore, and since then his later bits have appeared in the *Atlantic, Century, Cosmopolitan, New York Independent*, and other publications.— *M. W. Higgins, in Current Literature.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

SOME REMINISCENCES OF CHRISTINA ROSETTI. William Sharp. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

ON UNCONGENIAL AND COMPANIONABLE AUTHORS. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

VOCAL CULTURE IN ITS RELATION TO LITERARY CULTURE. Hiram Corson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

THE LYRIC POET OF AMERICA (E. A. Poe). James L. Onderdonk. *Mid-Continent Magazine* (18 c.) for June.

JOHN KEATS. Thomas C. Carrington. *Mid-Continent Magazine* (18 c.) for June.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH. Frontispiece portrait. *Arena* (53 c.) for June.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF LITERARY NEW YORK. Illustrated. W. D. Howells. *Harper's* (38 c.) for June.

A FAMOUS VERMONT EDITOR OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO (Rev. Samuel Williams, LL. D.). Mason A. Green. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for June.

THE FICTION OF SEXUALITY. James Ashcroft Noble. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for June.

ROBERT SOUTHEY. George Saintsbury. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for June.

THE NOVELS OF HALL CAINE. George Saintsbury. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for June.

THE RELATION OF LANGUAGE TO THOUGHT. C. N. Barham. Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for June.

A CABLE POST. J. Henniker Heaton, M. P. *North American Review* (53 c.) for June.

GLIMPSES OF CHARLES DICKENS — II. Charles Dickens, the Younger. *North American Review* (53 c.) for June.

AS TO AGE-END LITERATURE. M. W. Hazeltine. *North American Review* (53 c.) for June.

MR. KIPLING'S WORK, SO FAR. William Henry Bishop. *Forum* (28 c.) for June.

THE GREAT LIBRARIES OF THE UNITED STATES. Herbert Putnam. *Forum* (53 c.) for June.

THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY IN BOSTON. Illustrated. Its Artistic Aspects. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Its Ideals and Working Conditions. Lindsay Swift. *Century* (38 c.) for June.

NOTES ON POE. Thomas Dimmock. *Century* (38 c.) for June.

EARLY WOMEN PLAY-MAKERS. Illustrated. Mary Penfield. *Peterson's Magazine* (13 c.) for June.

THE PROPOSED PUBLIC LIBRARY OF NEW YORK. Illustrated. S. Turner Willis. *Peterson's Magazine* (13 c.) for June.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH. Franklin Matthews. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for June.

CHARLES A. DANA. With frontispiece portrait. Franklin Morris. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for June.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES. Portrait. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for June.

MAX PEMBERTON. Gertrude Atherton. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for June.

MAX SIMON NORDAU. William H. Carpenter. Reprinted from the *Bookman* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for June.

JOHN B. TABB. M. W. Higgins. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for June.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. F. Graham Aylward. Reprinted from the *Open Shelf* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for June.

GALDÓS AND HIS NOVELS. Rollo Ogden. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for June.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, HIS MARK. William Cecil Elam. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for June.

THOREAU. Charles C. Abbott. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for June.

THE TYRANNY OF THE PICTORIAL. Sidney Fairfield. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for June.

AMERICAN WOOD ENGRAVERS — FRANK FRENCH. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for June.

THE CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT. Illustrated. H. H. Boyesen. *Cosmopolitan* (18 c.) for June.

HOW SUCCESSFUL PLAYS ARE BUILT. Illustrated. Joseph Brooks. *Cosmopolitan* (18 c.) for June.

WOOD ENGRAVING *vs.* HALF-TONE ENGRAVING. Illustrated. Edward L. Wilson. *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (33 c.) for June.

PRACTICAL PHOTO-ENGRAVING.—IV. A. C. Austin. *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (33 c.) for June.

JULIAN RALPH. With portrait. E. D. Beach. *Book Buyer* (13 c.) for June.

OLIVER HERFORD. With portrait. Robert Bridges. *Book Buyer* (13c) for June.

THE CHICAGO NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR MAKERS. With numerous portraits. Willis J. Abbot. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for June.

SARDOU. — HIS MANNER OF LIFE. — HOW HE WRITES HIS PLAYS. Illustrated. Ange Galdeman. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for June.

RICHARD WAGNER AND HIS FESTSPIELE AT BAYREUTH. Illustrated. Mercia Abbott Keith. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (28 c.) for June.

AN ENGLISH CRITIC AT BAYREUTH. M. A. A. Galloway. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (28 c.) for June.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST. With portrait. Jenny June. *Demorest's* (23 c.) for June.

STEPHEN CRANE. With portrait. *Bookman* (18 c.) for May.

REMINISCENCES OF WHITTIER. With portrait. Helen Burt. *Bookman* (18 c.) for May.

THE FIRST ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK. Illustrated. W. L. Andrews. *Bookman* (18 c.) for May.

THE LITERARY AGENT. W. Robertson Nicoll. *Bookman* (18 c.) for May.

INCREASE AND COTTON MATHER. Alice E. Moore. *Bostonian* (18 c.) for May.

HENRY WATTERSON. Illustrated. Morton M. Casseday. *Mid-Continent Magazine* (18 c.) for May.

REMINISCENCES OF SIDNEY LANIER. Illustrated. Alfred Allen. *Mid-Continent Magazine* (18 c.) for May.

NEWSPAPER ROBBERY OF COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS. *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (33 c.) for May.

PRACTICAL PHOTO-ENGRAVING—III. A. C. Austin. *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (33 c.) for May.

KNIGHTHOODS AND BARONETCIES FOR ENGLISH JOURNALISTS. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for May 4.

JULIUS H. SEELYE. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for May 25.

WASHINGTON IRVING. Henrietta Christian Wright. *Harper's Round Table* (8 c.) for May 21.

MARIA EDGEWORTH. Reprinted from *London Quarterly Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for May 11.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Julia Wedgewood. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for May 18.

AMERICAN COMIC JOURNALISM—XIV. Thomas B. Connery. *Once a Week* (13 c.) for May 16.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Brander Matthews sailed for Europe May 25.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich arrived from Europe May 12.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century*, sailed for Hamburg on the Normannia May 23, accompanied by Mrs. Gilder. They will visit Berlin, where Consul-General De Kay, a relative, will entertain them. From Berlin they will proceed to Venice, where they will attend the marriage of Miss Bronson, Mrs. Gilder's niece, to an officer in the Italian navy. Mr. Gilder will return to America in the fall, but later will return to Europe for six months.

R. U. Johnson will be acting editor of the *Century* during Mr. Gilder's absence.

James S. Metcalfe, editor of *Life*, sailed May 4 for a sojourn of several months in Japan.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney and Miss Alice Brown have started together on a walking trip through England. Miss Brown was once on the *Boston Transcript* staff, but now works for the *Youth's Companion*.

Laurence Hutton sailed for Genoa May 4. He will spend some time in Paris to gather material for a new book on the literary landmarks of Paris.

Mrs. A. L. Wistar, of Philadelphia, the translator of A. Marlitt's stories, will occupy her new cottage at Northeast Harbor, Me., this summer.

The American Authors' Guild held its first annual banquet at Delmonico's May 4, more than 100 persons being present.

Alphonse Daudet says that a rich Spaniard not long ago offered him thirty thousand dollars if he would dedicate one of his novels to him, and that he declined the offer.

James Payn says that his average income from literary work has been $7,500 a year for thirty-five years.

Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") arrived in New York from Europe May 18, accompanied by his wife and three daughters. Mr. Clemens will start in August on a round-the-world lecturing tour. He will begin in San Francisco, and after an extended visit along the Pacific Coast, will proceed to Australia, where three months will be spent. He will then visit New Zealand and Tasmania, Columbo, Ceylon, and the large cities of India, South Africa and England, which last-named country he expects to reach about the middle of May of next year.

Max Pemberton, author of "The Impregnable City," is only thirty-one years old, but he has already published five books. He is now editor of Cassell's new Pocket Library, and reviewer for the *London Chronicle*, the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch*, and other papers.

"Rita," the novel writer, has written to the *Publishers' Circular* and asked that her name be set before the public correctly. While she prefers to be known in the literary world as "Rita" only, she would rather her real name, which is now Mrs. Desmond Humphreys, be given her, than that of Mrs. von Booth, so frequently found in library catalogues.

Miss Susanna Massey, author of "God's Parable," is a zealous church woman and belongs to an old Pennsylvania family. Rose Cottage, in Germantown, an old colonial dwelling, is her home.

Miss Josephine Preston Peabody, whose poem, "Isolation," in the May *Atlantic* has attracted much attention, is still a young girl, just completing her freshman year at Radcliffe.

Mrs. Margaret Deland has bought the house No. 44 Mount Vernon street, Boston.

William Black started life as a portrait painter, and took up novel writing by accident. He was so successful that he abandoned his original occupation.

Among those knighted on Queen Victoria's birthday (May 24) were Walter Besant, Lewis Morris, and Dr. William Howard Russell.

The author of "A Superfluous Woman" and "Transitions" turns out to be, not Sarah Grand, but Miss Emma Brodke, who lives in Hampstead, and was the founder of the Fabian society, one of the best known of modern English organizations.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr says that before she wrote the "Bow of Orange Ribbon" she read 180 books in order to get the necessary Dutch history; but after that she wrote the book in six weeks.

Count Tolstoi refused a large sum offered to him by an American publisher for his latest story. The *News*, a Russian illustrated weekly, then offered him $500 a page for the exclusive right to publish it as a serial. This, too, he refused, and made a free gift of the manuscript to the *Severney Vestnik*, a Russian monthly magazine.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, with her son, Lloyd Osborn, has arrived in San Francisco from Samoa, and will live part of the time in Oakland.

William H. Rideing, of the *Youth's Companion* and the *North American Review*, will make his annual pilgrimage to England in June. Mr. Rideing's position on the *Companion* is one of his own creating. His work is to make up the prospectus for the year — to suggest articles and secure contributors.

Miss Braddon has announced her intention of retiring from active work when her present contracts are fulfilled. Since her first success, about thirty-five years ago, she has written fifty-three novels, or one hundred and fifty-six volumes of 50,000 words each.

A new short-story writer appears in the June *Scribner's* — Miss Annie Steger Winston, of Richmond, Va.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is in South Berwick, Me., for the summer.

The report telegraphed throughout the country that "William P. Robinson, charged with embezzling $10,000 from his employers, was the publisher of *Short Stories*" is wholly without foundation. He has never had any connection of any kind with *Short Stories*, or with the Current Literature Publishing Company.

A new monthly musical publication, which promises to attain a national reputation, will appear in New York city next September. The new magazine is to be called the *Looker-On*, and will be published by Whittingham & Atherton. Such prominent musical writers as Henry T. Fink, Mr. Krehbiel, Mr. Elson, and Mr. Apthorp, of Boston, have been engaged to furnish articles for the first number.

The *American Historical Review* is a new quarterly periodical to be published by Macmillan & Co. for the board of editors, who are connected with the leading American universities. Professor J. Franklin Jameson, of Brown University, will be the managing editor. The review will include articles in a variety of historical fields, nothing being admitted that does not bear the marks of accurate historical scholarship, and of the 200 pages in each number about fifty will be devoted to book reviews.

The Philistine: A Periodical of Protest is a beautifully-printed new monthly published at East Aurora, N. Y. The first number is that for June.

The *Echo* is a new fortnightly humorous and artistic periodical in Chicago. It will present in an artistic form the cream of foreign humor and illustration, together with original literature. Its office is at 120 Fifth avenue.

The Werner Company, of Chicago, has begun the publication of a monthly magazine called *Self Culture*, of which Edward C. Towne is editor and Montgomery B. Gibbs is business manager. The magazine is on the order of the *Chautauquan*, and is published in the interest of the Home University League.

The *Song Writer* is a new periodical started in New York "in the interests of song and song writers."

The first number of the new college magazine, the *Bachelor of Arts*, has appeared. The editor is John Seymour Wood, who is the author of several college publications. The assistant editors are Walter Camp, well known all over the country as a leading writer on college athletics, and Edward S. Martin, who has been on *Life's* staff for some years, and with Harper & Brothers. Harry G. Chapman will manage the business side of the enterprise. This is the first attempt to publish a general magazine by college men, not illustrated. The cost of illustrations has hitherto been found so great that it was impossible to succeed, unless the pictures of college men, etc., were paid for by the subjects themselves.

The *Epoch* (Washington) is a new monthly magazine edited by professors of the Columbian University and devoted to education, literature, and science.

London has two new periodicals, the *Twentieth Century*, edited by William Graham, each number of which will contain a complete story by a well-known novelist; and *Chapman's Magazine of Fiction*, which is to print serials and short stories, without illustrations.

With the June number *The Land of the Sunshine* (Los Angeles), edited by Charles F. Lummis, will become a magazine, devoted to the interests of Southern California.

The *Bostonian* is now established in commodious quarters, at 83 Newbury street, Boston, opposite the buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Ingalls' Home Magazine, published by J. Fred Ingalls, and the *Modern Priscilla*, published by T. E. Parker, both of Lynn, have been sold to W. N. Hartshorn, of Boston, publisher of the *Household*. They will be combined, and issued in future from Boston, under the *Priscilla* name.

The *Illustrated American* has removed its offices to the corner of Twenty-third street and First avenue, New York.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, the first number of which was published in 1731, was the first English periodical ever to appear under the name of "magazine." It has regularly continued every month to the present time.

Mrs. Frank Leslie has temporarily retired from the management of her publications and will spend the summer in Europe. She has leased the publications to a syndicate, which will make a number of changes, particularly in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*. When Mrs. Leslie returns in the fall she will resume control of the editorial and art departments.

The *Tidings*, formerly the *Jewish Tidings*, has suspended publication.

Apropos of recent important changes in the management and personnel of the Chicago daily press, Willis J. Abbott contributes to the June *Review of Reviews*, under the caption "Chicago Newspapers and Their Makers," a graphic account of the past and present fortunes of journalism in the Western metropolis.

The *Bookman* for May has portraits of Richard Le Gallienne, Mrs. George Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin), Lillian Bell, Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"), George Gissing, Miss Frances Frederica Montrésor, Stephen Crane, J. G. Whittier, and Maurice Maeterlinck.

Literary features in the June *Atlantic* are: "Reminiscences of Christina Rossetti," by William Sharp; and "Vocal Culture in its Relation to Literary Culture," by Hiram Corson.

John Brisben Walker, of the *Cosmopolitan*, says that the story that he was about to start a weekly paper something like *Harper's Weekly* is untrue.

Prizes amounting to sixty dollars are offered for the four best festival hymn tunes by the Sunday School Union, 1 Piccadilly, Manchester, England.

A prize of $5 in gold will be given this year by the national department of mercy of the W. C. T. U. for the best essay on the following topic: "Does our dominion over animals give us any right to inflict cruelty on them, and what is the effect of cruelty on those who practice it?" Essays must contain between 2,000 and 3,000 words. The age of those who compete is to be from fourteen to eighteen years, inclusive. All essays must be sent by August 15 to Mrs. Lou E. Rall, 61 S. Jefferson street, Huntington, Ind.

A friend of Brown University has offered the sum of $200 as a prize to encourage the historical study of the development of religious liberty in America. The prize is open to general competition and will be given to the writer of the best essay on one of the three following themes: (*a.*) A critical comparison of the claims put forward on behalf of Rhode Island and Maryland, respectively, regarding the first establishment of religious liberty in America; (*b.*) A critical history of the movement toward disestablishment and religious liberty in Connecticut; (*c.*) A critical history of the movement toward disestablishment and religious liberty in Massachusetts. No essay will be received which is not founded upon original research. The prize will be awarded at Commencement, 1895; and essays submitted in competition for it must be placed in the hands of the President of Brown University on or before May 1, 1896. Each esssy should bear an assumed name, and the writer's real name should be enclosed in a sealed envelope, with the assumed name written on the outside.

Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden has won the Fletcher prize offered by Dartmouth College for the best essay on the theme, "In What Ways Ought the Conception of Personal Life and Duty to be Modified?"

The prizes for the best essays offered by the *Etude* have been awarded to Bartram C. Henry, Burlington, Ia., first prize, $30, and John C. Fillmore, Milwaukee, Wis., second prize, $20.

The Henry M. Phillips prize of the American Philosophical Society for the best essay on "The Theory of the State" has been awarded to George H. Smith, of Los Angeles, Calif. Honorable mention was also made of Westel W. Willaby, of Palo Alto, Calif., for his essay on "The Nature of the State." The prize was $500.

The *Youth's Companion* has received more than 7,000 manuscripts in response to its prize offer made last October.

Harper's Round Table for May 21 contains the first of a series of articles by Henrietta Christian Wright on famous American authors — this initial article being devoted to Washington Irving.

Willis J. Abbott has an editorial position on the *Chronicle*, Chicago's new Democratic daily.

The *New York Sun* wants for its Sunday edition good authentic stories of American game and American hunters. "It is not worth anybody's while," the editor says, "to send us a dull story, or a doubtful one, or an over-colored one, or one containing swear words. We will not print it. We refuse to print any game story that is not tip-top, first-rate, as good as ever was told. We don't care whether it comes from Texas, or Michigan, or Oregon, or Maine, or Arkansas, or Indiana, or this state, or any other, if it be genuine, juicy, and fresh. We like best those game stories in which the American hunter or huntress gives his or her personal experiences." Of the poetry the *Sun* wants, its editor says: "We like best the poems of lofty spirit, of geniality or humor, of the nobler emotions, of nature, of the higher fantasies, of just satire, of sanctity, and of those blessed affections which bind us one to the other as we pursue our way through the world."

Printers' Ink (New York) stirs up the verse-makers as follows: "POEMS wanted—advertising jingles. Our supply is getting low. We pay fifty cents for from two to ten lines. Sometimes we pay as much as two, three, or even five dollars, for more ambitious efforts. Reference to sheriff's sales are barred; also all poems about the man there was in our town; and the right to return as unavailable whatever *is* of that sort is retained, but we do pay for a lot of pretty poor stuff notwithstanding. Amateur poets are requested to take notice. We appeal to the rising generation for more poems on the subject of advertising. This is the sort of thing that passes muster and captures half dollars:

If you are wise,
Advertise.

Original jokes are also wanted. They must relate to advertising or the people engaged or interested in advertising, and they must be short, and some of them must be actually funny. A good joke is worth fifty cents; a poor one isn't worth anything. Send us any good ones you have, and we will send you a half dollar for each of them."

One of the amazing literary successes of the century is Spurgeon's sermons. The *Westminster Gazette* says that 2,396 of these sermons have been printed and sold, and that the sum total of the sales reaches nearly 100,000,000, an average of about 35,000 copies per sermon. Of each of certain discourses more than 250,000 have been sold. They are kept in sheet form in a large cellar in Paternoster square, in long lines of cupboards, so that a supply of any particular discourse can be got at once. Four-fifths of the supply have been sold in the United Kingdom; the remainder have gone to this country and to Australia.

The *Magazine of Poetry* (Buffalo) for May has portraits and sketches of Willis Boyd Allen, Clara Louise Burnham, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Mariette Holley, Ednah Dow Cheney, and other writers.

Mr. Howells, in the June *Harper's*, relates his first impressions of those New Yorkers who represented American letters in the New York of 1860. Many of them were bohemians, including Walt Whitman, but some of them were not, and among those whom Mr. Howells met pleasantly were Mr. and Mrs. John J. Piatt, "Artemus Ward," Mr. and Mrs. Richard Henry Stoddard, and Edmund Clarence Stedman.

It is only the best and the poorest wood engraving that can find a place in the world of illustration since photo-engraving has reached its present perfection. The best wood engraving still has some fine qualities that photo-engraving cannot reach, while the poorest wood engraving is cheaper, and therefore more suitable for some purposes than good photo-engraving.

The history of American comic journalism which Thomas B. Connery is furnishing to *Once a Week* (New York) is full of interest.

Solicitor-General Conrad has rendered an opinion that section 3 of the Copyright act of March 3, 1891, applies as well to books which were copyrighted before as to those which have been copyrighted since the act. This is in conflict with the opinion of the solicitor of the treasury.

Rev. Dr. Julius H. Seelye died at Amherst May 12, aged seventy years.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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LIVING BY THE PEN.

One of the most interesting literary articles of the month is that entitled "Confessions of a Literary Hack," and printed in the *Forum* for July. The author, for obvious reasons, does not give his name, and it is to be feared that the details regarding his personality which he vouchsafes are intended rather to conceal than to disclose his identity. He says, however, that he is forty-five years old, and that for twenty-three years he has earned his living in New York City by writing for various periodicals—daily and weekly newspapers, and monthly magazines. He adds that he graduated from Harvard at the age of twenty-one, traveled for a year abroad, and was then thrown on his own resources. He secured a place as a reporter on a newspaper, and within a year attained a sub-editorial position and a salary of $40 a week. At the end of the second year his salary, he says, was $50 a week, and he was doing critical work. When he was twenty-five he sold an article to a leading magazine for $75. Encouraged by this, he wrote other articles for magazines, and sold these also, increasing his prestige so that at twenty-six his newspaper was paying him a salary of $75 a week. That year, he says, his earnings must have amounted to $5,000, and he got married. Before his family had grown to be very large, however, the newspaper with which he was connected changed hands, and he was asked to resign to make room for a friend of the new editor. From that day, he says, he has never had a salary, and has depended for an income wholly on the sale of poems, stories, articles, and other literary matter manufactured to order. As the manufacturer of such matter, he calls himself "a literary hack."

His first year he did not earn more than $600. In this time, however, he learned to know editors, and also not to estimate himself too highly. "I also learned," he says, "that not one voluntary contribution in fifty had any chance of acceptance in a first-class magazine. Magazines are planned by the editors for months in advance of publication. My bad fortune made me careful, so that when I had gained some insight of the interior management, I began proposing to write this article and that on subjects which would have a timeliness six months or so later. Of course, being of comparatively untried metal, I could not get absolute orders for these articles, but I received conditional orders now and then. My second year's product sold for something like $1,800, and I should have been moderately content had it not been that the money came to me with such irregularity. One month I would make only $50 and the next perhaps $250.

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That irregularity of remuneration has continued to this day.

"During the second year of my experience as a literary hack I realized that the mere maker of descriptive and didactic articles had a very limited field in which to sell his pieces; so I concluded to try my hand at fiction, for there was a constant demand for short stories. There are many things for which I have no gift, but my story-telling gifts are conspicuously deficient. My stories are so poor that I never read one without a blush of shame. I write them, however,— I am obliged to write them,— and I consider it a pretty bad year when I do not sell more than half a dozen of them. Some of them are so bad that I am ashamed to send them forth to the world under my own name. I sell them, however, to be used over a pen name, which I have adopted for the sake of what I call my "misfits." I have contributed stories to *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Bazar*, the *Century*, the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, the *Cosmopolitan*, and other periodicals, and I have every reason to hope that I shall be able to sell more little fictions to the editors of the same periodicals. My stories for ten years past have yielded me always in excess of $1,000 a year.

"The weekly paper is really a better connection for a hack writer than a monthly magazine. Only a man with a vogue, a man who has become the fashion, has much chance of regular employment on any monthly magazine. But hack writers are needed on weekly papers in which current events are commented on, and a hack who has the confidence of the editor of a prosperous weekly paper is in a position by which he can secure a steady income. There is one difficulty, however — editors of weekly papers do not appear to have a long tenure of office. *Harper's Weekly*, for instance, has had seven editors in as many years."

Even when an editor knows his contributor, moreover, their attitude toward each other is quite likely to be one of disguised hostility. The editor is more ready to decline than to accept ideas. Nevertheless, our writer says: "I never in my life had an idea for an article for which, sooner or later, I did not get an order. Because Mr. Alden does not care for your suggestion, because Mr. Gilder is not attracted by it — these are not reasons for despair, for, as likely as not, it will be the very thing that Mr. Burlingame is looking for. An article once written, however, is the veriest drug in an overstocked market. An idea has potency and value; a written article which has not been ordered in advance is almost valueless."

Whatever the experience of this "literary hack" may have been, this assertion is certainly more or less misleading. It is true that magazines are made up months ahead, and rather in accordance with editorial plans than haphazard, according to the receipt of contributions. A story, however, cannot be profitably outlined to an editor in advance, and a special article, written with foresight and good judgment, is quite as likely to attract editorial favor as the idea of the same story suggested in impalpable form would be.

What our writer has to say about the rate of pay and the time of payment is interesting. "Both of these," he says, "vary very greatly in different establishments. The Harpers pay more promptly than any other publishers, for they pay cash for all they buy, and pay immediately upon acceptance. The ordinary Harper rate for hack work is $10 for a thousand words for the *Weekly*, the *Bazar*, or the *Round Table*, and $20 for a thousand words for the magazine. As the Harpers buy more than any other firm of publishers, they may be said to establish the rate of payment by the other periodicals which rival theirs. But even hack writers, for anything involving much work or expense, receive higher rates than $10 and $20 a thousand words from the Harpers. A short story of five thousand words — a most convenient length — will usually bring $150 from the Harpers, from the Scribners, or from the *Century*. The *Atlantic* pays less, and so does *Lippincott's*. The *Cosmopolitan* appears to have no regular rate of payment, either for articles or for fiction. The Harpers, as I have said, pay for contributions instantly upon acceptance; a check from the Century Company follows quick upon the heels of the letter from the editor saying that your contribution is acceptable; the same is true as to *Scribner's*, and to *Lippincott's* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Nearly all the others pay on publication. A hack writer would almost as

soon not work as to write for a magazine conducted on such principles.

"Hack writers, who are also Bohemians, tell pretty yarns about the great sums of money that they earn; and we hear of literary hacks who make $10,000 and $20,000 a year. But they do not make it, by a long shot. It is not possible for a hack, unless he have some special and exceptional good luck, to make more than $6,000 a year. I have made that much, but I average only a little less than $5,000 a year. To do this I work every day in the year, and in all my walks abroad my eyes have to be always open for subjects. It may be interesting to make a transcript from my account book for a year. This will show the sources of a hack's income, and indicate in some measure the amount of work that had to be done. I do not, for obvious reasons, state what year's account this is: —

January.		
Century (story)	$150	
Harper's Weekly	87	
Lippincott's	45	
Chautauquan	40	
Leslie's Weekly	25	
Harper's Young People	17	
Once a Week	43	
McClure's Syndicate	25	
		$432
February.		
Harper's Magazine	$75	
Ladies' Home Journal	40	
Cosmopolitan	75	
Harper's Weekly	93	
Tribune	45	
North American Review	46	
Herald	32	
McClure's Syndicate	25	
American Press Association	40	
		471
March.		
Harper's Bazar	$100	
Harper's Weekly	61	
Scribner's Magazine (story)	150	
Century (poem)	15	
Once a Week	25	
Christian Union	24	
American Press Association	80	
Leslie's Weekly	27	
Youth's Companion	25	
Sun	24	
		531
April		527
May		487
June		420
July		310
August		295
September		354
October		480
November		475
December		440
Total for the year		$5,222

"The year when I made more than $6,000, I had one fee of $1,000 for rewriting a book for a wealthy gentleman, who wished to show to the world that he could do something else besides accumulate money."

So much for one literary hack's confessions. That there is some basis of truth in them is evident, although their facts are probably typical rather than actual. Ambitious writers must decide for themselves whether an income of $5,000 a year and a modicum of fame is real success or not. The *Forum's* confessor seems to think that it is not, but on him rests the burden of proof that he could have made more money or a better reputation outside of the literary field. *Arthur Fosdick.*

BOSTON, Mass.

GOETHE'S WAY OF DISPOSING OF OLD MANUSCRIPTS.

Goethe's ingenious method of disposing of old manuscripts may offer a pleasant suggestion to those who have a mass of pigeon-holed possibilities pending some glad resurrection trumpet.

The "Wanderjahre" was sent to the publisher with the full belief of its author that there was sufficient manuscript to make a three volume novel, and the contrary was discovered only when the printer reached a cer-

tain point, and found that there was merely enough for one good-sized book and two smaller ones!

The imperious demand for an immediate supply of more material precluded all possibility of inventing and writing a new novel, but, as usual, Goethe was found equal to the emergency, and his friend Eckermann gives us an interesting pen picture of his escape from the dilemma.

Producing two large bundles of manuscripts, he said, as Eckermann appeared in reply to his hasty summons: "In these two parcels you will find various papers hitherto unpublished, detached pieces, finished and unfinished, opinions on natural science, art, literature, and life mingled together. Suppose you were to make up from these six or eight printed sheets to fill the gaps in my 'Wanderjahre.' Strictly speaking, they have nothing to do with it, but the proceeding may be justified by the fact that mention is made of an archive in Makaria's house, in which such detached pieces are preserved. Thus we shall not only get over a great difficulty for the moment, but find a fitting vehicle for sending a number of very interesting things into the world."

Eckermann approved of the plan, and put together the whole in two principal parts, one under the, title "From Makaria's Archive"; the other under the head, "According to the Views of the Wanderer," and as Goethe at this time had just finished two important poems, one "On Schiller's Skull," and the other "*Kein Wesen kann zu nichts zerfallen*" (No being can fall away to nothing), he was desirous of bringing out these also, and they were added at the close of the two divisions.

When the "Wanderjahre" came out, no one knew what to make of it. The progress of the romance was seen to be interrupted by a number of enigmatical sayings, the explanation of which could be expected only from men of certain departments, such as artists, literateurs, and natural philosophers, and which greatly annoyed all other readers, especially those of the fair sex. Then as for the two poems, people could as little understand them as they could guess how they got into such a place.

And Goethe laughed. *E. L. Hibberd.*

RICHMOND, Ind.

PLOTS AND PLOT-MAKING.

To plot or not to plot is a question that has given rise to some controversy among novelists and among theorists in regard to the novel. On both sides there are those who have gone to extremes; those who have held that plots should be utterly eliminated from all novels which pretend to be works of art; and those who have declared that plots are essential, and that novels are not possible without them.

Many controversies arise and continue because the terms used are susceptible of more than one meaning, while the respective disputants recognize but a single interpretation, that is, their own. This will, perhaps, explain to some extent the controversy in regard to the plot. At any rate, the word plot is often used indiscriminately, when distinction should be *made between* at least two different meanings. It is used in a general sense to mean simply a plan, and again in a particular sense to mean a particular kind of a plan.

In a particular sense the word plot means the setting forth of a narrative which has a distinct beginning and ending; not a mere fragment of something else, but complete in itself. Also the various incidents of the narrative are closely connected and result finally in something of the nature of a climax. The climax is the important part of the plot, and the other elements, such as various devices of complexity, mystery, and concealment, are made to subserve this end.

Restricting the word plot to this particular sense, it is clear that it does not belong to all novels, though it appears in a more or less perfect form in the majority of them. Theoreti-

cally, there is a broad line of division between the plot novel and the novel without a plot. The plot novel is essentially a drama, and might well be called, for distinction's sake, the dramatic form of fiction.

The lower order of novelists, those who write for the "masses," have always made much of the plot, first, because the said masses, loving the dramatic, have demanded it, and secondly, because it is easier to make novels with plots than without them. No doubt in its finer phases plot-making is an art, but in its crude form it is the mechanical part of the novel, the skeleton on which must be moulded, if we would have a work of genius, a body possessing beauty, impressiveness, vividness, humor, and pathos.

Some novelists have believed that plots should be made very complex and involved. It was thus with Dickens, who made them so intricate that most readers lose the thread of the story unless they make a study of it. Hence, many persons who greatly admire Dickens' works cannot for their lives, as an eminent man once remarked, tell what they are all about. Sir Walter Scott, unlike Dickens, spent little time over his plots, yet he was more successful. The plot of "Ivanhoe" is regarded by some as almost perfect, but probably its author, when he was writing the book, gave it but little attention. He has himself recorded that when he was far advanced in the composition of "Woodstock" he had no idea how it would end. In his diary he says: "There is one way to give novelty, to depend for success on the interest of a well-continued story. But woe's me, that requires thought, consideration, the writing out of a regular plan or plot, above all, the adhering to one, which I never can do."

Thackeray was an admirer of the plot as exhibited in the writings of others, but had no capacity, or perhaps no inclination, to make use of it himself. He had little or no plan to begin with, and worked according to the fancy of the moment. His characters were made "villainously wicked" or "perfectly lovely," according as their creator felt in a bad or good humor.

George Eliot made general outlines of her stories at the start and then elaborated them with great care and anxiety. She had little confidence in herself, trusted much to inspiration, and often labored under great excitement while composing, but when her work was once written, it was seldom altered.

With some authors plot-making is difficult. It was thus with Anthony Trollope, who found it extremely exhausting work, and hence devoted little time to it. He began with but a few ideas of the story which he was to write, and trusted to good fortune to work out something satisfactory as the work progressed; but he was not always successful.

Maxime du Camp quotes George Sand as saying: "When I begin a novel I have no plot in my head. Everything takes shape while I write and quite according to chance."

Georges Ohnet, the play writer and novelist, thus describes his methods of work: "I start with an idea, which I turn over and over in my mind, until I have woven the beginning, the middle, and the end of the plot. I then sketch out the various characters to be introduced and the various scenes of action. This done, I set to work, writing four hours every morning."

It is said of Jerome K. Jerome that he is always thinking, plotting, and constructing dialogue, so that the tale or play is actually built up and ready before he puts pen to paper. It is the same with Frank R. Stockton and with W. Clark Russell.

William T. Adams, better known as "Oliver Optic," considers the securing of a plot the most important matter in story writing. He is not ready to write until every part of the tale is fully planned, his scheme including a list of the characters, the part each is to play, and a schedule of each chapter and the page on which it begins and ends.

In the composition of novels, it is probably true that most writers find it an advantage to construct the plot more or less perfectly, as a preliminary work. The hap-hazard, planless method, however, seems to be necessary for some persons if they are to write at all, because of their inability to submit to any limitation or constraint, but it is reasonable to suppose that if a writer first lays down paths leading to the desired end, he will be less apt to go astray than if he strikes out into the wilderness of thought, trusting to chance alone as a guide.

PEORIA, Ill. E. E. Benton.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

In an interesting article on "Wood Engraving *vs.* Half-tone Engraving" in *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* for June, Edward L. Wilson shows the comparative value of the two processes for illustrative purposes. He uses in the article two wood engravings made to illustrate his description of a tour in Syria published in the *Century Magazine* some time ago, and he prints together with them half-tone reproductions of the original photographs from which the drawings were made. So far as cost is concerned, of course, the half-tone pictures have a great advantage. Some of the full page wood engravings in the *Century* cost $250 each to engrave, while a half-tone picture of the best quality can be made of the same size for $10 or $15. The wood engraver, however, is enabled to make alterations in the picture which, in art, would be thought to be advantageous. For instance, in a picture of the river Jordan made for Mr. Wilson's article, the *Century* artist introduced a crane, which does not appear in the original photograph, and in a picture of the Mount of Olives he shows a gnarled tree in the foreground and several figures in the landscape, which were not there when the photograph was taken. Certain features of the picture, too, have been accentuated, and thus made more prominent. The picture is thus made more artistic, but it loses its absolute fidelity to nature. The disadvantage from which some half-tones suffer, that defects and blemishes in the negative are necessarily reproduced, does not appear in Mr. Wilson's pictures, for his negatives were perfect. For that matter, great advances have been made in the art of manipulating half-tones, and many of the improvements which a wood engraver would make upon a photograph can be made in the photograph itself by a skillful artist. Blemishes can be covered up, important features accentuated, and even figures can be introduced, while by an artistic use of masks and vignettes, in printing from the negative, many of the effects of the wood engraver may be imitated. The great advantage of a half-tone landscape is its absolute fidelity to nature. In a travel article readers do not desire a pretty picture or an artistic picture so much as they do a truthful one. The wood engravers who reproduced Mr. Wilson's photographs did their work in the best style of modern art. The process reproduction of the photographs, however, gives a better idea of the places pictured than the wood engravings do.

***

Incidentally, Mr. Wilson describes the *Century* artists' process of producing engravings

on wood, as follows: "First," he says, "a large drawing is made in wash or India ink. This is photographed, of the size of the desired engraving, upon wood. Then the engraver works upon the photograph printed upon wood, and not upon a drawing upon wood. In this way the feeling of the photographer and of the draughtsman are both better preserved."

***

Rudyard Kipling has devised a scheme for turning aside autograph hunters. He has had short circulars printed, saying that he will send his autograph as soon as he sees the name of the person who asked for it printed in the *New York Tribune's* Fresh Air fund, opposite a contribution of not less than $2.50.

***

Following is a copy of a letter received last month by a Boston publisher, names alone having been changed: —

WESTVILLE, Conn, June 3, 1895.

Messrs: Having just completed a novel, entitled "Doomed to Destruction; or, A Coquette's Punishment," I take the liberty to write you, with a view, of course, of selling you the same.

This is truly a most remarkable work throughout. Its style is pleasing, the plot is profound, and the characters play their parts in the drama to perfection.

This is no blood-and-thunder story, but rather an intensely interesting love story, and is one of the few novels before the public which are able to hold the reader's attention from the first page of the book to the last.

Expecting an early reply, I am

Yours most respectfully,

ABSALOM P. ALDERTON.

The publisher did not send for the manuscript. The author's praise of the story may have been too mild; if so, Mr. Alderton became the victim of his excessive modesty.

***

Another modest writer sent some verses to the editor of a Boston newspaper a few weeks ago, accompanied by this letter: —

I enclose a little poem of more than *ordinary merit* for the *Galaxy*. I wish the *Galaxy* would accept it and allow me a slight compensation just to encourage me.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. MRS. R. Z. O'BRIEN.

The *Galaxy*, alas! did not.

***

Quoting from the *Sterling* (Ill.) *Standard* the statement that "Mr. and Mrs John Kline, of Milledgeville, Sundayed with friends in Sterling," the *Chicago Tribune* aptly says that "It is fair to presume they would not have done this if those friends had not on some previous occasion Milledgevilled with Mr. and Mrs. John Kline."

***

The importance of the correct use of quotation marks is illustrated in an editorial paragraph printed recently in the *Boston Globe*, as follows: —

Doesn't the *Mid Continent Magazine* cast a little reflection on its readers when it heads an article in its June number, "John Keats, Poet?"

The title of the article in the *Mid-Continent Magazine* was "John Keats. Poet," and the interrogation point in the *Globe's* paragraph belongs with its own question. As it is printed, it suggests the idea that the editor of the *Mid-Continent* had some doubts about Keats being a poet. The interrogation point in the *Globe* should have been put after the quotation mark.

***

An illustration of the possible value of a comma is given in a news dispatch printed in the same paper. The dispatch begins: —

CONCORD, N. H., June 5 — New Hampshire has been robbed, so far as is now known by Col. Colon A. Carter, the State Treasurer, of $5,429.66, and there is but a slight clew to the guilty parties.

The sentence as it stands is punctuated correctly, but a comma after "known" would make a difference with Colonel Carter. Considering the ease with which misprints are made in newspapers, the Concord correspondent of the *Globe* took long chances when he worded his dispatch that way.

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In response to a question by the editor of the *Watchman*, who asked how fast the ministers among his readers write their sermons, Rev. George E. Merrill, of Newton, Mass., says: "My sermons are rarely more than 3,600 words. The last one written in full was 3,600 words, written in two sittings on successive days. At the first sitting about 2,200 words were written in two hours; at the second, 1,400 in an hour and a quarter. It is my custom to make a very meagre skeleton; then turn myself loose and write rapidly, with very few corrections. and no careful re-reading. On examination I find that this last sermon had six erasures of words, with their corrections. It was on John xi: 9 — 'Are there not twelve hours in the day?' Four

thoughts were taken up." Rev. S. D. Moxley, of Bristol, R. I., says: "When, after many days, the sermon has been wrought out, I find it easy to write at the rate of a thousand words an hour, and I have timed myself and written plainly 1,200 words an hour. But I have in this the advantage over many, being in the fullest sense of the word an ambidexter, changing the pen from one hand to the other on the first feeling of weariness. This art it will pay all who have much writing to do to cultivate."

* * *

The price of *McClure's Magazine* has been reduced to ten cents a number or one dollar a year. It is one of the marvels of modern literature that so good a magazine can be sold at such a price. The advertising, of course, is what makes it possible. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

How much confidence can be placed in the published lists of periodicals that pay for contributions? G. P. R.

[It is impossible to make a book giving a list of periodicals that pay for contributions that is not more or less misleading, and will not be out of date within a few weeks after its publication. There are two reasons for this. In the first place, editors are not always willing to give for publication the information that the compilers of such works desire, and in the second place, changes in the periodical world are so frequent that, even if a book of this kind were absolutely correct when it was published, it would be far from accurate within a few weeks or months. For instance, within the last three months THE WRITER has noted the suspension of no less than eight periodicals, and eleven changes of name or address. In the same time THE WRITER has noted the establishment of twenty-five new periodicals, many of which pay for contributions. It is evident from this that the books giving lists of periodicals that buy manuscripts, although they have considerable value, must be used chiefly for suggestion and with a good deal of caution. The writer who does not subscribe for THE WRITER, and so keep informed of the numerous changes in the periodical world, is likely to waste in postage in a year a good deal more than the magazine's subscription price. How many writers, for example, have sent manuscripts to *Kate Field's Washington* and to *Storiettes* within the last few weeks? — W. H. H.]

How should illustrations be drawn for reproduction by the half-tone process? E. W.

[It is understood, to begin with, that half-tone illustrations are made from drawings by photographing the drawings through a "screen." In a lecture given recently to the Boston Art Students' Association, Edmund H. Garrett said: "For the half-tone process I should use as smooth a paper as I could work well. The technical difficulties increase with the smoothness of the paper. Whatman's cold pressed is a perfect paper for large drawings. Mounted on cardboard, it is more easily and perfectly managed. Stienbach paper is a good smooth paper. For a pigment I prefer ivory black. Charcoal gray is excellent if you can work with great promptness, 'with a touch and leave it.' It will not bear manipulation. It does not enter the grain of the paper, but floats on its surface, and washes up badly. It is the least serviceable on Bristol-boards and smooth papers. It has, besides, another objection. It is extremely beautiful itself, its tone and quality delicious; but all drawings after reproduction are reduced to one level — printer's ink. So you see its quality and tone will only deceive you. Almost any drawing looks well in this medium, if it is promptly done. The great virtue of charcoal gray is that it photographs well. If you wish, you may use body color, or you may combine it with your transparent color. This requires skill. The technical objection is that you disturb the photographic values, as a rule. This may be overcome by the use of orthochromatic plates by the engraver. There is no reason why you should not use charcoal itself. It photographs perfectly, and is amenable to all sorts of manipulation. Lead pencil is as good a medium as any, and with that you may use smooth paper

with a slight tooth." It should be borne in mind, however, that a shiny black does not ordinarily photograph to the best advantage. So far as the size of the drawing is concerned, if it is to be reproduced by photography, it is better to make it at least one-third larger than the finished cut is meant to be, since reducing the size in photographing sharpens up the picture. If drawings are to be engraved by hand, it may be better to make them of the same size as the reproduction. — W. H. H.]

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

E. P. Morton, professor in Blackburn University at Carlinville, and Miss Luella B. Barrows of this place were united in marriage this evening. — *Jacksonville special in Chicago Record.*	E. P. Morton, professor in Blackburn University at Carlinville, and Miss Luella B. Barrows of this place were married this evening.
He told it to me one evening when I was stopping with him at the place he bought in Yorkshire. — *H. Rider Haggard's "The Spring of a Lion."*	He told it to me one evening when I was staying with him at the place he bought in Yorkshire.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

Per. — The use of this Latin preposition "per," as affected by some writers in phrases like these: "as per statement contained in your letter," "as per Borough Engineer's report," etc., seems to me to be in very bad grace and wholly unnecessary. It is thereby made to appear that our language in all its copiousness has no term that will exactly fit the case. Why not say: "as shown by the statement," or, "according to the statement," etc., using plain, everyday English that will answer equally well? H. A. S.

ALLENTOWN, Penn.

Where there. — "The accident happened at a bridge where there is a watchman stationed." The latter clause of this sentence, which is taken from a leading Philadelphia paper, may be grammatically allowable, but it grates harshly upon the ear. "There" in this connection is certainly superfluous. Rewrite the sentence thus: "The accident happened at a bridge where a watchman is stationed." H. A. S.

ALLENTOWN, Penn.

Works. — In the following sentence, taken from a leading periodical, the word "works," which in form is certainly plural, is used as a singular noun: "An employee of a large chemical works in Germany entered one of the departments with a lighted lantern." Either substitute "some" for "a," or replace "works" by "manufactory" or "establishment," which are singular nouns. H. A. S.

ALLENTOWN, Penn.

Learn. — We learn from the dictionary that the word "learn" was formerly used as synonymous with "teach," but that this use of it is now improper. However, the editor of a paper devoted to the prevention of cruelty to animals, in an article on the future possibilities of China, puts these words into the mouth of Emperor Napoleon: "Let us leave China alone. We may conquer some of her territory, but we shall learn her the art of war, and after a while she may conquer us." This use of "learn," though often heard from the lips of careless and uneducated speakers, is a misuse that should be avoided. There is as much difference of meaning between "learn" and "teach" as between "sit" and "set" or between "lie" and "lay," and the distinction should be preserved with equal care. H. A. S.

ALLENTOWN, Penn.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR. An historical and descriptive presentation of the world's science, art, and industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Parts XVII. and XVIII. 40 pp. each. Paper, each part, $1.00. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company, 1895.

These two parts of the sumptuous Bancroft "Book of the Fair" are among the most attractive and interesting of those yet issued. Part XVII. concludes the description of the department of anthropology and ethnology at the Chicago exposition, giving some very novel and instructive illustrations. It begins also the chapter on "Fine Arts," which is continued through Part XVIII. In this chapter many of the finest examples of painting and

sculpture shown at the exposition are reproduced in half-tone illustrations of the highest class. The letter-press gives a faithful record of the exhibition. Both the text and illustrations are beautifully printed.

THE ROYAL NATURAL HISTORY. Edited by Richard Lydekker, B. A., F. R. S., F. Z. S. Part II. 96 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1895.

The second number of Warne's "Royal Natural History" treats of American monkeys, white-cheeked, white-throated, and crested sapajou, spider monkeys, squirrel monkeys, saki monkeys, howlers, and marmosets. There are two colored plates and many other illustrations.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By Charles and Mary Lamb. 350 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" should be in every well-selected family library in permanent form, but those who desire a cheap edition of them will find this addition to the Globe Library well printed and correct. The "Tales" are followed by a brief life of Shakespeare, and a chapter on the chronological order of the Shakespearean dramas.

KIDNAPPED. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 262 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 282 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895

These editions of two of Stevenson's successful books are in the Globe Library, which has good ordinary paper and clear print to recommend it, and the works in which are reprinted unabridged. No better editions are obtainable in paper covers at so low a price.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

THE AMEER ABDUR RAHMAN. By Stephen Wheeler, F. R. G. S. With portraits and maps. 251 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1895.

SANT' ILARIO. By F. Marion Crawford. 434 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

THE NAULAHKA. By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. 379 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

FOUR YEARS OF NOVEL READING. By Richard G. Moulton. 100 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1895.

COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING AND SPEAKING: WHAT THEY ARE AND HOW TO AVOID THEM. By Edward S. Ellis. 128 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: Woolfall Publishing Co. 1894.

ACROSS INDIA. By Oliver Optic. Illustrated. 380 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

THE BOY SOLDIERS OF 1812. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated. 319 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

THE WATCH FIRES OF '76. By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated. 270 pp. Cloth, 1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

THOMAS BOOBIG. By Luther Marshall. 349 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard 1895.

MICHAEL'S CRAG. By Grant Allen. Illustrated. 242 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

A CHANGE OF AIR. By Anthony Hope. 222 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

OLIVE VARCOE. By Mrs. F. E. M. Notley. 428 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

PENALTY OF FATE. By Miss M. E. Braddon. 205 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

THOUGHTS IN VERSE. By Clifford Howard. 72 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Buffalo: The Peter Paul Book Co. 1895.

JEWEL DON'TS By Edmund Russell. 101 pp Paper, 50 cents. New York: The Bramerton Publishing Co. 1895.

RHYME AND REASON. By A. F. Sperry. 88 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Washington: A. F. Sperry. 1895.

SPERRY STORIES. By Arthur Sperry. 115 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Washington: H. P. Sperry. 1894.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Bryant. — It is amusing to know how small were the pecuniary rewards of Bryant's literary labors, whatever may have been the fame they brought him. Two dollars a poem was the price that he named, and he seemed to be abundantly satisfied with the terms. A gentleman met him in New York many years afterward, and said to him, "I have just bought the earliest edition of your poems, and gave $20 for it." "More, by a long shot," replied the poet, "than I received for writing the whole work." — *Arthur Lawrence, in July Century.*

Harte. — Bret Harte, though living in London, is American to the core. The influences under which he was molded were peculiarly and powerfully American. Born in Albany, N. Y., in 1839, he at an early age lost his father, who was a Greek tutor, and was taken by his mother to California. This was in 1853. The gold fever was still raging. He was a mere boy, and no better equipped intellectually than with an imagination expanded by reading such books as Froissart's "Chronicles of the Middle Ages," "Don Quixote," and other books of a like character.

Arrived in Sonora, in Calaveras county, he was immediately thrown among the strangest social conditions the modern world has seen. He took to his pick and shovel like the others around him, but he was hardly of the right kind of material for "digging." A Wells-Fargo messenger was wanted. It was his duty to sit by the driver and carry letters and treasures from the mining camp to the nearest town. Murders and robberies were of common occur-

rence. Harte accepted and held the post for some months. He then became a school teacher, and a little later, an editor. He had as yet no fixed idea as to a permanent calling. His object was to earn a living. With that end in view, he had learned to set type; and as typo he worked on the *Golden Era*. To this paper he contributed some anonymous sketches. He was soon in the editorial chair.

From the *Golden Era* he went to the *San Francisco Californian*, a literary weekly. The latter was not a success, and the young editor in 1864 accepted the position of secretary of the United States mint in San Francisco, a position which he held for six years with satisfaction to all concerned. In 1870 the *Overland Monthly* was started, with Bret Harte as editor. He was rising to higher things, but he did not yet feel that his future was decided. It was for the *Overland Monthly* that he wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

Strange to say, the printer and proofreader pronounced it immoral, and they so reported to the proprietor. Mr. Roman agreed with them. The author was pained, as well as astonished. He read the story over again. He read it again to his wife. It made her cry. Harte, however, was resolute. If it was not a good and suitable story, he was not a good and suitable editor, and he so told Mr. Roman. Harte remained at his post. The story was printed and was immediately popular. As soon as the magazine containing the story reached the East it was greedily devoured, and a month later he received a note from Fields & Osgood, Boston, the proprietors of the *Atlantic Monthly*, offering to print whatever he chose to write, on his own terms. Bret Harte's fortune was made. His reputation was established.

From this time, during the remainder of his life in California, stories and poems flowed rapidly from his pen — "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," "Plain Language from Truthful James" — the last named having a phenomenal and abiding popularity — being among the number. The "Heathen Chinee," as it is called, was published in 1870. In the following year its author left California. He has not since returned.

In 1871 he made his residence in New York, where he led a semi-bohemian life, contributing to the *Atlantic Monthly* and to several New York journals. In 1878 he was appointed consul to Crefeld, Germany, by President Hayes, and in 1880 he was transferred to Glasgow. This position he held till 1885. Since then he has lived for the most part in London, where he is quite a favorite, and feels much at home. He has not been idle, as his numerous works testify. — *Chicago Daily News.*

Lanier. — New interest is being awakened in the writings of Sidney Lanier, whose books previous to his death had a limited circulation. A new edition of his "Select Poems" has appeared, and attention is being frequently called to his "Science of English Verse." W. H. Ward found enough of material in the busy life of Lanier to make a captivating biography, which has been on the market for some time. Sidney Lanier was a Southern man, and served in the Confederate army through the war. He enlisted as a private, and refused promotion three times, that he might be near a younger brother, who was in the same regiment. He was a prisoner in the Union army, and wrote "Tiger Lilies" to describe this period in his experience. After he came out of the Confederate army Lanier studied law, presided over an academy, and lectured at Johns Hopkins University on "The English Novel." His lecture appeared afterward in book form. In 1873 he made his home in Baltimore, accepting an engagement as first flute for the Peabody symphony concerts. His father desired that he should return to Macon, Ga., and engage in the practice of law, but being in feeble health, for he was afflicted with consumption, he believed that his chances for life were better in Baltimore than in Macon, and he said that he could not consent to be a third-rate, struggling lawyer for the rest of his life, since he had been assured by good judges that he was the greatest flute player in the world. Besides, he had high hopes of a successful career in literature. He died at Baltimore of consumption, September 7, 1881, at the age of thirty-nine. — *Chautauquan.*

Parkman. — In the fragment of auto-biography given by Francis Parkman to Rev. Dr. Ellis, and printed in the June number of the

Harvard Graduates' Magazine, Mr. Parkman gives an account of the difficulties under which he labored in composing his "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac." The work was begun in the spring of 1848, and for some time the material had been collected and the ground prepared. Mr. Parkman's manuscript, which is written in the third person, goes on to say: "The difficulties were threefold: an extreme weakness of sight, disabling him even from writing his name, except with eyes closed; a condition of the brain prohibiting fixed attention, except at occasional and brief intervals; and an exhaustion and total derangement of the nervous system, producing of necessity a mood of mind most unfavorable to effort. To be made with impunity, the attempt must be made with the most watchful caution. He caused a wooden frame to be constructed, of the size and shape of a sheet of letter-paper. Stout wires were fixed horizontally across it, half an inch apart, and a movable back of thick pasteboard was fitted behind them. The paper for writing was placed between the pasteboard and the wires, guided by which, and using a black lead crayon, he could write not illegibly with closed eyes. He was at the time absent from home, on Staten Island, where, in the neighboring city of New York, he had friends who willingly offered their aid. It is needless to say to which half of humanity nearly all of these kind assistants belonged. He chose for a beginning that part of the work which offered fewest difficulties, and with the subject of which he was most familiar, namely, the Siege of Detroit. The books and documents, already partially arranged, were procured from Boston, and read to him at such times as he could listen to them, the length of each reading never, without injury, much exceeding half an hour, and periods of several days frequently occurred during which he could not listen at all. Notes were made by him with closed eyes, and afterward deciphered and read to him till he mastered them. For the first half year, the rate of composition averaged about six lines a day. The portion of the book thus composed was afterward partially rewritten. His health improved under the process, and the remainder of the volume — in other words, nearly the whole of it — was composed in Boston, while pacing in the twilight of a large garret, the only exercise which the sensitive condition of his sight permitted him on an unclouded day, while the sun was above the horizon. It was afterward written down from dictation by relatives under the same roof, to whom he was also indebted for preparatory readings."

Verne. — Jules Verne has a small bed chamber in his home, like a cell, in fact, and here he does his work. "I start," he says, "by making a draft of what is going to be my new story. I never begin a book without knowing what the beginning, the middle, and the end will be. Hitherto I have always been fortunate enough to have not one, but half a dozen definite schemes floating in my mind. If I ever find myself hard up for a subject, I shall consider that it is time for me to give up work. After having completed my preliminary draft, I draw up a plan of the chapters, and then begin the actual writing of the first rough copy in pencil, leaving a half-page margin for corrections and emendations; I then read the whole, and go over all I have already done in ink. I consider that my real labor begins with my first set of proofs, for I not only correct something in every sentence, but I rewrite whole chapters. I do not seem to have a grip of my subject till I see my work in print; fortunately, my kind publisher allows me every latitude as regards corrections, and I often have as many as eight or nine revises. I invariably produce two completed novels a year. I am also always in advance of my work; in fact, I am now writing a story which properly belongs to my working year 1897; in other words, I have five manuscripts ready for the printers. — *Edward W. Bok's Letter.*

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Home-made Letter Scale. — The *Philadelphia Times* tells how a good scale for weighing letters may be made by any one without expense. Get the handle of a worn-out broom, it says, and cut off a piece about fifteen inches long. Pour water into a wide-mouthed jar until it is nearly full, and, having attached a weight to one end of the stick and tacked a square of cardboard to the other, the latter to

serve as a platform, plunge the weighted end of the stick into the water. The weight should be heavy enough to keep about three-fourths of the stick under water. Having done all this, borrow a half-ounce, an ounce and a two-ounce weight, and placing them, one at a time, upon the platform of your scale, carefully mark on the stick the water level in each case. This scale is somewhat rude, but it is good enough for all practical purposes. J. G. W.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

A TALK OVER AUTOGRAPHS — III. George Birkbeck Hill. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for July.

FACT IN FICTION. Frederic M. Bird. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for July.

AMERICAN WOOD ENGRAVERS. Elbridge Kingsley. With portrait. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for July.

POSTERS AND POSTER-DESIGNING IN ENGLAND. Illustrated. M. H. Spielman. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for July.

SOME IMAGINATIVE TYPES IN AMERICAN ART. Illustrated. Royal Cortissoz. *Harper's* (38 c.) for July.

BRYANT AND THE BERKSHIRE HILLS. With frontispiece portrait. Arthur Lawrence. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

BOOKS IN PAPER COVERS. With eight reproductions of book covers. Brander Matthews. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Edmund Gosse. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S PLACE IN LITERATURE. Frederic Harrison. *Forum* (28 c.) for July.

CONFESSIONS OF A LITERARY HACK. *Forum* (28 c.) for July.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO STEVENSON IN SAMOA. J. E. B. B. Reprinted from *Westminster Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for July.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE NOVELIST. By an indolent reviewer. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for July.

SOPHIE KOVALEVSKY. Ellis Warren Carter. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for July.

REMINISCENCES OF SIDNEY LANIER. With portrait. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for July.

THE CHINESE DRAMA. Frederic J. Masters, D. D. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for July.

THE BRAIN IN THE LIGHT OF SCIENCE. S. Millington Miller, M. D. *New Science Review* (53 c.) for July.

LOCALISM IN LITERATURE. James L. Onderdonk. *Mid-Continent Magazine* (18 c.) for July.

A BATTLE LAUREATE: HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL. Illustrated. Richard Burton. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for July.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Brander Matthews. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for July.

FENIMORE COOPER'S LITERARY OFFENCES. Mark Twain. *North American Review* (53 c.) for July.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. With frontispiece portrait. Maria S. Porter. *Bostonian* (18c) for June.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB. With portraits. Jennie E. Keysor. *Popular Educator* (13 c.) for June.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS. Reprinted from *Quarterly Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for June 1.

FACT AND FICTION. Reprinted from the *Spectator* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for June.

SOPHIE KOVALEVSKY. Ellis Warren Carter. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for June 15.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE NOVELIST. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for June 22

COLERIDGE'S LETTERS. Leslie Stephen. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for June 29.

HOW POSTAGE STAMPS ARE MADE. Illustrated. Frances Benjamin Johnston. *Harper's Round Table* (8c.) for June 11.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated. Henrietta Christian Wright. *Harper's Round Table* (8 c.) for June 25.

AMERICAN COMIC JOURNALISM — XVII. Thomas B. Connery. *Once a Week* (13 c.) for June 27.

JOHN R. MCLEAN. With portrait. *Once a Week* (13 c.) for June 27.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorin F. Deland, of Boston, sailed from New York June 5, for Liverpool.

Robert Grant and his wife (the daughter of the late Sir Alexander Galt, of Canada), are to make a bicycle tour this summer through Normandy and Brittany.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Dana sailed for Europe June 26. They intend to spend the summer in Holland and in the Scotch Highlands, returning to New York about October 1.

Robert Beverly Hale, who has a story in the July *Atlantic*, is a son of Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

Mary Cowden Clarke, the compiler of the "Concordance to Shakespeare," is now eighty-six years old, but takes a vivid interest in life and books. She lives in Genoa.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe completed her eighty-fourth year June 14.

The third woman to receive the degree of LL.D. is Miss Frances Willard. The others so honored were Maria Mitchell and Amelia B. Edwards.

Walter H. Page has resigned the editorship of the *Forum*. Mr. Page has been in the service of this review for more than seven years, and has had exclusive editorial control for more than four years. It was he who reduced the price of the *Forum* to twenty-five cents.

Rev. Nicholas P. Gilman, who has for several years edited the *Literary World*, has been appointed to the new chair of sociology at the Unitarian School at Meadville, Penn., and will assume the duties of his new position September 1. He will retain the editorship of the *New World*, however. Mr Gilman's successor as editor of the *Literary World* will be his predecessor, Rev. Edward Abbott.

A movement to boycott Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, who is postmistress at Auburndale, Mass., presumably because she is a Roman Catholic, brought her friends to her rescue, and they have bought of her so many postage-stamps that her office has been promoted from third to second class, with an increase of salary from $1,700 to $2,400.

Rev. William C. Gaynor, author of "Papal Infallibility," "Commentary on St. Thomas," and writer of boys' stories for the *Youth's Companion*, is at present in New Brunswick, suffering from a severe case of brain-fatigue.

The initials "I. N. F." at the end of the *New York Tribune's* London letter are those of Isaac N. Ford, of Flatbush, L. I., who is the temporary successor of G. W. Smalley. Mr. Ford has been connected with the *Tribune* for twenty-five years.

Bliss Carman has resigned the editorship of the *Chap-Book*.

Francis Turner Palgrave, the editor of the "Golden Treasury of English Lyrics," having held the professorship of poetry at Oxford for ten years, is not re-eligible. The candidates for the chair so far are W. J. Courthope and Robert Bridges.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for July has no fewer than 120 illustrations.

The tenth annual meeting of the Western Association of Writers will be held at Eagle Lake, Warsaw, Indiana, from the 8th to the 12th of July.

Robert W. Herrick, who has a story in *Scribner's* for July, is one of the professors in the Chicago University.

A new juvenile publication called *Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours for Boys and Girls* will be started October 1 by the Frank Leslie Publishing House, New York.

The *Southern Literary Messenger*, Washington, D. C., is a new paper, edited and published by Mrs. A. Trueheart Buck.

Philadelphia has a new woman's paper, the *Ladies' Every Saturday*, published by W. Gardner Osgoodby.

The *New Galaxy* is the name of a new ten-cent magazine announced by Harry C. Jones, of New York city, who has been very successful with his *Monthly Illustrator*. Its prospectus says: "It will instruct by its brief, crisp, and trustworthy articles on art, literature, travel and exploration, biography, history, physical science, natural history, and practical information. Nothing will be admitted that is degrading or depressing in its tendency."

Footlights, "a clean paper for the theatre-goer," is a new Philadelphia weekly periodical of more than local interest.

Winter's Weekly edited by John Strange Winter (Mrs. Stannard), (London), the author of "Bootle's Baby," has just suspended publication after a five years' life.

The publication of *Smith, Gray, & Co.'s Monthly* (New York) has been discontinued.

Demorest's Magazine has been sold to the publishers of *Judge*, and will be removed to the Judge building, 110 Fifth avenue, New York. The Demorest Publishing Company has been incorporated, with a capital of $100,000 The directors are: Henry C. Demorest, of Mount Vernon; William C. Demorest, and William J. Merrill, of New York city, and William J. Arkell, Bartlett Arkell, Bernhard Gillam and E. F. Cook, of Canajoharie, N. Y.

The *Club* (New York) has been bought by G. O. Shields ("Coquina"), publisher of *Recreation*, and merged in that magazine. *Recreation* has won great and well-deserved success. It is the most attractive periodical now published relating to out-door life.

The *Housewife* (New York) has been sold to Percy H. Edwards, by whom it will be enlarged and improved. Frances Isabel Currie has been engaged to edit it.

Henry W. Hagemann, bookseller at No. 160 Fifth avenue, New York, has made an assignment to Edward L. Collier.

Henry O. Shepard, president of the *Inland Printer*, is to become the publisher of *Electrical Engineering* (Chicago), an independent and fearless magazine, which will begin its sixth volume with the July number.

The business of George H. Richmond & Co., publishers, will hereafter be carried on at 12 East Fifteenth street, New York, where it will take the name of D. G. Francis & Co., a corporation of which Mr. Richmond has been made president and manager. Mr. Richmond was for many years connected with the house of Dodd, Mead, & Co., where his knowledge of rare books brought him into association with most collectors.

The Southern Publishing Company, Louisville, Ky., has been incorporated, with these officers: President, M. A. Bowden; secretary and treasurer, W. A. Ryan; general manager, J. B. Browning.

The *Echo*, Chicago, Ill., has been incorporated to do a general printing business by Clinton M. Shultz, Ralph T. Shultz, and J. Percival Pollard. Capital stock, $20,000.

The first prize of $2,000 offered by the Bacheller Syndicate for the best detective story of 2,000 words has been awarded to Miss Mary E. Wilkins, of Randolph, Mass., and Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, of the *Youth's Companion* who submitted "The Long Arm," written in collaboration. Brander Matthews took the second prize with "The Twinkling of an Eye." Among the well-known writers who submitted stories in competition for the prizes were: Anna Katherine Green, Florence Marryat, Duffield Osborne, and Robert W. Chambers. There were 3,000 stories sent in. Stories worthy of honorable mention were written by John Seymour Wood, of the University Club, New York city; H. Lynde, of Richmond, Ind.; Edgar Thormet Roy, of New York city; and David Skeets Foster, of Utica, N. Y.

The prizes offered by *Harper's Round Table* for the best original stories written by authors under eighteen have been awarded as follows: First prize, $50, to Henry S. Canby, aged sixteen, who lives in Delaware; second prize, $25, to Nancy Wood Howe, aged thirteen, who lives in Minnesota; third prize, $25, to Jennie Mae Blakeslee, aged fifteen, who lives in New Jersey. The third prize would have gone to the author of "Joey's Christmas," but the manuscript was submitted without a name, and so the author loses the honor and the money. A special prize of $10, however, will be given to the author of this manuscript when found.

The prizes offered in February by H. R. Eagle & Co., Chicago, for the best stories containing a name for a tea which they sell, have been awarded as follows: First prize ($50), Mrs. Amarala Martin, Cairo, Ill.; second ($30), Etta B. Blake, Chicago, Ill.; third ($20), Della R. Sheldahl, Des Moines, Iowa. There were 4,286 stories in prose and 348 in verse submitted in competition.

The *American Youth* is the name of the official publication of the Waif-saving Association of America. It is issued every Saturday at Chicago by the Juvenile Publishing Company. All of the profits of the publication are used in the education and support of poor children. In four years about $15,000 has been so expended.

The copyrights on the books of Professor Asa Gray, the celebrated botanist, yielded $3,067.44 last year, and the popularity of his works as text-books and general authorities seems to have increased steadily since his death, several years ago.

The *Bookman* says that Laurence Hutton, in writing an article for *Harper's Weekly* on the recent library consolidation in New York city, found in his final proof a very glowing sentence descriptive of "Mr. Lenox's vest button." His copy read "Mr. Lenox's vast bequest." In the May number of the *Bookman* Ibsen's portrait bore the legend, "The Master," but the intelligent compositor, apparently with an eye to the hand-mirror into which Ibsen is gazing, very nearly sent the picture to press described as "The Masher."

Coventry Patmore's new book, "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower," appears when its author has reached the age of seventy-two. His first volume of poems was published nearly fifty years ago.

The June number of the *Bostonian* includes an excellent article on Oliver Wendell Holmes, by Maria S. Porter, with personal recollections, photographs, and autograph-letters. There is also a description of the building now occupied by the *Bostonian* and the Bostoniana Club.

The *Review of Reviews* for July has portraits of Sir Walter Besant, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Paul Bourget, and the late Dr. Henry Martyn Scudder.

In an article headed "Fact in Fiction," in *Lippincott's* for July, Frederic M. Bird gives his reasons for thinking that the two are best apart, verisimilitude, not verity, being what is wanted in fictitious narratives.

The July number of the *North American Review* opens with a discussion of "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offences," in which Mark Twain satirically protests against Cooper's poverty of invention and dullness of word-sense. Under the heading of "Degeneration and Evolution" space is found for three valuable papers. In "A Reply to My Critics," Dr. Max Nordau vigorously refutes the strictures made on his "Degeneration" in the June *Review* by Kenyon Cox, Anton Seidl, and Mayo W. Hazeltine; Kidd's "Social Evolution" is thoughtfully considered by Theodore Roosevelt, and "The Decay of Literary Taste" is forcibly deprecated by Edmund Gosse.

A new serial story by Brander Matthews will be published in *Harper's Weekly*, beginning in the first number that will appear in July and continuing for three months. The title of this story is "His Father's Son," and its scene is laid in the city of New York, particularly in Wall street.

Rebecca Harding Davis' story, "Doctor Warrick's Daughters," which will begin in *Harper's Bazar* for July 6, will continue during the rest of the year. The scene opens in Pennsylvania after the war, but much of the action takes place in the Southwest.

At the recent convention of the International League of Press Clubs, the Incorporated Society of Authors, of London, Eng., was represented by one of the WRITER'S earliest subscribers, Miss Amelia J. Cook, of Philadelphia.

Every admirer of the poet Bryant will be interested in the portrait of him which is printed as the frontispiece of the July *Century*. It is from a daguerreotype made about 1850, and represents the author of "Thanatopsis" with a smooth face, except for side-whiskers. Accompanying the engraving is a fac-simile of a letter from Mr. Bryant sent with the daguerreotype, besides an article on the poet's haunts in the Berkshire Hills, by Rev. Arthur Lawrence, of Stockbridge, and illustrations by Harry Fenn.

In *St. Nicholas* for July, Professor Brander Matthews has another of his studies of great American authors, his subject this month being John Greenleaf Whittier.

In the *New England Magazine* for July Richard Burton writes about Henry Howard Brownell, "The Battle-Laureate," as Dr. Holmes called him so long ago, and no other so good study of this almost forgotten poet has appeared. Mr. Burton's article is accompanied by an excellent portrait.

Dr. S. M. Miller's paper, "The Brain in the Light of Science," in the *New Science Review* (New York) for July, deals with the seat of thought and of psychical activity in general, detailing the results of modern research into the organization of the brain and the nervous system, and pointing out the seemingly very close connection between nervous and mental activities.

Demorest's Magazine for July has pictures of Sarah Grand, Heinrich Heine, T. B. Macaulay, Benjamin Franklin, and Charles Sumner.

An article on Joel Chandler Harris by Professor W. H. Baskerville, of the department of English literature of Vanderbilt University, will be printed in the *Mid-Continent Magazine* (Louisville) for August. A portrait of Mr. Harris and views of his home and surroundings will lend additional interest to the article.

Professor T. H. Huxley died at Eastbourne Eng., June 29, aged seventy years.

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PLAGIARISM.

The statement made by Robert Louis Stevenson shortly before his death, that his "Treasure Island" was largely based upon ideas appropriated from "Robinson Crusoe" and "Tales of a Traveller," has brought the question of plagiarism once more under discussion. Commenting upon the novelist's declaration, one captious critic cites instances to show that Shakespeare, Goethe, Cervantes, Voltaire, and Dryden, among other eminent writers, were consummate plagiarists. It is, to say the least, utterly misleading to assert that such geniuses as these were mere "burglars of other men's ideas," to employ a term once applied by Disraeli to Sir Robert Peel. In the works of these authors doubtless one may occasionally find expressions bearing a close resemblance to sentiments and ideas uttered before by others. It is frequently difficult for a writer to convey a truth clearly and forcibly without being compelled to resort to phraseology that has been current for generations. An occasional spontaneous repetition of the thought, and even the language, of another is a peculiar trait of the mind that is seemingly unavoidable. Some of the finest passages in literature have been thus inspired.

With honest *naïveté*, Montaigne has compared his writings to a thread that binds the flowers of others, and says that in incessantly pouring the waters of a few good old authors into his sieve some drops fall upon his paper. Both Petrarch and Boccaccio likewise profited by a studious perusal of writers who are now read only by those who have more curiosity than taste. Tasso has imitated the Iliad, and enriched his poem with episodes from the Æneid. Even Dante, wild and original as he seems, when he meets Virgil in the Inferno, warmly expresses his gratitude for the many fine passages for which he was indebted to the works of the Latin poet.

Molière and La Fontaine are generally supposed to possess as much originality as any of the great French writers; nevertheless, Ménage describes Molière as "*un grand et habile picoreur*," and Boileau tells us that La Fontaine borrowed his style and matter from Marot and Rabelais and took his subjects from Boccaccio, Poggius, and Ariosto. Nor was Rabelais the inventor of most of his burlesque narratives. La Bruyère has incorporated whole passages of Publius Syrus in his work, as the translator of the latter abundantly shows. Montesquieu was indebted to the "Turkish Spy" for his Persian letters, and a number

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of lesser authors are in turn indebted to Montesquieu. Corneille, too, made a liberal use of Spanish literature, and the pure waters of Racine flowed from the fountains of Sophocles and Euripides.

In that wonderful storehouse of out-of-the-way facts and scraps of erudition, entitled "Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors," Sir Thomas Browne tells us that "Plagiarie had not its nativities with printing, but began in times when thefts were difficult and the paucity of books scarce wanted that invention."

"In Amadis of Gaul," says one commentor, "may be found the Zelmane of the 'Arcadia,' the Masque of Cupid of the 'Faery Queen,' and the Florizel of the 'Winter's Tale.' Sidney, Spenser, and Shakespeare imitated this book. But," he adds, "was ever book honored by three such imitators?"

Such plagiarisms as these, however, are, for the most part, incidental and generally accidental. They do not touch the title of the writers named to literary immortality. While it may be true that they have sought the aid of other writers, their own pages invariably bear a stamp of intellectual individuality which it is impossible to gainsay, and in paying tribute to these "borrowers," the world has not been crowning literary impostors.

Emerson in his "Shakespeare" declares that it "has come to be practically a sort of rule that a man, having once shown himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion." Several contemporary writers might be mentioned who have been accused of following this rule. Pre-eminent among them is Victorien Sardou, who has been irreverently nicknamed "the Napoleon of plagiarists." "He steals ideas and even entire plots," says a recent reviewer, "but he so melts them down in the crucible of his genius that they come forth transformed. and even thankful for having been stolen." On the other hand, there are, of course, many writers, like Sir Fretful Plagiary in "The Critic," who have "not the skill to steal with taste." This inimitable character, by the way, was drawn from life, the original being Richard Cumberland, the dramatist (1732–1811). Says Sheridan of Sir Fretful in Act I.: "You glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you, so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments — like a bad tavern's worst wine." And again: "Steal — to be sure they may, and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children — disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own."

It is related that some persons who were envious of the reputation of the French poet Desportes once reproached him with having stolen freely from the Italian poets. Far from denying the charge, when a book appeared upon the subject, entitled "Rencontre des Muses de France et d'Italie," he said: "If I had known the author's design, I could have furnished him with a great many more instances than he has collected."

Another anecdote is told of a tragic poet addicted to plagiarism who read to Alexander Piron a work in which he had introduced several borrowed verses. During the reading Piron frequently took off his hat and made a very low bow. "What is the reason," said the pilfering poet, "of your singular behavior, lifting your hat and bowing so frequently?" "My conduct," replied Piron, "is not singular, for it is always my custom to make a bow whenever I meet any of my old acquaintances."

Some of these plagiarists, however, blend the work of other writers with their own so adroitly that, to quote the words of Isaac Disraeli, "it becomes impossible even for the author himself to recognize his own work, his own genius, and his own style, so skillfully shall the whole be disguised."

"All the makers of dictionaries," says Voltaire, "all compilers who do nothing else than repeat backward and forward the opinions, the errors, the impostures, and the truths already printed, we may term plagiarists; but honest plagiarists, who arrogate not the merit of invention."

Not a few later-day novelists might be named who have been charged with the crime of literary theft. At least two of these modern "masters of fiction" have been convicted of

plagiarism in its worst form, but, of course, it may be that these are "mere coincidences," as Mr. Pinero once remarked when he was accused of adapting his successful play of "The Squire" from Thomas Hardy's novel, "Far from the Madding Crowd." After all, he had only "put his horse's head to the open country and taken the same hedges and ditches."

All these discussions about plagiarism are calculated to remind one of Mr. Puff's defense when he was found appropriating a line from "Othello": "That's of no consequence; all that can be said is that two people happened to hit on the same thought, and Shakespeare made use of it first. That's all."

Charles Robinson.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

COMPELLING CARELESS EDITORS TO PAY.

There has always been more or less complaint about the remissness of some editors in the matter of a just accounting for voluntary literary contributions. It seems to me that a goodly share of the blame for this unfortunate state of affairs between editor or publisher, as consignee, and the literary producer should be placed to the credit of the latter.

The average literary producer lacks the business qualities of the producer of potatoes, in that he does not take the precaution, as the latter does, to *compel* an accounting for the property sent. Assuming that literary contributions are sent only to publishers known to invite such consignments, the next step is to inquire if these publishers are responsible, as consignees. It requires little or no legal learning to know that they are so responsible. The question of liability settled, the next point to consider is the matter of retaining control of property sent to consignees until it is sold to them or otherwise accounted for. How to do this is the question most difficult to answer. How would it do for writers to adopt the plan that we artists and designers (I am one of this class, and not a writer in the professional sense) follow, of stamping with cold, no-monkeying rubber type the statement that the design belongs to us, and that unless it is returned it will be charged to the consignee?

We take the precaution to forward expensive designs by express companies, whose receipt is good to establish the fact of delivery. This receipt and the sharp business-like notice stamped on the back of the design have the effect desired — an assured accounting within a reasonable time. In the case of manuscript dependent for its value upon its early acceptance the fact of such urgency may be so stated in some pointed matter; but it should always be in cold type. An impersonal, unfeeling rubber-stamp notification of ownership and conditions of sale desired by the consignor is much better, I think, than more or less timid penmanship. The former will smack of legal complications with a determined old maid or an equally determined old crank of a literary man back of it, while the latter will only conjure up a helpless little miss or a verdant youth too modest and retiring to think of lawsuits and collections. Doubtless there would be a good deal of raillery indulged in by editors in general at the formidable precautions taken for the protection of what they may regard as "trash," — and possibly it may be trash, — but let this pass for the sake of the ultimate good to be achieved. Start the custom, and it will become a custom, and occasion no more comment than does the affixing of a two-cent stamp upon a one-cent letter.

To adopt this plan, a writer might have a rubber stamp made in something like this form:—

This MS., entitled.....

.....

is the property of John Smith, 15 Bellevue avenue, Chicago, Ill. Unless it is returned within sixty days, it will be charged to you at.....dollars. Return postage and addressed envelope are enclosod.

Number of pages of MS.,.....

Accompanied by .....pictures.

The use of such a stamp ought to insure the return of all manuscript, or proper payment for it, if it is protected by the receipt of the forwarding agent. If express charges are too high, it costs only eight cents to register a mail package, and so secure a receipt from the editor or publisher to whom it is delivered. The objection may be made that it sometimes happens that good matter has only enough money at the back of it to send it through the mails in the least expensive way. Well, let it go that way, but don't complain if some inconvenience, and possibly loss, arise through such a course, for it is one of the truths of business, whether one is dealing in eggs and potatoes or in literary products, that capital is required to carry it on satisfactorily.

H. Phelps Arms.

BALTIMORE, Md.

ONE WAY TO BECOME A POLYGLOT.

I should be slow to say that every one, by following a set of arbitrary rules or by close attention to the conversation of foreigners, may acquire one or more languages in addition to his mother tongue. Having found it possible to do this, however, in the course of several years of journeying up and down in the cars of our elevated roads, and glancing back at some of the means which I have employed to attain the desired end, instead of being convinced that I have displayed any extraordinary intelligence, I conclude that the feat is so thoroughly within the scope of an ordinary talent that the wonder lies only in the comparative infrequency with which it is performed.

There is no doubt that for one to learn languages easily a certain inherent receptive state must exist. This is proved by the mere fact that not one in ten of the native-born citizens of this model republic ever masters more than the simplest rudiments and an every-day colloquial usage of the English language. Almost any one can do more, however, if he only will.

I made up my mind one day that a knowledge of French would assist me greatly in my journalistic work. My first step was to procure a competent master, to whom I was to pay fifty cents a lesson for lessons of half an hour given three times weekly.

It cost me about nine dollars in cash and six weeks of unmitigated sorrow to realize that, to me, such gems of thought as "Have you seen the green parrot of my neighbor's grandmother?" and "John has the peanuts of the monkey of William," gave about as comprehensive an idea of the noble tongue of Molière and Victor Hugo as the view of a drenched cat in the rain might give one of London.

I gave up the "professor" then and tried one of the numerous "phrase books," which are to be had, comparing English sentences and what purports to be their translation into French, in parallel columns. After studying long over such mysteries as why "*Je suis au comble de mes vœux*" should mean "I have all I wish for," when only one word in one sentence possesses its literal equivalent in the other. I gave up trying to learn French in that way.

One thing had impressed me in these experiments, and that was the number of French words which at first glance show an undenia-

ble identity of origin with English words of similar purport. While there is a well-known philological reason for this, I will not enter into details further than to say that some genius has compiled a little pamphlet entitled "How to Learn Five Thousand French Words in an Hour." It is merely a very exhaustive list of such words as I have referred to, and proves the excellence of the general rule, which, as a result of my own experience, I recommend to the beginner. Be on the look-out for such words from the start. Of course, there are words and words that admit of nothing but prompt recourse to a lexicon, but found a second time in connection with words that are naturally intelligible it is much easier to remember them than if they were detached. All know the admirable principle on which Roget's "Thesaurus" of the English language is arranged — that of grouping words under a series of heads, beginning with a broad and general notion of space, time, size, etc., and narrowing down to groups of synonyms, from which the selection of the wrong word for a given place is almost impossible.

By mentally applying this system to a couple of sentences in the French language any one will see how readily the correct meaning of words will be suggested to him by their association with words in English similarly spelled. If the student is a stenographer, he will still more readily find his way, since local interpretation or indifference to nice distinctions of sound has in the old world had more to do in bringing about the wide divisions between the modern Latin tongues — derived from the same original roots — than any other cause. (For instance, take such words as our "equal" = Fr., *égal;* Sp., *igual;* It., *equale;* or "have" = Fr., *avoir;* Sp., *haber;* It., *avere.*) I know that this method is as devoid of system from the point of view of the precise student as chess, but I am only building upon my own experience.

Let one sally forth into a copy of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, or any other French periodical, as from his hotel in Paris into the great city, bent upon finding friends if he can. The sight of each familiar face will dispel the loneliness, until, with a throng of acquaintances around him, he feels almost like a native.

I used to take a French book down town in the train with me every morning, and often in the excitement of such a word hunt I would manage to be carried several stations beyond my destination. Words that were wholly strange to me were duly marked, and an hour spent in the evening in ferreting out their definitions and grammatical values in their respective sentences counted for a week of lessons given in the old way.

When I became able to read with some degree of satisfaction, I sought short stories sufficiently entertaining to keep up my interest. I found very useful also a little testament (sold for thirty-five cents) by the American Bible Society, in which the French and English versions are given in parallel columns.

Last of all, at the risk of dislocated physiognomy and the alienation of my friends, I began to speak.

There is one good trait about the average European, and that is, that he will not make merry over the distortion of his native idiom by a stranger thereto. He will readily correct mistakes, and regards a conscientious effort to master his language as a compliment to his race, which bespeaks excellent taste on the part of the student. Thus, by changing my lunching quarters from an indigestion-breeding American restaurant to a well ordered little Gallic wine-shop, where it was daily possible to commune with a dozen well-meaning young fellows in the coveted dialect — *Me voilà!*

I would only say in conclusion that I have since gone from French to Spanish, and from both to Portuguese and to Italian in the same stupid, unmethodical, but altogether delightful, way, and that now, when I con the delightful pages of the "Lusiad," declaim with Don Quixote, soliloquize with Sancho, or invoke upon an apologetic French *garçon* or Italian *servo* the torments of inferno, be my dinner not piping hot, I cease to berate fortune because as a schoolboy I wore the dunce's cap much more often than the Latin master's medal.

Frank C. Higgins.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

***

The objections to the plan proposed by Mr. Arms in his article in this number of THE WRITER, entitled "Compelling Careless Editors to Pay," suggest the fundamental difference between selling manuscripts and selling potatoes, or butter, eggs, and cheese. The objections are, first, that the writer using Mr. Arms' plan would always have to set a value on his article, and, secondly, that there are not more than a dozen publications in the country that explicitly invite contributions from general writers, and agree to pay for them if found acceptable. A few publications have announced at different times in various ways that all such voluntary contributions received will be examined and paid for, if acceptable, but the number of such publications is small, and they are generally so well conducted that authors now have practically no reason to complain of them. The great majority of periodicals that pay contributors solicit manuscripts rather tacitly than explicitly; that is to say, they do examine manuscripts received and they pay for such as they accept, but it would be hard to prove in court that they solicit general contributions, and many of them publicly disclaim responsibility for manuscripts submitted without special request.

***

The other objection, that the author would be required to fix a price upon his article, would seem a queer one to a producer of potatoes, who knows the approximate market value of his wares, and so can make a demand for them that is in accordance with the market price. The value of a manuscript, however, varies widely, according to the disposition that is made of it. The editor of the *Waverley Magazine*, for example, would probably be glad to accept a story good enough for *Harper's* or the *Century*, but he would pay only $4 a column for it, and that in subscriptions to his magazine, whereas the editor of *Harper's* or the *Century* would very likely send the author a check for $150. A successful author may be in a position to put a price upon his manuscripts. The average author is not, and all he can do is to place his manuscripts as high as possible, and so get as much money for them as he can. As a rule, the writer who thinks he has made a first-rate poem or a first-rate story begins by sending it to the *Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the other high-class publications, on the mere chance of its acceptance. If it is rejected by these, he comes down a peg and tries, maybe, the *Independent*, the *Household*, or other publications that pay well, but

not the highest prices. Failing in this class, he aims lower still, and then, if there be need, still farther down, until finally he may end by being glad to accept a year's subscription from the *Waverley Magazine* for the story that he fondly hoped at first the *Century* might print. Obviously, such a writer cannot fix a value beforehand on his manuscript. Its value is what he can get for it, and that he can determine only by experiment.

***

For these reasons, if for no others, the plan suggested by Mr. Arms, interesting though it is, will not ordinarily be practicable. The average writer can only continue to send out his manuscripts "for sale at your regular rates," hoping to get a hundred and fifty dollars apiece for his stories, but possibly willing eventually to take six. He can do more than he does, however, to protect himself from imposition. If he sends a manuscript, for instance, to a periodical that habitually pays for general contributions, and registers the package so that he gets the editor's receipt for it, he has an undoubted right to sue the editor in case the manuscript is lost or unaccounted for. The chances are good, too, that a jury would award him a fair price for his manuscript, in case he should bring such a suit. It would be interesting to see some abused author try the experiment some day.

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The time for receiving manuscripts of novels in the *New York Herald* prize contest ended July 1. More than 1,100 manuscripts were submitted in competition for the $10,000 prize. The ten literary men from whom the readers of the *Herald* are to select by ballot three judges to award the prizes are Mayo W. Hazeltine, Edgar Fawcett, George Parsons Lathrop, Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, George Haven Putnam, Joseph M. Stoddart, Titus Munson Coan, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, Dr. George H. Hepworth, and William S. Walsh. The *Herald* says that a preliminary reading of the manuscripts now going on has shown that many are weak in grammar, faulty in orthography, and lacking in the rudimentary requirements of literary art. "Nevertheless," it says, "the preliminary readers are not allowed to use their judgment save in so far as to determine that the ordinary canons of good taste and of good English have been followed, and that the novels in plot and characterization are up to a standard that would make them readable to the intelligent public. No further discrimination is allowed them. In other words, all manuscripts that could conceivably take a prize will be sent up to the final tribunal. It is hoped that the committee may be able to make their awards some time in September. The exact date will be announced later."

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The *Herald* also gives some further information about what is meant by an "epic" in its prize offer of $1,000 for the best epic based upon some fact of American history since the revolution. "We have received," it says, "a large number of poems that are not epics in any sense, but lyrics or ballads — poems of a dozen lines or a dozen stanzas. Even the most liberal construction could not allow these to go under the head of epics. But as most of our poets complain that an epic on the classic bases — an epic of the magnitude, say, of Milton's 'Paradise Lost' or 'Paradise Regained' — would be too great a tax upon their powers, we are willing to accept, under the head of epic, a narrative poem of the length of, say, a single book of 'Paradise Lost' — as long, in other words, as 'Evangeline' or 'Enoch Arden.' We will not haggle about length if the poem is dramatic and interesting in subject, and if in treatment it is infused with the heroic feeling of the epic. Ballads or lyrics, however, must be ruled out."

***

The epic competition, the short-story competition, and the novelette competition do not close until September 1. The prizes offered are $1,000, $2,000, and $3,000. The *Herald* says, by the way: "It is not impossible that the *Herald* may wish to purchase certain of the unsuccessful manuscripts which are above the ordinary standard. And while not pledging itself in any way, the *Herald* may deem it advisable to interest publishers who would be willing to issue the manuscripts in book form. But no steps in this direction would be taken without prior consultation with the respective

authors. Under all circumstances the *Herald* will consider its relations with the competitors as absolutely confidential."

***

It would be hard to find a better librarian of Congress than A. R. Spofford, so far as the care and management of the books in the library are concerned. The recent investigation of the financial management of his office, however, calls attention to the fact that, like Mark Twain, Mr. Spofford is not a model man of business. Authors and publishers have long known that the copyright department of the library is eternally behindhand, and that it is not conducted generally as an office of such importance ought to be. Mr. Spofford has always said that this is because his clerical force is insufficient, but the simple work of receiving and entering copyright applications ought not to be overwhelming, and in any case it ought to be managed so that each day's work should be done within the day. It is hard to see why with competent business management a certificate of copyright entry should not be sent in every case on the day when the application is received. As a matter of fact, the sending of such certificates has been regularly delayed for from two weeks to a month.

***

A Washington despatch says that Mr. Spofford himself favors the establishment of a separate bureau or division for the registering of copyrights. "There is no reason," he says, "why this work should be in charge of the librarian of Congress. A special officer should be provided. He should be a bonded officer, but he should not be detached from the library, for the reason that the library depends for its growth largely upon the compulsory deposit in it of all copyrighted books."

***

It will be generally agreed by those interested that a special copyright office, with a competent head, should be established at Washington. At the same time the law should be amended so as to remedy numerous defects existing now. In the first place, all the fees received for copyright should be applicable primarily to the expenses of the copyright office, so as to ensure its proper conduct. The surplus might properly be given to the library of Congress. In the second place, there should be a complete card index of copyrighted titles, and an applicant for copyright on a title already entered should be notified that his title must be changed before it can be registered. In this index no titles should be included unless all the conditions of the law regarding the deposit of two copies of the printed work have been complied with, and the law should be changed so that hereafter an entry of a title to be copyrighted shall count for nothing unless the work of which it is the title shall be published within a definite time after the entry of title is made. The provisions of the law regarding copyrights should be enforced, and the proper penalties imposed in case of non-compliance with them.

***

Many other such improvements of the existing law might be suggested, and they should be made. There is no great principle involved, and there ought to be no opposition on the part of politicians to the necessary amendments to the law. The copyright office now is one of the most inefficient departments of the government. It ought to be thoroughly reorganized. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Which is right, "to the manner born," or "to the manor born"? L. G. T.

[In Act I., scene iv., of "Hamlet" Shakespeare makes Horatio ask: "Is it a custom?" and Hamlet replies:

> Ay, marry is't:
> But to my mind, though I'm native here
> And to the manner born, it is a custom
> More honor'd in the breach than the observance.

"Manner" is evidently used in this speech as a synonym of "custom."—W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

In the latest issue of *Munsey's* is an illustrated note on William Watson, the details of which are about as devoid of truth as they could

possibly be. Mr. Watson was born in the Lake country and has always been in comfortable circumstances. The covert sneer of the author of the article, that not till Watson in a fit of dementia stopped a royal personage in the park did the public recognize his art, is an insult to literature. True, Mr. Watson's mind did for a time fail him, but he had before that written his "Lachrymæ Musarum," on the death of Tennyson. It is, of course, true that after the death of the English laureate, Watson's name became better known than it was before, and that was only a natural sequence. L. B.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

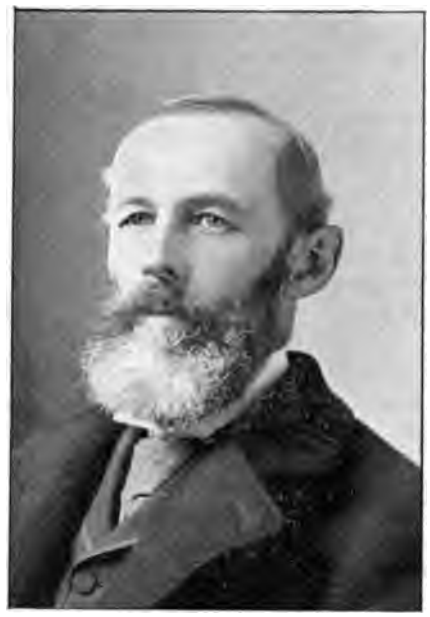
Yarrington at once went to Massachusetts, and all the efforts of the New York police, with warrants and requisition papers, to get him to that State thus prove futile. —*Providence Special in New York Tribune.*	Yarrington at once went to Massachusetts, and all the efforts of the New York police, with warrants and requisition papers, to get him to New York state thus prove futile.
Archibald Clavering Gunter is cottaging at Narragansett Pier. — *Boston Budget.*	Archibald Clavering Gunter is occupying a cottage at Narragansett Pier.
The book will issue from the press of the International Calendar Co. about the first of September next. — *Boston Courier.*	The book will be published by the International Calendar Co. about September 1.
Now, each of the ten names presented represents a man or woman whose time is taken up with other avocations and who could not possibly turn from these labors to devote a half year or more to the reading of eleven hundred manuscripts. —*New York Herald.*	Now, each of the ten names presented represents a man or woman whose time is taken up with other vocations and who could not possibly turn from these labors to devote a half year or more to the reading of eleven hundred manuscripts.
A young lad complained bitterly because after saving a litter of young puppies from the flames they were stolen from the safe place in which he thought he had put them. — *San Francisco Examiner.*	A young lad complained bitterly because after he had saved a litter of puppies from the flames they were stolen from the place where he had put them and where he thought they would be safe

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

I. — WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

William Henry Shelton, although he is best known in the literary world as the author of military stories of unusual delicacy and refinement, has been established in New York as a painter, illustrator, and etcher since 1871.

Mr. Shelton was born at Allen's Hill, Ontario county, in the western part of the state of New York, September 4, 1840, and is now in his fifty-fifth year. Like most patriotic young men in the country, he volunteered in defense of the national government, and entered the service



WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

in 1861 as a private in Reynolds' Battery, which was recruited at Rochester, and was one of the twelve light batteries which constituted the First New York Regiment of Artillery. He took the field as a sergeant, and with his battery participated in the battles of Cedar Mountain, Rappahannock Station, White Sulphur Springs, Gainesville, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Mine Run, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness. Just before the battle of the Wilderness he had been commissioned as lieutenant, and assigned to Battery D of the same regiment. His command of two guns, at that time termed "a section," was ordered into a peculiar position by General Warren at the opening of the battle of the Wilderness, where it was sacrificed for the general good, and its commander was taken prisoner. Mr. Shelton's story of his captivity

at Lynchburg, Macon, Charleston, and Columbia, and his four remarkable escapes, the last of which was successful, was published in the *Century Magazine* in October, 1890, under the title, "A Hard Road to Travel Out of Dixie."

To a young man raised on a farm and entering the army just as he was prepared for college, the participation in such stirring scenes at the most impressionable age naturally gave the color to his thought, which has at last found expression in his rare military stories. Nine of Mr. Shelton's stories have just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons in an exquisite little volume, with uncut leaves, under the title, "A Man Without a Memory, and Other Stories."

Richard Henry Stoddard, in the *New York Mail and Express*, says of the title story: "This is one of the few short stories worth preserving in the library of intelligent readers."

BOOK REVIEWS.

A SOULLESS SINGER. By Mary Catherine Lee. 272 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1895.

The heroine of "A Soulless Singer" is an ambitious girl whose overmastering purpose is to become a prima donna, but who learns when the test comes that a wonderful voice and a mastery of technique do not make a great artist unless the singer has a soul. Cast down by her failure, she takes refuge in a Quaker settlement, where her deeper nature is awakened by experiences in which the reader is sure to take a lively interest. The tone of the story as a whole is somewhat sad, but the ending is a bright one, and the book possesses a grace and beauty which give it a peculiar charm.

LIZBETH WILSON. By Eliza Nelson Blair. 374 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

Mrs. Blair's first book deals with the New Hampshire life and scenes with which she is familiar, and particularly makes a truthful presentation of the habits, customs, manners, opinions, and controversies of the New Hampshire people of a generation ago. It has evidently been written from life-long experience, and gives few indications of apprentice work. Both in and out of New Hampshire it is sure to find appreciative readers.

THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL. By Mrs. Humphry Ward 180 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

"The Story of Bessie Costrell," which has been running through the last three numbers of *Scribner's Magazine*, now appears in book form, uniform with the two-volume library edition of "Marcella." It is a sad story, but it is powerfully written, and from a purely literary point of view it is perhaps the best piece of work that Mrs. Ward has yet given us.

ART IDOLS OF THE PARIS SALON. No. 3. Six plates, in portfolio. $1.00. Chicago: White City Art Co. 1895.

The third number of this quarterly publication contains six half-tone plates (14 x 17) reproducing paintings from the nude,—"Venus" (Saintpierre), "La Toilette" (Rousin), "At the River Edge" (Benner), "La Grande Iza" (Bukovac), "After the Bath" (Rousin), and "Temptation" (Quinzac),—with descriptive text by Stanley Wood. The reproductions are of high artistic quality, and the plates, being arranged loose in a folio, may be taken out and used singly for studies.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR. An historical and descriptive presentation of the world's science, art, and industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Part XIX. 40 pp. Paper, $1.00. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1895.

The chapter on "Fine Arts" at the Chicago Exposition is continued in Part XIX. of the Bancroft "Book of the Fair." Many of the finest paintings and pieces of statuary exhibited are reproduced, especially worthy of mention being Thumann's "Psyche," Makart's "The Five Senses," Bok's "Surprised," Roelofs' "Mills Near Rotterdam," Normann's "North Wind," and Liemiradsky's "Phryne."

THE ROYAL NATURAL HISTORY. Edited by Richard Lydekker, B. A., F. R. S., F. Z. S. Part III. 96 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1895.

Two full-page colored plates, entitled "Tigress and Cubs" and "Fruit-Bats," with many wood engravings, enhance the interest of Part III. of Warne's "Royal Natural History." It is in all respects a standard work.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

LI HUNGCHANG. By Professor Robert K. Douglas. 251 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1895.

ON THE POINT. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Illustrated. 252 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. 1895.

SHADOWS OF THE STAGE. Third series. By William Winter. 351 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

ONE HUNDRED BEAR STORIES. Edited by Murat Halstead. 228 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 1895.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY ALTHOUGH A WOMAN. By Irene W. Hartt. 142 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 1895.

COIN'S FINANCIAL FOOL. By Horace White. Illustrated. 112 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 1895.

HONEST MONEY. By Stanley Waterloo. 204 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Equitable Publishing Co. 1895.

A FREAK IN FINANCE. By J. F. Cargill. 142 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

DESPERATE REMEDIES. By Thomas Hardy. 384 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

FREMONT, JR., AND RISLER, SR. By Alphonse Daudet. 238 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

STRENGTH. By C. A. Sampson. Illustrated. 240 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

POTOMAC SERIES. Club number. 91 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Washington: Potomac Series Co. 1895.

WHY I AM A VEGETARIAN. By J. Howard Moore. 42 pp. Paper. 25 cents. Chicago: The Ward Waugh Publishing Co. 1895.

A MODERN HEATHEN. By Mrs. E. Burke Collins. 246 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Philadelphia: W. J. Benners, Jr. 1895.

OKLAHOMA, AND OTHER POEMS. By Freeman E. Miller. With portrait. 120 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1895.

NORA. By Joseph Bert Smiley. 155 pp. Paper. Galesburg, Michigan: J. B. Smiley. 1895.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater its value]

Ink Powder. — It is desirable sometimes to have ink that can be carried from place to place without danger of injury to anything that may be transported with it. Those who have felt this need may be interested in a formula for making an ink powder, which I find in the *American Journal of Photography*. For making ink powders take: —

Nutgalls,	7	drachms.
Sulphate of iron,	2	"
Gum arabic,	3	"
Roche alum,	1	"

Grind to powder, mix, and divide into ten powders. For use, dissolve one powder in four ounces of boiling water, and bottle when cold.

P. N. S.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

Another Home-made Mucilage. — Perhaps all the readers of THE WRITER do not know that a very strong mucilage can be made out of onion juice. A good-sized Spanish onion, after being boiled for a short time, will yield, on being pressed, quite a large quantity of very adhesive fluid. This is used extensively in various trades for pasting paper on tin, or zinc, or even glass, and the tenacity with which it holds would surprise any one on making the first attempt. It is a cheap and good mucilage, and answers as well as the more costly cements.

T. Y. C.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Bigelow. — Poultney Bigelow was born in 1855, and began to be interested in what was going on in the world when he found himself in Paris, at the age of five years, where he had been taken by his father [John Bigelow], who was an American minister. He was there for seven years, and absorbed his French through his skin. The years from 1870 to 1873 were spent in Germany, and there he absorbed German and played at Cooper's Indians at school with the boy who is now emperor of Germany. At the end of his freshman year at Yale his health gave out. He started around the world on a sailing vessel. The ship was totally wrecked on the Japanese coast, and the freshman got on shore by a miracle. Some Japanese wood cutters had to be persuaded with a boathook not to end his promising life right there. He stayed in Japan three months and got the language, or a big piece of it, and then went to Peking. He made a highly adventurous trip to the Great Wall of China and beyond, the account of which he subsequently published in a book illustrated by himself. He returned to California and did the Great West. Then he went back to New Haven and was graduated in 1879. He studied law, but nature asserted itself and he went to London as foreign correspondent for the *New York Herald*. He married Miss Jaffray, of this city, and became editor and part owner of the *Outing* magazine. Leaving *Outing*, he followed literature and his own inclinations, which took him all over Europe. He was an ardent canoeist, and has paddled his "Rob Roy" over nearly every large river in Europe and many here. He knows half the distinguished soldiers and diplomats of Europe. If you were to ask Mr. Bigelow what he was, he would in all proba-

bility answer, an historian. That statement could be verified by a glance at his studio, which is littered and piled with German manuscripts, books, prints, and maps, all of which he is boiling into a history. His greatest eccentricity is maps. He has thousands of maps — quarter-sectionings of Iowa, military frontiers, rivers and lakes, railroads and waterways, — and he studies them whenever he sits down. — *Frederic Remington, in Harper's Weekly.*

Howells. — Before I left Venice I had made my sketches into a book, which I sent on to Messrs. Trübner & Co., in London. They had consented to look at it to oblige my friend Conway, who during his sojourn with us in Venice, before his settlement in London, had been forced to listen to some of it. They answered me in due time that they would publish an edition of a thousand, at half profits, if I could get some American house to take five hundred copies. When I stopped in London I had so little hope of being able to do this that I asked the Trübners if I might, without losing their offer, try to get some other London house to publish my book. They said yes, almost joyously; and I began to take my manuscript about. At most places they would not look at me or it, and they nowhere consented to read it. The house promptest in refusing to consider it afterward pirated one of my novels, and with some expressions of good intention in that direction, never paid me anything for it; though I believe the English still think that this sort of behavior was peculiar to the American publisher in the old buccaneering times. I was glad to go back to the Trübners with my book, and on my way across the Atlantic I met a publisher who finally agreed to take those five hundred copies. This was M. M. Hurd, of Hurd & Houghton, a house then newly established in New York and Cambridge. We played ring-toss and shuffleboard together, and became of a friendship which lasts to this day. But it was not till some months later, when I saw him in New York, that he consented to publish my book. I remember how he said, with an air of vague misgiving, and an effect of trying to justify himself in an imprudence, that it was not a great matter anyway. I perceived *that he had no* faith in it, and to tell the truth I had not much myself. But the book had an instant success, and it has gone on from edition to edition ever since. There was just then the interest of a not wholly generous surprise at American things among the English. Our success in putting down the great Confederate rebellion had caught the fancy of our cousins, and I think it was to this mood of theirs that I owed largely the kindness they showed my book. There were long and cordial reviews in all the great London journals, which I used to carry about with me like love letters; and when I tried to show them to other people, I could not understand their coldness concerning them. — *William Dean Howells, in Harper's for August.*

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE PASTELS OF EDWIN A. ABBEY. Illustrated. F. Hopkinson Smith. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for August.

WOOD ENGRAVERS — A. LÉVEILLÉ. Illustrated. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for August.

THE COMPANY OF BOOKS. The Point of View, *Scribner's* (28 c.) for August.

MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey. Comment by Andrew Lang. *Harper's* (38 c.) for August.

ROUNDABOUT TO BOSTON. Illustrated. William Dean Howells. *Harper's* (38c.) for August.

EVOLUTION OF THE NEWSPAPER. Charles Dudley Warner. Editor's Study, *Harper's* (38 c.) for August.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. With portrait. Brander Matthews. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for August.

SONYA KOVALEVSKY. With portrait. Isabel F. Hapgood. *Century* (38) for August.

A REPLY TO MY CRITICS. Max Nordau. *Century* (38 c.) for August.

REMINISCENCES OF LITERARY BERKSHIRE. Illustrated. Henry Dwight Sedgwick. *Century* (38 c.) for August.

THE "HEART LINE" IN FICTION. Topics of the Time, *Century* (38 c.) for August.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY TONE. Reprinted from *New Orleans Times-Democrat* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for August.

ZÉNAIDE A. RAGOZIN. Reprinted from the *Outlook* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for August.

THE STORY OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY. Illustrated. Edmund J. Carpenter. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for August.

CARICATURE. Nellie B. McCune. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for August.

JOURNALISM OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES. Professor Henry C. Vedder. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for August.

A POET'S YORKSHIRE HAUNTS. Eugenia Skelding. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

A TALK OVER AUTOGRAPHS. — IV. George Birkbeck Hill. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

EBENEZER ROCKWOOD HOAR. Darwin E. Ware. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

THE DECORATIVE IDEA IN ILLUSTRATION. Alexander Black With illustrations by Otto Toaspern. *Monthly Illustrator* (33 c.) for August.

TWO DAYS IN WEIMAR. Ellen Sigrid. *Canadian Magazine* (28 c.) for July.

THE TELEGRAPH SYSTEMS OF THE WORLD. Illustrated. Henry Muir. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for July.

PRACTICAL PHOTO ENGRAVING. A. C. Austin. *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (38 c.) for July.

CHARACTERS IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY. Illustrated. *Bostonian* (28 c.) for July.

HUDSON'S DUALITY OF MIND DISPROVED. Rev. T. E. Allen. *Arena* (53 c.) for July.

WENDELL PHILLIPS: A CHARACTER STUDY. With portrait. Richard H. Hinton. *Arena* (53 c.) for July.

A CUP OF TEA WITH THOMAS CARLYLE. Howard Paul. *Table Talk* (13 c.) for July.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL. William Herbert Carruth. *Dial* (13 c.) for July 1.

PROFESSOR THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY. With portrait. Barnet Phillips. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 13.

POULTNEY BIGELOW. With portrait. Frederic Remington. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 20.

FREDERIC REMINGTON. With portrait. Julian Ralph. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 20.

DR. ARTHUR BROOKS. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 27.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Illustrated. Harriet Christian Wright. *Harper's Round Table* (8c.) for July 16.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. John Fyvie. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for July 6.

THE POETRY OF KEBLE. Arthur Christopher Benson. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for July 13.

NOTES ON J. G. LOCKHART. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for July 20.

THE BOSTONIAN AND ITS EDITOR. Illustrated. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for July 11.

VICTOR F. LAWSON. Portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for July 11.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY. With portrait. *Once a Week* (13 c.) for July 11.

HAMILTON W. MABIE. Portrait. *Once a Week* (13 c.) for July 11.

BISHOP POTTER. Portrait. *Illustrated American* (13 c.) for July 27.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Garrett P. Serviss sailed from New York July 25 for a European trip, on which he will gather material for a lecture tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant will sail August 3 for their bicycle trip through Brittany.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis and Edward W. Bok, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, sailed July 17, Mr. Curtis for a quick ocean trip and Mr. Bok for a vacation of a month abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling sailed July 13 for Europe. They will return in the autumn.

Colonel Wentworth Higginson is at his summer home, "Glimpsewood," Dublin, N. H., with his family.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, as usual in the summer months, is entertaining and being entertained in London.

William Dean Howells, in a personal letter to a Boston friend, says it is extremely doubtful if he goes to Saratoga at all this year, which is contrary to newspaper reports.

Miss Alice Stone Blackwell left Boston week before last to join Mrs. S. J. Barrows and party at the famous Shayback camp on Lake Memphremagog. What time she can find outside her journalistic and platform work is given to the biography of her mother, Lucy Stone, which will come out next year.

Edward Bellamy and Mrs. Bellamy have been making a tour of the White mountains on bicycles.

Kirk Munroe still makes his home in Florida, where he has lived for the past twelve years. He married a daughter of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, and formerly lived in Cambridge.

General A. W. Greely is in Washington, spending most of his leisure time on a new book about his explorations for the Public Knowledge Series.

Horatio Alger, Jr., who is passing the summer at Peak's Island and Old Orchard, Me., is taking a complete rest from all literary labor. Mr. Alger has written more than sixty books and twenty serial stories since he first made himself famous by writing "Ragged Dick."

"Elizabeth Hastings," the author of the satire, "An Experiment in Altruism," turns out to be Miss Margaret Pollock Sherwood, a young instructor in Wellesley College. She is now traveling in Colorado.

Miss Kate Sanborn is at home to her friends on Tuesdays through the summer at "Breezy Meadows," Metcalf, Mass.

In his life of Henry M. Stanley, Thomas George says that the explorer's real name is Howell Jones, and that he was born at Isgar, in Wales, November 16, 1840. His father was a bookbinder. Mr. Stanley has just been elected a member of Parliament.

Hamlin Garland is writing a long novel, with the title of "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly." "Coolly" is said to be a common Western term for a kind of small valley.

Owen Wister contemplates a serial on "The Bannocks," taking in their wars on the borders of Idaho, Oregon, and Washington.

The story that Samuel Minturn Peck and William H. Hayne were to take the lecture platform is denied.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Piatt have returned from Scotland after a long absence from this country. Mr. Piatt has been United States consul at Queenstown and Cork.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is so busily engaged in finishing both a novel and a novelette that she is obliged at present to decline all social invitations, her only recreation being an occasional day or two at the beach with friends.

H. Rider Haggard, who stood in the Conservative interest for the East Norfolk district in the recent parliamentary elections, was roughly treated on his election tour. Mud and stones were thrown at his four-horse drag, and the police had to be called to protect him. He was finally defeated by a majority of 198.

People who have wondered how Richard Le Gallienne, the decadent poet, pronounces his name will be pleased to know that the *London World* rhymes it with "battalion."

George W. Cable has been engaged to give a course of eight lectures on "The Story Teller and His Art" before the Lowell Institute, Boston, next January.

The British Society of Authors has appointed Hall Caine a delegate to confer with the Canadian authorities and statesmen on the subject of copyright. He will sail for Canada *in September.*

Mr. Du Maurier has handed to the Harpers the manuscript of his new novel. Like "Trilby," it deals with hypnotism. The plot opens in Paris and closes in London.

Henry Tyrrell, editor of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, has written a play in which Edgar Allan Poe is the hero.

Mrs. Pearl Richards Craigie, "John Oliver Hobbes," of England, has secured a divorce on the ground of cruelty and unfaithfulness upon the part of her husband. Mrs. Craigie was born in the United States, and was married in 1887, when she was nineteen years old Her husband was then an official in the Bank of England.

The first installment of Miss Mary E. Wilkins' $2,000 prize story will appear August 3.

Augusta, Ga., was represented by three authors in the July *Century* — William H. Hayne, Jeannie Oliver Benson, and Berry Benson.

Miss Beatrice Harraden writes to the *New York Sun* to say that the published statement that her American publisher sent her an honorarium of $500 is untrue. She adds that $150 is all that she has had from beginning to end in America for "Ships that Pass in the Night." In England she has received $500 for the book, so that $650 is all that she has been paid for it.

Short Stories (New York) offers a prize of $50 for the best story of not more than 6,000 words submitted before October 1. Good stories not winning the prize will be bought by the editor. A "competitor's stamp" cut from the August number of the periodical must be affixed to each manuscript.

The David G. Cook Publishing Company, of Chicago, whose $2,000 prize offer was advertised in THE WRITER some months ago, received 5,303 manuscripts, to fifty-six of which prizes were awarded.

Jerome K. Jerome has resumed the editorship of the *Idler* (London) after a lapse of several months, during which time the magazine has been conducted by Robert Barr.

Isaac L. Rice, one of the founders of the *Forum*, will be in charge of the periodical until some one is chosen to succeed Mr. Page.

The *Young Ladies' Magazine* is the name of a publication to be started in Buffalo by Fellows & Sutton. It will aim to present high-class literature by well known women writers.

The *Nickell Magazine* is a new illustrated monthly published at fifty cents a year by the Russell Publishing Company, of Boston.

Information is the name of a new periodical to be issued weekly by the Transatlantic Publishing Company, 63 Fifth avenue, New York. It contains in alphabetical arrangement a series of short articles giving up-to-date details on topics of the hour in politics, science, invention, and so on.

D. C. Heath & Co. will hereafter issue in the United States the monthly periodical *Science Progress*, a publication now well known in England. *Science Progress* is not a magazine of compiled matter for popular reading, but a serial for scholars who desire to discuss the results of investigation. Its contributions are from specialists.

The Cheerful Moments Publishing Company, New York, has been incorporated, with capital stock, $1,000, and directors, Stephen S. Vreeland, Michael Moran, and Matthew Gibbs, of New York city.

The Travel Publishing Company has been incorporated at Jersey City with a capital stock of $50,000. Elisha Talbot, Herbert Hatch, and Charles H. W. Stocking, of East Orange, N. J., are the incorporators. The company will publish a monthly magazine, to be known as the *Magazine of Travel.*

Comfort for July appears printed in five colors, with twenty-four pages the size of *Harper's Weekly*, printed, folded, pasted, and trimmed on one press at one time at a speed of 8,000 an hour. *Comfort* has always circulated wholly through the mail at twenty-five cents a year, but hereafter an edition will be sold on the news stands for five cents a copy, or fifty cents a year. The publishers say that 1,250,000 copies are printed of every issue.

Any reader of THE WRITER who has never seen the *Illustrated American* can secure copies of that beautiful publication, free of charge, by writing to the office, 401 East Twenty-third street, New York.

The Curtis Publishing Company has bought all the properties on the northwest corner of Sixth and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, and will erect thereon a new building devoted exclusively to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, with a frontage of sixty-two feet on Sixth street and 130 feet on Walnut street. The building will have light and exits on three sides, will cost more than a quarter of a million of dollars, and will be finished in about two years.

Paper and Press (Philadelphia) has a new cover designed by T. B. Hapgood, Jr., which is handsomer and more stylish than that of any other American magazine. It appears for the first time on the July number, with which *Paper and Press* begins its twenty-first volume. In the same number many improvements are made in the typographical appearance of the magazine.

The *Midcontinent Magazine* (Louisville and Chicago) has been discontinued, and its subscribers will receive *Scribner's Magazine* until all subscription obligations have been fulfilled.

Beginning with the number for July the price of *Home and Country* (New York) is reduced to ten cents a copy.

The Bookman points out an ingenious dodge on the part of a new magazine, which prints a long list of distinguished names, adding, as one finds only upon a closer reading, that these gentlemen "will be asked to contribute."

Isabel F. Hapgood contributes to the August *Century* a biographical sketch of the late Sonya Kovalevsky, the distinguished Russian who was professor of mathematics in the University of Stockholm, and who, in a life of great devotion to science, was not free from the conflict of her sex between the domestic impulse and the longing for a career. In this respect she resembles Marie Bashkirtseff, though on a higher plane. The article is accompanied by an interesting portrait. The same number of the *Century* has an illustrated article on "Literary Berkshire," by Henry Dwight Sedgwick, of Stockbridge, who is a nephew of Catherine Sedgwick, and has enjoyed the acquaintance of nearly every one of the notable literary men and women who have visited Berkshire within the past half-century or more.

In *St. Nicholas* for August Professor Brander Matthews writes of Oliver Wendell Holmes in his series of "Great American Authors" — a most congenial subject.

The *Magazine of Art* (New York) for August has for a frontispiece a fine etching by Manchon, after Gerard's famous painting of Madame de Récamier. There is also a beautiful full-page engraving after David's painting of Madame de Récamier. Other full-page pictures are: "A Study," by E. J. Poynter; "Madonna and Child," attributed to Titian, probably by Giorgione; "The Trio," a lovely picture of three girls, from the painting by Louis Uhl.

Edmund J. Carpenter contributes to the *New England Magazine* for August an admirable article, entitled "The Story of the Boston Public Library."

The August number of *Scribner's Magazine* is the Midsummer Fiction Number, and contains six short stories by Richard Harding Davis, Noah Brooks, H. C. Bunner, George I. Putnam, Octave Thanet, and Charles Ridgeway Van Blarcom, and the first installment of a two-part story by Anthony Hope.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly (New York) for July shows many notable improvements. It has a new cover, and the standard of its articles and illustrations has been raised.

The *Monthly Illustrator* (New York) for August is a most attractive picture magazine, with a wealth of well-executed illustrations and interesting letterpress.

Demorest's (New York) for August has pictures of James Russell Lowell, Wendell Phillips, George MacDonald, and Sir Walter Scott.

The *Illustrated American* for July 20 has a reproduction of the portrait of George Eliot at thirty years of age, which is referred to in the *Century* of November, 1881, as being owned by M. Durade and which he steadfastly refused to sell, copy, or reproduce in any form.

The *Fourth Estate* says that William Lester, who was one of the editorial writers on the *Philadelphia Record*, can write simultaneously, with a pencil in each hand, two distinct paragraphs of considerable length upon any subject given him.

"A Poet's Yorkshire Haunts" in the August *Atlantic* will delight every friend and reader of James Russell Lowell, as in it will be found descriptions of the regions the poet loved.

In "Roundabout to Boston," published in *Harper's Magazine* for August, W. D. Howells relates his experience as a beginner in letters, with some reminiscences of Venice, New York, and Boston in the early sixties, and tells of his career as a writer up to the time when he became the assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The acknowledged leader of the publications devoted to printing and the allied trades is the *Inland Printer*, a handsome magazine published monthly in Chicago. Though intended primarily for printers, it contains many suggestions of use to writers, editors, artists, proofreaders, and all others who are interested in any way in printing and in publishing. Certainly no printer can afford to get along without it.

An ideal "newspaper for newspaper men" is the *Fourth Estate*, published in New York by Ernest F. Birmingham. It is clean, bright, newsy, free from cheap or offensive personalities, attractively illustrated, and always up to date. No newspaper man who wants to keep informed regarding events and progress in the newspaper world can afford not to be a subscriber for it.

The *Missouri Editor* is a capital little monthly, intended primarily to help and benefit Missouri editors, but interesting to newspaper men everywhere. It is edited by Walter Williams and published by E. W. Stephens, of the *Columbia* (Mo.) *Herald*, and there is not a number of it which is not worth more than a year's subscription price.

A descriptive writer in the *Buffalo Courier* tells about the burning of the steamer Cibola as a "lurid sensation." "As lurid means wan, gloomy, dismal," says the *Philadelphia American*, "it's difficult to see how it fitly applies to a blazing boat."

Rev. D. R. McAnally, D. D., the senior editor of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*, died in St. Louis on July 12, aged seventy-eight.

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EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

I. — BY THE SUPERINTENDING EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT.

One of my principal duties as superintending editor of the *Independent* is to prevent the publication of articles in its columns. I do not attempt to prevent people from writing to the *Independent*. I am glad to have them do it; but I never encourage those whose literary position is not assured to write for us, but recommend to them to write in local journals; the fact being that our pigeon-holes are so crowded with articles, many of which have been there for months, and some long enough to get yellow, that I do not think it fair to give encouragement to would-be contributors. This does not mean at all that I do not feel grateful to any one who has sufficient assurance of the value of the article he has written to send it to us; for we do once in a year or two find that some new writer shows real genius, and the discovery of a new writer is the greatest delight which an editor can feel. Such a writer we shall be more glad to exploit than an equally good one whose name is familiar to the public. But the opportunity to do it comes very rarely. The ordinary good writer (and there are thousands of them) will provide instructive, useful articles, many of which we should like to print, and some of which we do print, but it is a burden to read them and return them. I do not mean to say that they are read through. We cannot do that. Often a mere glance at the subject and the tasting of the first sentence is all that is necessary, even for a good article, in order for us to be certain that we must return it.

We print all sorts of articles — religious, political, descriptive, and critical. It is difficult to say what we do not print, except that we do not print tourists' letters, nor theological discussions after the occasions that have called up the questions have passed. The article that stands the most chance of being printed is one that is instructive, bright, and snappy, and a thousand words long. We often print articles of 2,000, and occasionally of 3,000 words, but a three-thousand-word article generally has to remain long in the pigeon-hole, and is usually rejected at the beginning. The first thing I do in looking at an article is to calculate its number of words, and, if it is long, I mark on the envelope "No." This does not apply to stories,

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of course. We print no serial story — none over 5,000 words long, and that is much too long. We print every week one or two stories for old folks, and one or two for young folks; and here is a good field for a young writer. We return as many as nine out of ten of those received, and all stories of vulgar life, profane or erotic.

The same applies to poems. We make a specialty of poems, and pride ourselves on publishing as good verse and as much of it as any journal in the country. We seldom print a long poem — one of more than fifty or sixty lines; very rarely we go as high as 100 lines. There is nothing harder to find than a good poem for children, of which we desire to print one every week.

I wish this statement of our policy might have the effect of securing for us articles from those who feel they have in them the making of a future fame, and of fending off all common writers, unless they have something very special to say that is on their heart. Those who are hunting up topics professionally and sending them out with printed forms, we want nothing to do with. *William Hayes Ward.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THREE MANUSCRIPTS.

In giving this record — correct in every particular — of experiences with the manuscripts of an original work and two translations, I will say in passing that each of my books has its own little history, interesting to me, but it may be that only these I have specified contain hints which may be of advantage to readers of THE WRITER.

My first translation had been accepted and published in a series, and I received what I regarded as a fair price, taking into account that I was comparatively an unknown writer; but I sent the second one to another publishing house, whose line of publications it seemed to suit, — as I have made it a rule to consult publishers' lists, and criticisms of their books in THE WRITER and elsewhere, and to judge by them what publisher would be likely to accept a given manuscript.

After waiting for some time, the thought occurred to me that if I set a very moderate price upon the manuscript the chance of acceptance would be increased; and that very evening I began a letter to the publishers. Before it was finished relatives came to remain over night and through the next day, and my missive was laid aside. The next evening I resolved to finish it, but callers, who remained all the evening, occasioned another postponement. The next morning's mail brought a letter from the publishers, enclosing a check for just six times the amount I had intended asking.

The next experience I will mention was that of an original work, which I sent to one of our standard firms. It was accepted, and I was to receive a royalty on the retail price of all copies sold; the book to go to press in a very short time. I waited for months, and hearing nothing of the book wrote to inquire about it, but received no reply. I waited a year and wrote again, with like result, and again and again, until three years had passed, when, in reply to a letter, I received one saying that the manuscript was lost.

I did not suppose it could ever be rewritten, but after a few months I made the effort, with the help of a chapter or two of copy and a few rough notes; finished it, gave it a new title, and sent it to another firm, quite as noted as the first, by which it was accepted — the publishers buying the copyright of me — and published.

The third experience was with a translation of a German book, imported expressly for me. It was written by a popular German author, and the Berlin publishers had given it a pretty binding, showing their appreciation of the contents. Yet I could take no interest in the story. I lagged through four chapters, and then gave it up, and began another story. Two years passed; three books were translated and published, and I had almost forgotten the uninteresting story, when one day I came across the four chapters, which I had kept because I could utilize the paper, only one side being written upon. I read them, liked them, and resolved to finish the book. But where was the original? Upon reflection, I remembered having given it to a German girl, who had moved to a distant part of the city. By consulting a directory I found her address, borrowed the book, finished it, and I regard it as one of my best translations, as I judge also do the publishers.

Mary E. Ireland.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HOW TO WRITE A STORY FOR BOYS.—I.

A proposed writer's prospect for success might be found out before he began. His probable hold upon his readers might be guessed pretty nearly correctly if one knew what kind of boy he was at fourteen and what kind of boy he had grown to be now. It is hard even to talk about boys to a fellow who never was one, or who does not really love to go back there and see the folks and visit around and find that things are just about what they used to be. The power of mental resurrection is part of the power to tell a story.

If I were about to try to write a story for boys, I think I should go at it like a boy. That is really the way I began life, and it is the best way I know — better than being a girl. Then I would look the world over, especially the things that are worn out and that scholarly old people have done with. The boys have recently reached those very things and like to get in among them. One of them always bears the outer semblance of a dog. I would hunt up something, an old war, a ship, an Indian, or a gun, or something heroic, without any formulated moral to kill its usefulness. Then I would think up a story that would twist in and out around that find, and I would get in myself among a crowd and tell that story to the other fellows. A man who will do that will find himself shutting out a heap of things that he might put into his yarn if he were writing it instead of telling it. I have an idea that those are the things which some editorial readers like, but which the young people skip.

Boys will sit still better and listen without remarks if there are some girls in the room, for they are afraid of girls. Put some girls into the story, but do not ask for the opinions of your lady friends, for you will not like what they will say of the girls you have invented. Put them in, anyhow, and then the other girls that your boy readers live among will come and listen, to know what became of them, and their older sisters and their aunts will want to know if the girls in the story behaved with propriety and if the boys were properly put down.

Every boy wants the boy in the story to be put down and to have some hard luck, and then to come up again. What they do not care a cent for is a fellow with nothing but good luck; for in their real life they never met that fellow, and he is a kind of muff, anyhow.

Robert Bonner once said to me: "I print

the *Ledger* for the boys and girls of Duchess County under twenty." Paraphrase that saying of an authority altogether unquestionable, and it informs any person intending to write for the young that if he or she has no near-by neighbors with whose ways of thinking and doing he or she is thoroughly familiar, then the attempt might as well not be made. Equally distinct and correct is Mr. Bonner's implied declaration, that when one pretty thickly settled neighborhood of young people has been perfectly analyzed and understood, there need be no further worry about the literary demands of any other collection, at least in this country. There are but differing strata of minds and tastes, and a study of journalistic successes will obtain a perfect explanation of their nature. No two young people are alike, but the lines of character have not yet deepened; artificial likes and dislikes are but partly formed; and there is a wonderful similarity in the earlier activities of human thought and feeling.

At the same time, there is an almost universal readiness to take without question certain kinds of mental impressions, and as universal a disposition to react against, almost to resent, the approach of certain other kinds. For instance, no boy will read a book unless he can somehow feel that he knows the fellows, no matter where they lived or when, and that under similar circumstances, arranged a little differently to suit, he and his crowd of fellows could and would have done as well, or better, or have done something else, suggested incidentally by the author, that would then and there have been an improvement. If any story is altogether outside of him and beyond him, he cares little for that book, no matter if it is as full of adventures as the siege of Jerusalem.

Young people's literature, periodical and other, is a creation of the present, a mighty good one, and it is improving in the most encouraging manner. Many periodicals and publishing houses which printed the wrong things are dead, others have repented, and are doing well. Better conditions of life, better mental and moral inheritance, better primary education have prepared, and must continually prepare, a vast and increasingly vaster multitude of better brains, more normal, pure, vigorous, and exacting young tastes and requirements. The thing that was without form and void is so no more. Nevertheless, there were masterpieces struck out by genius in the earlier days. There is no living publisher who, if an exact, impossible parallel for "Robinson Crusoe" were brought him, or a new "Pilgrim's Progress," would print and bind them. They would not find a sale if he did. Yet of those two old gems of perfect art there are more copies sold and read each year than of all the new books of the year put together. There is hardly a boy or girl too young to read them, and the old boys and girls of seventy and upward take them into corners, where they can read them over again without being caught at it. Now, if any fellow with a pen in his hand and a story in his head wants to catch up with Bunyan or Defoe, well he won't do it; but if he will listen to them for a moment, he may catch it that they told their stories as if they were true, and every boy believes, until he is unlucky and stops to think, that Crusoe and Friday, and the pilgrim and most of his giants, are alive to-day. For my own part, I cannot write a book at all until I have actually made the intimate personal acquaintance of the boys and girls who are to figure in it, so that they will be confidential and tell me how they feel and what they mean to do.

I have discovered among them, as I made their acquaintance, one lot after another, walking around with them, a power of observation, bringing them a minuteness of knowledge and a positiveness of opinion concerning the small but infinite world in which they live that is astonishing. I would never write so long a sentence as that in a book for boys. What I mean is that I knew more about trees, plants, fish, squirrels, "mushrats," the way to hunt a woodchuck, and a thousand other things, including some stone arrowheads I owned, than half a dozen ignoramuses like me would think of knowing to-day. I knew more, too, about old people and their faults, and the proper way to bring up boys, than anybody above or beyond twenty-five can possibly know.

The boy that the other boys will take to in a story must have precisely that worldly wisdom. They will vote down, very correctly, any other fellow.

On the whole, therefore, attempting to answer the question, "How to Write a Book for Boys?" I wish I could make myself understood in saying, "Do not write at all. Tell it. If, like Bunyan or Defoe, you can make the other boys forget that the story is either written or printed, they will listen as long as you can keep awake to tell. And does not any man wish he could do a thing as well as he can advise how to do it? I do."

William O. Stoddard.

MADISON, N. J.

HOW TO REPORT A YACHT RACE.

The reporting of yacht races for the large dailies in the yachting centres of the country is done mainly by men who have made a special study of the matter, who are versed in the many and varied phases which the sport of yachting presents, and who are prepared to give the readers of their respective papers any sort of a yachting story, from a "two stick" report of a cat-boat race to a many-columned and carefully detailed account of an international contest for the America's cup. It is not for the benefit of these men, but for the helping of those reporters who may find themselves unexpectedly called upon to do a yacht race, or who may be entering upon a study of the sport with a view to making a specialty of its reporting, that this article is written.

And, first of all, it may be said that there is nothing in a yacht race or in the sport itself which bars a newspaper man of average experience and ability from giving to his paper a correct and intelligent account of the event which he may be sent to report, if only he will be content not to attempt to give the movements of the yachts in too great detail, and will not try to sprinkle his story with supposed nautical phrases and technical terms, which, if wrongly used, only bring confusion to the reader and ridicule upon the writer from the yachtsmen, who would have praised a conservative effort, but who only smile at a too ambitious one. For the yachtsmen interested in the race are, after all, the keenest critics of the story of it, and every man who owns a racing yacht, or who sails on one, is an early reader of the morning paper of the following day, to see if justice has been done his efforts and if the man who wrote the story understood his business. Under such circumstances, where even the expert rarely escapes criticism, the beginner who steers clear of details and technicalities, does wisely.

It is not to be presumed that a man entirely inexperienced in yacht racing will be sent to report one of the great races over open-ocean courses, but rather to a local race, which may be viewed wholly or in part from the club-house off which the start and finish are made, or from the boat used by the regatta committee of the club and the judges of the contest. Visiting newspaper men are almost invariably made welcome at either house or boat, and will have placed at their disposal all the information which those in charge may possess; nor will there be lacking a friendly bit of advice as to the way in which an incident should be put or a situation or manœuvre expressed.

It is also not to be presumed that the man sent to report even a local race cannot tell the various rigs of yachts one from the other. But should such a case occur, let that man not throw up his assignment in despair, but, on the general principle in newspaper work of not confessing to your city editor your inability to do any task assigned you, let him betake himself at once to a yachting friend or to one of the "yachtsman's guides," and learn by half an

hour's close application the difference between the cat-boat, the sloop and the schooner, and the names of the principal sails they carry. How or why they carry these sails in the race, let him touch upon as gingerly as he does those intricacies of tacking, gybing, etc., which lie within the province of the expert.

Arriving in good time before the starting gun is fired, the reporter should ascertain the different classes into which the racing boats are divided, the course each will sail, and the time when each will start; also the direction and force of the wind. Printed circulars usually give most of this information, and are a safe reference. Then, as the boats cross the starting line, usually drawn from the position of the judges to a flagboat or stakeboat moored not far away, their order should be noted, as well as the names of those yachts which hold the most advantageous positions. The man will be in unusually hard luck if he does not find some one at hand who will aid him in this, or give him later the benefit of wider experience. Whether the boats carry all sail or are reefed, and in many cases just what they do carry, should also be noted. These things, with the condition of the sea, whether it be rough or smooth, should be sufficient material for describing the start.

With the boats once away, it is safest for the novice in yacht-race reporting to leave their manœuvres alone, except as he may gain information later as to where one boat gained on or passed another, or where changes in sails were made for different legs of the course or for an increase or decrease in the force of the wind. Usually the story can be told without much reference to these changes, for the average newspaper reader cares for results rather than details, while the yachtsman will seek for a technical story in the paper which he knows had on hand a man specially versed in such matters.

The finish, at least of the leaders, should be noted as carefully as the start, and when all the boats have finished, the judges will prepare for the reporters to copy a summary, which will show the time each boat has taken to cover the course, and also the time when the allowance which the larger boats give the smaller ones has been deducted. These are called actual and corrected times, and in the summary the boat with the lowest corrected time should be placed first, with the others following in order, each class being, of course, placed separately. Most papers use the same form of summary, and the reporter will find a properly ruled note-book of medium size a great assistance in making the summary plain for the compositor. The following is a fair sample:—

FIRST CLASS.

Name and Owner.	Length. ft. in.	Actual Time. h. m. s.	Corrected Time. h. m. s.
Hobo, T. W. King.....	20 11	1 45 06	1 43 14
Nike, T. E. Jacobs.....	20 09	1 47 19	1 44 15

In this case the Hobo wins by two minutes thirteen seconds actual time, but by only one minute one second corrected time, because of the allowance of a larger to a smaller boat. In many cases a boat which finishes first loses on allowance, and such cases should be noted in the story.

In writing the story of the race it is a good rule to tell as concisely as possible in the opening paragraphs what the race was, whether it was successful or not, and which boats were leaders in their classes, giving also wind, sea, and general weather conditions. Follow this with courses sailed, and then give start, any information as to where advantages were lost or gained, and then the finish. The summary comes here, and after it the prizes and winners, any accidents or withdrawals, notes of minor importance, and, lastly, the names of the judges.

The aim in writing the story should be to tell what the boats did, rather than how they did it, and to show the leaders at start and finish and the winners. The story should be told in plain English, and can ordinarily be told with very little use of technical terms. The ability to go into details comes with observation and experience. Descriptive writing is another branch of the art, and can safely be indulged in very sparingly in ordinary races. The readers of a paper will value a straightforward story, brim full of information, more than they will a

loosely-written one, in which "glittering generalities" take the place of easily obtainable facts, such as between which boats the keenest rivalry lay, and in which classes and between which boats were there the closest contests.

Do not hesitate to ask for information because you may not feel as well "up" in the matter as those of whom you ask. By the judicious asking of questions, and the cultivation of his powers of observation, does the yachting reporter progress in his specialty in the same way as his brethren on the land.

Also, if you are wise in your day and generation, read carefully the yachting stories in your own and other papers which have been generally accepted as good ones, and profit thereby.

The reporting of an international yacht race is a different affair, and to the work the big dailies call not only their best yachting experts, but also their best descriptive writers, to the end that two pictures be laid before their readers, one of the race and its scenes as a whole, free from technicalities which confuse, and the other painted with a fine brush, specially for yachtsmen, and showing to the smallest technical detail how the race was lost and won.

A fast ocean tug, with writers and artists on board, follows the racers as closely as possible from start to finish, and it is seldom that an important manœuvre escapes the keen eyes and powerful glasses on board. Interviews with men on the competing boats, and the securing of the official time finish the news-gathering for the day, and then follow hours of hard work, in which the day's observations are put into readable shape. and the various tables of comparative times are worked out.

But all this is for the morning paper. The evening paper readers must also be provided for, and to meet their wants the "shore service," for giving immediate and accurate news of the movements of the yachts, has been developed. On the highest obtainable points of observation are placed men trained to distinguish the racers miles away, by differences so slight as wholly to escape ordinary sight. Powerful glasses aid them in their work, while at their elbows sit expert telegraph operators with fingers on the magic key, a touch of which flashes by direct wire the news to the bulletin board and the waiting crowds hundreds of miles away.

A yacht tacks or shifts a sail in a race, and hardly are her sails full on the other tack, or the fluttering folds of canvas safely gathered in on deck, before the watchers of the bulletin board know it, and also what it means and its bearing on the general result. They do not think of the time, skill, and money required to give the information, but accept it as their due, and, it is to be hoped, buy copies of the paper later on.

Still another scheme for reporting races for an evening paper was developed in the Vigilant-Valkyrie contests of 1893. It consisted mainly of an attendant tug, which should take from the one following the race a specially prepared story and hustle with it to the nearest landing place on shore where it could be put on a direct wire for the newspaper office. The attendant tug makes as many trips as possible, and if everything goes well a paper with a late sporting edition can give its readers a very satisfactory story of the race. The "double-tug" service cannot beat the shore service for bulletin work in point of time, but it can beat it in space or on a misty day.

A novel scheme was tried by the *New York Evening World* for reporting the Defender-Vigilant races off Sandy Hook in July. A captive balloon was sent up from Navesink Highlands. It was connected by wire with a station on the ground, and the aeronaut was observer and telegraph operator as well. With glasses in one hand and the other hand on the key, he was supposed to send far more accurate observations than the men on the earth far below him.

As, however, the aeronaut-observer-telegrapher had great difficulty in locating the yachts in the first place, and in keeping them located afterward, owing to the swaying and bounding of his air ship, the scheme may fairly be open to the suspicion of an advertising, rather than a genuine news-gathering, one. Of the nerve and pluck of the man undertaking the aerial job, there can, however, be no doubt, and he deserves great credit for his share of it.

W. E. Robinson.

Boston, Mass.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
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To writers generally, knowledge of the requirements of editors is of great practical importance, since it enables them both to find a quick market for their manuscripts, and to avoid the waste resulting from misdirected effort. For this reason, the series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," which is so well begun in this number of THE WRITER by the Superintending Editor of the *Independent*, will be of the greatest value to all contributors to periodicals. THE WRITER has invited the editors of leading publications to say to contributors through its pages what they would say to them if they could address them collectively, and the response to the invitation has been prompt and general. The series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors" will be continued in THE WRITER monthly, and is sure to be followed by its readers with the greatest interest. Editors, as well as writers, are benefited by its publication, since an important part of its purpose is to give them an opportunity to tell what they *do not* want in the way of contributions, so that they will be saved the labor of handling many useless manuscripts. Writers will do well not only to read the articles carefully, but to preserve them for convenient reference. Readers of the magazine who are not subscribers should send their subscriptions now, and so make sure of securing the whole series. Nothing of the kind has ever before been published. The "Editorial Talk" next month will be by Robert E. Bonner, and will discuss the manuscript needs and requirements of the *New York Ledger*.

***

The article in this month's WRITER, on "How to Write Stories for Boys," by William O. Stoddard, one of the most successful writers of boys' books, is full of practical suggestions. Other articles on the same subject have been promised by leading writers of juvenile literature, and will be published in THE WRITER from time to time. In the October number there will be a capital article on the subject by James Otis.

***

No better yachting articles are published in any newspaper than those printed in the *Boston Globe*. The writer of them, William E. Robinson, tells in this month's WRITER how a yacht race should be reported, and gives suggestions which will be helpful both to the writer who is ambitious to devote his whole time to yacht race reporting, and to the un-nautical reporter who gets a yacht race as an occasional assignment.

***

The series of "Sketches of Writers," begun in the August WRITER with a personal sketch and portrait of William Henry Shelton, and continued this month with similar sketches, accompanied by portraits, of Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham and William Scoville Case, will hereafter be a regular feature of the magazine. In next month's issue there will be a sketch, with portrait, of Hobart C. Chatfield Taylor, by

Mary Abbott, and a sketch, with portrait, of Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, by Alice Allain.

***

As its subscribers know, THE WRITER was the pioneer in the movement to secure a reduction in the rate of postage on manuscripts; its articles published in September, October, and November, 1891, and the petition which it circulated then for signatures, having first called attention to the matter. Its efforts to secure such a reduction will be renewed this fall, and a petition to this effect will be presented to Congress when it assembles in December. In this number of THE WRITER is printed a petition, with blanks for signatures. Readers of the magazine are invited to sign the petition themselves and to secure the signatures of other writers, and then to forward the petition to the editor of THE WRITER, to be presented to Congress at the proper time. Concerted action by the writers of the country in this way cannot fail to be productive of good results. Any suggestions regarding the matter will be welcomed from readers of the magazine.

***

Some modern dictionary makers seem to have vied with each other in seeing how many "new words" they could get on record, to swell the bulk of the volumes which they publish, without much regard to the permanent value of such words or their right to be counted as legitimate parts of the English language. In doing this they have helped the growth of the language in the wrong direction. Eager to announce, each that his dictionary contains so many thousand more words than any other, these lexicographers have ransacked newspaper columns, hunted through the by-ways of literature, and zealously noted oddities of colloquial speech, setting down as a result of their researches thousands of "words" which have no place or value in the language, and which disfigure rather than adorn the dictionaries whose compilers make such boast of them. The legitimate growth of the English language is, of course, constant, and should be recorded in all progressive dictionaries. New discoveries bring new words with them, and when once these words have been generally adopted, they are as much a part of the language as any word that Chaucer used. "Telephone," "motorman," "boycott," and perhaps even that unsatisfactory, but inevitable compound, "electrocute," are fixed words in the English language to-day, and must be recorded as such in any modern dictionary. The dictionary-maker, on the other hand, who should record such temporary word-fads as "to Parkhurst," "pantata," and other newspaper or colloquial shooting-stars, makes lexicography ridiculous, and does serious injury to the language. A standard dictionary should include only standard words, which are permanent and essential parts of modern English, or which have been recognized parts of the language in the past, though now they have become obsolete. The word-crammed dictionaries which hasten to put on record every discoverable example of word-invention encourage the use of bad words, and do serious injury to the cause of true scholarship. To the undiscriminating reader the prestige of the dictionary gives all words in it equal value, and for that matter some of the dictionary makers explicitly approve words and phrases which the best authorities on English unanimously condemn. A conservative dictionary, like the latest edition of Webster's International, contains all that an unabridged dictionary should include, and is a far safer guide for all purposes, excepting possibly for the study of lingual freaks, than the huge collections of "words" which are advertised so boastingly.

W. H. H.

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

II. — CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

Modern literature, to a large degree, holds public attention by a kind of hypnotic influence. The reader is brought under a spell by weird situations, by abnormal characters with uncanny personalities, and by tragedies masked under deceptive outward conditions. There is a close crowding of morality to the edge of the precipice of decency, and it is often so skillfully managed that without actually violating propriety, the reader is kept in the continual expectation that the next page will pass its bounds. Eccentric personalities are put into the crucible of analysis, and every grain of the resulting

powder is subjected to microscopic examination.

There are, fortunately, many who are not in sympathy with this style of literature; who have not defiled pure taste; who see the good despite the artistic portrayal of the evil. They love the simple lives over which the sun shines and clouds float silver linings; they love bright, unaffected girls, and brave, true-hearted boys; they love simplicity, honor, and goodness; they love the histories of noble characters—

CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

heroes and heroines like some they have met and delight to honor. To such Mrs. Burnham's stories have the fragrance of a sweet wild rose.

Clara Louise Burnham belongs to a remarkable family. Her father was the late Dr. George F. Root, the most popular song-writer America has produced. Her mother is a woman of well-poised character, and with unusual musical gifts. The six children are touched with genius that is confined to no single field, but is shown by each in literary, musical, artistic, and dramatic directions.

Mrs. Burnham is the eldest daughter, and was born in Newton, Mass. When she was nine years old the family removed to Chicago, which has since been the central home. Surrounded by musical influences, she gave much attention to piano playing, intending to make it her specialty. She married while in her teens. Soon after, one of her brothers, with a perception that he has manifested in many other instances, told her that he was sure she could write stories, and begged her to try. She laughed at the idea, but the brother persisted, and one day, finding her in a room with paper and pencil, he playfully locked the door, telling her she could not come out until she had written a story.

It was rather to be rid of his importunity than from any other motive that she began to write. To her surprise the work fascinated her, and she awoke early in the mornings with her characters in full possession of her mind, and the situations assuming a guise of reality. She became more interested in this work than in anything she had ever attempted.

Finishing two novelettes, she submitted them anonymously to a publishing house, paying ten dollars apiece to have them professionally reviewed, and an opinion given regarding the probability of the author's success as a writer. The decision was unfavorable, and the correspondent was advised, if of middle age, to abandon all idea of writing.

Had Mrs. Burnham been dependent upon her earnings, those first stories might have been her last. But the creative faculty is a strong power. Give it freedom, and it soon controls. It delights in what it produces: it will not be relegated to the background.

The embryo novelist suffered no diminution of enthusiasm. The work was play to her. She reached out into versification, holding her newly-recognized gift with an easy tether, and watching its freedom and increasing strength as if it were a thing apart from herself. One of her poems sent to *Wide Awake* brought her the ecstasy of her earliest acceptance for publication.

"No Gentlemen" was her first novel. It was submitted to a Chicago publisher, who

said it might be a safe second, but would not do for a first venture by an unknown author. Dr. Root, however, liked the story, believed in it, and offered it to H. A. Sumner, then just starting a publishing house in Chicago. He determined to take the risk of issuing it, and it appeared anonymously. Its success was sufficient to make the publisher urge haste with a second book, and "A Sane Lunatic" followed.

By the time "Next Door" appeared Mr. Sumner had adopted another line of publication, and Mrs. Burnham's books were taken by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., who have since published them all, and will bring out a new one — "The Wise Woman" — during this autumn.

Her first volume appeared in 1881, and the others at intervals of one and two years, as follows: "No Gentlemen," "A Sane Lunatic," "Dearly Bought," "Next Door," "Young Maids and Old," "The Mistress of Beech Knoll," "Miss Bagg's Secretary," "Dr. Latimer," "Sweet Clover."

Besides these novels, Mrs. Burnham has written many short stories and poems for *Wide Awake*, *St. Nicholas*, and the *Youth's Companion*, and numerous librettos for her father's cantatas.

The style of her books is breezy and charming, the portrayal of character strong and vivid, and the situations cleverly arranged. The dialogue has a piquancy and simple brilliancy that is not as rare in daily life as it is in books. The men and women, the boys and girls, are real people. If we have not already met Miss Bagg and her handsome secretary, we may encounter them to-morrow; Sweet Clover certainly crossed the bridges in the enchanted White City; Dr. Latimer! dear Dr. Latimer! you and I know him; our love for Kate and Margery makes their perplexities our own; many a singer has taken lessons from Mme. Severance; we love kind, big-hearted Hepsy Nash, with her sweet and simple charity, whether we call her by this name or by another; and Phineas Thorne and Irene Flanders are our neighbors. The admirable list is too long for full enumeration, and the villains and the evil-minded are just as rare between these covers as in our every-day world.

In personal appearance Mrs. Burnham is tall and slight, with light hair and blue eyes. She is merry, sparkling, and vivacious, and is apt, in a social group, to be a central figure, for she entertains a circle delightfully with well-told anecdotes and brilliant wit. Her story-telling gift is remarkable, and facts lose none of their value when they enter into her keen picturing of situations. Indeed, that persistent brother, to whom the world owes its thanks, said in the beginning: "Clara, you would certainly make a good writer of fiction, for you have a vivid imagination and are not too much hampered by the truth."

Her interests are varied, her manner winning, and her quick sympathies make her a charming companion. She is a true bird lover, and an observer of animals, as well as of people. Many incidents that have occurred in the large circle of which she is a member are crystalized into permanent form in her novels.

Her home is Chicago in the winter and in the summer "The Mooring," a lovely cottage on Bailey Island, Me., in Casco Bay.

No one need hesitate to read Mrs. Burnham's stories aloud in the family circle, or to groups of young people, and in these days, when it is dangerous to venture on a magazine story that has not been read in advance, this is in itself a decided merit. A sweet influence is felt by all when the volume is closed after its last chapter. It is as if the breath of the wild rose were brought by a sea breeze from an island home. The world is a beautiful world to live in, to work in, to help in. The past is an inspiring memory; the present invites to its duties; and the future shines with its stars of hope and of love.

Lydia Avery Coonley.

CHICAGO, Ill.

III. — WILLIAM SCOVILLE CASE.

William Scoville Case, the author of the successful story, "Forward House," recently published by the Scribners, is a young Hartford lawyer. He was born in the village of Tariffville, Conn., June 27, 1863. His preparation for college was obtained at Hopkins' grammar school, New Haven, and in 1881 he entered Yale, graduating with the class of '85. Mr. Case entered largely into the social life of the university, probably learning more from men

than from books. Among undergraduates he was what is known in college as "a popular man." Even at that time he had serious literary aspirations, and soon became known as one of the foremost literary men in his class. He contributed both verse and prose to the college papers, and was finally elected chairman of the editorial board of the *Yale Courant*,

WILLIAM SCOVILLE CASE.

a bi-weekly which was then in a more flourishing state than now, its chief rival, the *Record*, having latterly surpassed it. After graduation, Mr. Case studied law, and was admitted to the bar at Hartford in 1889. He is now a member of the well-known firm of Case, Bryant, & Case, his father being the senior partner, with an unusually high reputation in both law and politics. From 1887 to 1889 Mr. Case was clerk of bills in the Connecticut legislature, and during the latter half of President Harrison's administration he was law clerk in the United States patent office at Washington. In 1891 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Nichols, of Salem, Mass.

Until the publication of his novel, Mr. Case's literary work had been slight, scattering, and merely tentative. He had published light verses in *Puck* and *Life*. He wrote also a short story, called "Told after Thirty Days," for *Two Tales*, during the brief existence of that periodical. This is all he had done in a purely literary way, though, perhaps, we might include his article on Granby, which he contributed to the "Memorial History of Hartford County," published a few years ago.

Like many other young writers of to-day, Mr. Case's chief literary inspiration has been the stories and sketches of Stevenson. Not the least part of the immense debt the world owes the memory of that man is his healthful and invigorating effect on the style of the coming men in literature. This is a fact we may appreciate twenty years hence even more than we do now. "Forward House," while entirely free from any approach to plagiarism, bears unmistakable evidence of Stevenson's manner. This appears not only in the stirring plot and constant change of incident, and in the thoroughly romantic atmosphere, but the firm, specific, vivid style shows particularly the perhaps unconscious following of one great master. It is, therefore, not at all surprising to learn from Mr. Case himself of his intense love of Stevenson.

For a young author's first book, "Forward House" is more than promising; it is something in which he and his friends may take a just pride. Not only is its intrinsic excellence high, but its popularity is sure to be gratifying; for, according to the July *Bookman*, it had during the month of June the largest sale of all books at Hartford, and stood sixth on the list at Chicago. We hope this will encourage its author to another attempt in the near future.

Wm. Lyon Phelps.

YALE UNIVERSITY.

QUERIES.

How can one writing under an assumed name preserve his secret from the publisher? What are the best arrangements to make concerning drafts and checks? A. R.

[An author desiring to keep his name secret from his publisher can do so only by dealing with the publisher through a trustworthy

agent — The Writer's Literary Bureau, for example. — W. H. H.]

(1.) When an author publishes an illustrated book, at his own expense, do the publishers attend to the work of illustration?

(2.) Would there be anything "cranky" in the notion of requiring the publishers to enter into a formal contract, stating that the volumes should fully correspond in quality of paper, binding, etc., to the statements made by the publishers, and requiring that a specimen volume of the work, when published, be sent to the author with a guarantee that all succeeding issues would be of the same degree of excellence?

(3.) Can wood-engraving be reproduced on Japanese parchment paper as well as on paper of any other description, and do you regard that kind of paper as the most valuable for an *édition de luxe?* E.

[(1.) The publisher of a book is the one to attend to the work of making illustrations for it. Suggestions or material for the illustrations, of course, may be furnished by the author. If he is to pay the expense of publishing the book, he is expected to pay the cost of the illustrations, too.

(2.) An author should never deal with any publisher who has not a good reputation in the trade. In dealing with such a publisher it is not necessary to make mechanical stipulations, further than that the paper, typography, and binding of the book to be issued shall be of a certain quality, — equal, for example, to those of a sample book agreed upon, — and that all copies of the book, whenever made, shall be alike. It is much more important to make definite stipulations regarding the amount of royalties, the times of payment, the outside cost of publishing, and other financial matters than to lay stress on mechanical requirements. A publisher with a reputation to sustain cannot afford to put his imprint on a poorly-made book. If the author is dealing with a job printer, or with a publisher who has no standing in the trade, he needs to be himself an expert in bookmaking, and he cannot watch the details of the work too carefully. The best way is to get a good publisher, make a reasonable contract with him, and then trust to his honesty and take the benefit of his experience.

(3.) Japanese parchment paper is a hard paper to print on, and requires the most careful handling. So many questions are involved in the preparation of an "*édition de luxe*" that it is not practicable to give advice without knowing precisely what the book is. What would be best for one book would be unsuitable for another. — W. H. H.]

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Yesterday two aldermen were authority f r the statement that some of the councilmen who received tickets are making an attempt to dispose of them for a money cons deration. — *Boston Globe.*

Two aldermen said yesterday that some of the councilmen who received tickets are trying to sell them.

Mrs. Evelyn Sutherland (Dorothy Lundt) has entirely recovered her health, and resumes her literary work upon the *Commonwealth*, *Transcript*, and other papers in the fall. — *Boston Home Journal.*

Mrs Evelyn Sutherland ("Dorothy Lundt") has entirely recovered her health, and will resume her literary work upon the *Commonwealth*, the *Transcript*, and other papers in the fall.

BOOK REVIEWS.

TWENTY-FIVE LETTERS ON ENGLISH AUTHORS. By Mary Fisher. 406 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1895.

The letters which compose this book were written, the preface says, as a supplement to text-book work on the part of a girl engaged in the study of English literature. The author says: "I found that such work was for the most part mere skeleton work, facts of date of birth, and catalogues of work accomplished. This skeleton work I tried to fill in with vital facts, living flesh and blood, gleaned from a wider reading." The style of the book, as is natural considering its origin, is unconventional, and the personality of the author is prominent, while there is a good deal of advice not directly connected with the study of English literature, but the tone of the whole book is inspiring and healthful, and it will be a valuable help to any student in acquiring knowledge of the works and the personality of the leading English authors. Constant references are given to sources of information about the authors treated of, and the collateral reading of the student is thus directed to the best advantage. The judgment of the author is generally good, and her critical comments are based on sound principles, although she is rather inclined to go to extremes. For instance, she has little patience with the writers of some recent popular English fiction, which she styles "poor, weak, anæmic flabby stuff, like that silly little — I don't know what to call it, for it hasn't character or story enough to be called a novel, but the author

called it 'Ships That Pass in the Night.'" On the other hand, she deems Mrs. Humphry Ward (whose name, by the way, is misspelled "Humphrey") "the greatest living writer of fiction in English literature." The best use of the book is in connection with some good text-book on English literature, although it gives a good general idea of the subject by itself. So far as print, binding, and paper are concerned, it is a model of solid book-making, like all the publications of S. C. Griggs & Co.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR. An historical and descriptive presentation of the world's science, art, and industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Parts XX. and XXI. 40 pp. each. Paper, each $1.00. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1895.

The chapter on Fine Arts at the Chicago Exposition is concluded in Part XX. of the Bancroft "Book of the Fair," and the description of "State Exhibits" is begun. There are five full-page pictures and many smaller ones in this number. In Part XXI. the description of "State Exhibits" is continued, and the chapter on "The Midway Plaisance" is begun. This part also is lavishly illustrated with fine half-tone pictures, including seven full-page plates.

THE ART OF NEWSPAPER MAKING. Three lectures by Charles A. Dana. 114 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1895.

No one is more competent than Mr. Dana to give instruction in the art of making a good newspaper, and anything that he says on the subject, therefore, has a special value. The three lectures that are reprinted in this book do not form a text-book of journalism, but they include many of the principles that would be laid down in such a text-book, and they give information about newspaper-making that cannot fail to be of the greatest interest to the general reader. The lectures are entitled, "The Modern American Newspaper," "The Profession of Journalism," and "The Making of a Newspaper Man." The first was originally delivered before the Wisconsin Editorial Association at Milwaukee, in July, 1888; the second to the students of Union College, in October, 1893; and the third at Cornell University, on Founders' day, January 11, 1894. There is very little repetition in them, and they show what a broad grasp Mr. Dana has of his subject, generally, and what a many-sided man he is. Every newspaper worker should have the book in his library and make himself thoroughly familiar with it, and every newspaper reader will find it full of interest. The publishers issue it in attractive form, with fine paper, handsome typography, and a tasteful binding. It is surprising, however, to find such misprints as "*PROFEFSION*" (in the running title of page 49), and "earn" for "learn" (in the first line of page 18), in a book issued by publishers of such high standing as the Appletons. It is surprising also to find so critical and careful a writer of good English as Mr. Dana saying between book covers: "Although objectors to the Sunday newspapers are still to be found, the public at large seems to have decided that they want them and will have them." Rewriting this sentence in proper form will be good exercise in English composition.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

THE CHRONICLES OF BREAK O' DAY. By E. Everett Howe. 342 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Arena Publishing Company. 1895.

AMERICAN STEAM VESSELS. By Samuel Ward Stanton. Illustrated. 496 pp. Cloth, $5.00. New York: Smith & Stanton. 1895.

THE BONDMAN. By Hall Caine. 357 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

THE RED HOUSE. By "The Duchess." 259 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

FABIAN DIMITRY. By Edgar Fawcett 296 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

CHIFFON'S MARRIAGE. By "Gyp." 252 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Photography in Copying. — In the December issue of THE WRITER, "A. F," after showing the advantages resulting from the use of photography in copying from books, manuscripts, etc., says: "What I want now is some kind of a paper that can be printed on directly through the lens, to save the necessity of developing a plate and printing from it afterward." The querist will find that thin bromide paper will answer his purpose exactly, but it has to be developed like a slow plate. The various celluloid films will do the same, but cost more. Probably by using a long exposure some of the various "aristo," "solio," or "platino-aristo" papers which print out, *i.*, *e.*, receive a visible image, to be fixed in a combined fixing and toning bath, would do the same work. In any case, I would advise the use of a reversing prism on the lens, thus securing a print reading in the right direction, for as a practical printer I know the difficulties

which would ensue if the compositor were compelled to read copy illuminated from the back.

Roger Cunningham.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

ON THE WRITING OF HISTORY. Woodrow Wilson. *Century* (38 c.) for September.

GEORGE ELIOT'S PLACE IN LITERATURE. Frederic Harrison. *Forum* (28 c.) for September.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY. Richard H. Hutton. *Forum* (28 c.) for September.

REMINISCENCES OF PROFESSOR HUXLEY. Sir William H. Flower. *North American Review* (53 c.) for September.

THE DECADENT DRAMA. Edward Fuller. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for September.

MOLIÈRE. Ellen Duvall. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for September.

THE LITERARY WOMAN AT THE PICNIC. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for September.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN FICTION — "MISS JERRY," THE FIRST PICTURE PLAY. Illustrated. Alexander Black. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for September.

WOOD ENGRAVERS — CLÉMENT BELLENGER. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for September.

THE PLOT OF THE ODYSSEY. William Cranston Lawton. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for September.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for September.

TITLES OF HONOR. William Everett. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for September.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S SERIOUS VERSE. Laurie Magnus. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in *Eclectic* (48 c.) for September.

MARY E. WILKINS AT HOME. Eliza Putnam Heaton. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for September.

HARRIET MAXWELL CONVERSE. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for September.

HENRY B. FULLER. With portrait. Nancy Huston Banks. *Bookman* (18 c.) for September.

ON LITERARY CONSTRUCTION. — I. Vernon Lee. *Bookman* (18 c.) for September.

EXPERIENCES WITH EDITORS. — I. J. Macdonald Oxley. *Bookman* (18 c.) for September.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS A PAINTER. Illustrated. Glen MacDonough. *Monthly Illustrator* (33 c.) for September.

WOMEN WRITERS OF THE DAY. With portraits of Mrs. Burton Harrison, Octave Thanet, Amélie Rives Chanler, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Louise Chandler Moulton, Charles Egbert Craddock, Anna Katharine Green, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Laura Daintrey, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Amelia E. Barr, Margaret Deland, Gertrude Atherton, Olive Thorne Miller, Mary Lowe Dickinson, Mary McNeil Scott. Gilson Willets. *Godey's* (13 c.) for September.

THE MEN WHO WRITE OUR COMIC OPERAS. WOOLSON MORSE, by Alice Graham McCollin. REGINALD DE KOVEN, by Florence Wilson. WILLARD SPENSER, by Mrs. Garrett Webster. With portraits. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for September.

MEMORIES OF A VILLAGE NEWSPAPER. Opie Read. *Inland Printer* (23 c.) for September.

NEWS AND NOTES.

W. D. Howells has left Magnolia, where he has been staying, with his wife and daughter, for New York. He is contemplating the purchase of a country place on Long Island, not too far from New York city.

Mrs. Kate Douglass Wiggin Riggs will return from Europe this month, and will then go to Hollis, Me., where she has a house.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorin F. Deland have returned to Boston after an extensive tour in England and France.

Miss Mary Stockton Hunter, whose "Japanese Sword-Song" in the June *Atlantic* has attracted much attention, is a resident of Philadelphia.

The serial rights for England and America of Mrs. Ward's new story have been sold to the *Century* for $20,000, exclusive of the book rights.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish this month an original story by Mrs. Mary E. Ireland, of Washington, D. C., who has translated nearly a score of popular books for young people, besides being the author of many stories, poems, and essays. The book will be entitled "What I Told Dorcas: A Story for Mission Workers," and is a wide-awake story of a village mission, as told by a farmer's wife, who is influential both in the society and out of it.

Dayton, Ohio, has a new monthly publication called *Everybody's Magazine.*

The *Nickell Magazine* is a new monthly illustrated publication issued by the Russell Publishing Company of Boston, at fifty cents a year. It succeeds the *Whole Family.*

The *New Bohemian*, "a modern monthly, the pioneer of unconventionality in art and letters," is announced in Cincinnati. Walter S. Hurt is to be the editor, and M. A. Frank will be the business manager.

The *American Journal of Sociology* is a new bi-monthly periodical, issued under the auspices of the University of Chicago, with Albion W. Small as editor. While the editorial responsibility rests with the department of sociology in the University of Chicago, the *Journal* will serve as a clearing house for the best sociological thought of all schools.

The first number of the *Badminton Magazine*, announced in THE WRITER some time ago, is that for August. It is a monthly devoted to sports and pastimes, and is published by Longmans, Green, & Co.

Frank Harrison's Shorthand Magazine and *Frank Harrison's Family Magazine*, both of Boston, have suspended publication.

The *New Galaxy* (New York), started a few months ago, has been consolidated with the *Monthly Illustrator*.

Newspaperdom (New York) is now issued weekly, and has been much improved.

The address of the editorial rooms of the *Cosmopolitan* has now been changed to Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

By direction of George Munro and Frank Squier, executors, the business of the late Norman L. Munro, Nos. 24 and 26 Vandewater street, New York city, has been sold at public auction. It was bid in by Mrs. Munro, the widow, for $150,000. The publications, *Golden Hours*, the *Family Story Paper* and the Cap. Collier library, were included in her bid, as were also the stock of paper, manuscripts, books, copyrights, and plates for the publications, the printing presses, goodwill, etc. Mrs. Munro will continue the business.

The *Bookman* (New York) has changed its publication day from the fifteenth to the twenty-fifth of the month. The number issued August 25 is dated "August-September." The October number will be issued September 25, and so on.

Five short autograph poems by Robert Burns were sold recently in London for $490; three long letters for $370, and three short ones for $105; at the same time seven letters of Sir Walter Scott were sold for about $27.50 *apiece.*

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly (New York) for September has a new dress of type, which greatly improves its appearance.

Alexander Black's successful experiment of illustrating an original short story by a series of photographs containing real back-grounds and fictitious characters is exhibited in *Scribner's* for September, by the picture play, "Miss Jerry," with a striking series of thirty-three illustrations.

Herbert Spencer considers the "Biographer, the Historian, and the Littérateur" in the *Popular Science Monthly* for September, showing that their professions, like others already discussed, are derived from the functions of the primitive priest.

A poem in the August *Century*, written for that publication by the late Thomas W. Parsons, who died several years ago, is another reminder of the length of time that accepted matter frequently remains in a magazine editor's office before it appears in the pages of the magazine.

The best results attained in modern picture-making are illustrated monthly in *Sun and Shade* (New York), which has been for seven years a recognized leader among art publications of the highest class. The June and the July numbers have each eight beautiful plates, all printed either by the photo-gelatine or the photo-gravure process, one picture in each number being printed in colors by the process invented by Ernest Edwards. An intelligent editorial page describes all the pictures presented.

Miss M. G. McClelland died at her home, Elm Cottage, near Norwood, Nelson County, Va., August 2.

Dr. George F. Root, of Chicago, died at Bailey Island, Me., August 6, aged seventy-five.

Frank M. Pixley, editor of the *San Francisco Argonaut*, died at San Francisco, August 11, aged seventy years.

Miss Beulah Don Elora was drowned near Harbor Island, Me., August 21.

H. O. Houghton, head of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., died at North Andover, August 25, aged seventy-two.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

II. — BY THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

The editors and proprietors of the *New York Ledger* attribute its long continued success to the very careful manner in which it has been edited. The fiction for the *Ledger* may or may not be in a degree sensational; it must be interesting, and it must be pure. The *Ledger* is edited for the whole household. There must be nothing published but what can be read aloud to every member of the family.

The first page of the *Ledger* always contains the beginning of a new story. This feature was introduced a few years ago, shortly after the change in form. When a serial story does not begin on the front page, in its place is to be found a short completed story of 6,000 or 8,000 words in length.

The serials in the *Ledger* are usually from 75,000 to 100,000 words in length. In addition to the front-page stories, short stories of domestic life and adventure on the inside of the paper are about 2,500 to 3,500 words in length.

Each number contains one or two biographical sketches, or a sketch on some instructive topic, of about 1,500 words in length.

For many years James Parton wrote the biographical sketches, but even while he was writing, when anything good could be got from other sources, it was used.

In addition to fiction, biographical articles, and articles of general information, correspondence, and science, and a column for the children, the *Ledger* publishes a page entitled "The Woman's World," devoted to topics and subjects uppermost in the social and domestic life of women. It contains the latest modes of entertaining, the different forms of teas, receptions, evenings at home, dinners, breakfasts, and suppers. Explicit directions are given as to all forms of etiquette in fashionable society. Everything that a young wife or hostess needs to qualify her for the duties of her house is the subject of full and careful directions. It contains notes of the latest fashions, with illustra-

* This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September with an article by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent*. It will be continued monthly in the magazine. Next month's article will be by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook*.

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tions. Decorative art for the home is an interesting and delightful feature. New furniture and draperies are described. The management of children, the care of the sick, hygiene, clothing, and food of invalids are subjects of special attention. The management of servants and the prevention of waste are matters of great importance in the household. Every housekeeper can find much of interest to her in the *Ledger* each week.

The *Ledger's* experience in making a popular paper of large circulation for general reading is, that it is a primary necessity that the paper should contain something of interest for every member of the family circle, and shall contain nothing which is not of general contemporary interest, and that every article shall have a fresh and live character, which shall impress the reader with its newness and freshness, and instruct as well as entertain.

Robert E. Bonner.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

PREPARATION FOR EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

A constant attendant at a church near Central park, New York, remarked when speaking of his pastor that he hardly ever listened to a speaker who could so play with words. This compliment was paid by an educated man, himself a master of words, and so sensitive and susceptible that he confessed that speaking affected him like music with its harmonies and discords.

Every word his pastor played with, or worked with, was a spoken one. He never wrote a sermon or even an outline. He might have been a fluent speaker if he had never undergone any special training, but, as a matter of fact, he did prepare himself for extemporaneous preaching by a discipline that was almost cruel.

The method which he used was simple, however, and available to any one willing to undergo drudgery in order to acquire mastery. He learned it by reading an article written by Rev. Newman Hall, of London. In practicing it he set his Bible on the table in his study, resting on the back with the edges of the leaves upward. Then he allowed it to drop open where it would. At the spot where his eye first rested he found his text. No matter what it was, it must be used. He began to speak at once and talked as well as he could for not less than ten minutes. No delay at the beginning was allowed, no hesitation later on was tolerated, and no shortening of the time was permitted.

For a while he was sometimes obliged to fill part of the time with matter that he would not have liked to offer to an audience. This was treated, however, as an exceptional and objectionable indulgence required by some extreme case. His aim was not merely to speak fluently, but to speak promptly on demand and at the same time well. As he went on he gained power to keep up to his level through the full time of a sermon. At length he could step into his pulpit on a week day, glance into the Bible, and preach a sermon, followed by the sincere wish that he could be sure of preaching as well there on Sunday.

There was a time when he found that he was practicing irregularly and doing too little. He resolved that even if he lost confidence in the method, he would continue constant practice until a certain time, and waste, if need be, ten minutes every day. He held inflexibly to this necessary rule. If he came home late, utterly

tired out, ten minutes of work lay on the table between him and the bed. He persevered until the time fixed upon. When that arrived he was a recognized master of the art of extemporaneous speaking.

Such a drill trains a man to think while talking. It also compels him to do his best thinking promptly. It requires instantaneous recognition of what may lie in the clauses of a text or the divisions of a subject. It develops power to call on resources and acquirements already in possession. There is nothing in the whole work that is not a drill in prompt and vigorous thinking.

The method is a philosophical one, because the natural way to acquire the art of doing anything is to do that very thing. It is by trying to do it as well as he can that the tyro gains power to do it better. Every other art is mastered through practice guided by study. If speaking could not be thus mastered, it would be the only exception. Even writing is learned by using the pen, and speaking can be learned by using the tongue.

The same preacher applied an analogous method to the preparation of single sermons intended for the pulpit. It might be called the method of rehearsal. By himself he went over with the sermon or parts of it again and again. Thus the thoughts and their expressions were tested and rearranged or improved. Often the very form of a sentence was perfected.

Such preparation avails itself of the good offices of that natural critic the ear, which will often detect a fault that eludes the eye. Many more revisions can thus be made in a given time than by rewriting only once or twice. The discourse is really further removed from extemporaneousness by the time it has reached the audience than most written ones. Meanwhile, it has grown familiar, and is to some extent memorized.

An incidental advantage is its being produced in its author's spoken style. A sense of the naturalness of a preacher's spoken style and of the comparative unnaturalness of his written style when the sermon is to be heard and not read may partly account for an unreasonable prejudice against written sermons. It is worthy of any preacher to wish to be able to do both kinds of work well. For one let him cherish his pen, and for the other train what God made before any man made a pen, the tongue.

Julius Robinson.

ANDOVER, Conn.

HOW TO WRITE A STORY FOR BOYS.—II.

It seems to be supreme egotism for one to give advice to another on such a subject, and, therefore, as an apology for the existence of this article, the request of the editor of THE WRITER is quoted: "Practical hints from you on the subject of writing stories for boys would be of interest to the readers of the magazine."

When one has demonstrated that this line of work or that style of story is not satisfactory to editors, and has paid for such experience by hard labor, his mistakes should serve others as "practical hints."

The boy who wishes to criticise harshly says that the story in question was "written for babies," and such a criticism must be due to the fact that the author has neglected to recall to mind his likes and dislikes when he was a lad, or that he has erred by writing as he would speak to a child. A boy of from ten to fifteen years of age, if he be bookishly inclined, is

much farther advanced in his reading than in his sports or his studies; with the putting on of his first pair of trousers he has a horror of being in any way considered young, and is more inclined to follow his elders in their line of reading than in anything else. As a matter of course it is impracticable to write particularly for a boy of eight years and for another of ten; but it is possible to interest with the same story young people of from eight to fifteen years of age, if the author will take the trouble to go back in memory to his pin-feather stage of existence, striving to construct such a tale as would then have interested him. This done, he will neither write above the heads nor beneath the feet of his readers.

Carelessness in stating alleged facts is a serious offense in the eyes of the boy. He will forgive a glaring improbability when it is boldly labelled fiction; but you deliberately insult him when you state that which he can ascertain from books of reference is absolutely incorrect. This is best illustrated by an experience of mine in connection with one of my books, published by Harper & Brothers.

The incorrect statement made was regarding the depth of water at a certain point on Tampa bay, and I gained my information from an old chart of the Florida coast, carelessly giving no heed to the fact that there might be a later publication bearing on the subject. In less than thirty days from the issuance of the book four letters were received from as many readers, in which the mistake was pointed out, with more or less sarcasm as to the wisdom of the author. The latest coast survey had discovered that this particular portion of the bay was dry at low water, and at least four boys had made themselves acquainted with that fact. It was an error such as an older reader would have passed by unnoticed, or with a smile of pity because of the author's ignorance; but a boy does not allow anything of the kind to go without rebuke, and always remembers it to the disparagement of the writer.

The boy is willing to read a certain amount of descriptive writing as the price of the more exciting portions of the story, much as he is willing to take castor oil in order to gain the dainties which are given as reward; but give too large a proportion, either of pen pictures or of oil, and he rebels. It would seem that he prefers to recognize the characters by some peculiarity of speech or of action, rather than by words, and fortunate indeed is that author whose story is illustrated by an artist thoroughly in sympathy with the work. For example, "Toby Tyler" was an ordinary sort of story, but, being illustrated by W. A. Rogers, the most careful and the most pleasing of all illustrators who portray boy-life, it was raised at once to a much higher class than was really deserved, for in each picture the readers saw the same characters, with the same peculiarities of feature and of dress, as if they were so many photographs. In that case it was the illustrations, rather than the letter-press, which made the success. As a matter of course, an author cannot always choose his illustrator, but this is possible in many cases, particularly when he enters into partnership with an artist, and thus submits his manuscripts to the publisher fully illustrated. In such case his wares receive more attention, and he himself is better pleased, because the pictures are such as he desires.

Do not make the mistake of confounding action with sensationalism. There is an abundance of healthy incident in the life of every boy, and the author will have no difficulty in finding all he needs; but when he goes into the blood-and-thunder style of stories he is committing a deliberate and needless crime. To make the young reader acquainted with a hero who flourishes a revolver on every occasion, and who places no value whatever on human life, is to familiarize him with criminals and crime in a greater degree than would be possible in his everyday life. Why deal with murder, whether the victims be Africans, Indians, or "tough" characters, when it is possible to write quite as entertainingly of innocent amusements? Why should a boy be taught that there are other boys who roam around the world killing their fellow-beings, and thus winning for themselves the names of heroes, when such is not the fact? Or, even though it were true, why thus cheapen human life in the minds of the young, giving them to understand that to kill a man under certain circumstances is praiseworthy? The imaginary "Red-Handed

Bandit of the Plains" is capable of more mischief from the pages of a book than he could ever work as a living being, for the officers of the law would soon hunt out the real fellow, or he die "with his boots on," while the fiction hero always settles down to a happy life, honored and respected because of the wealth he has obtained unlawfully.

It is true there is good demand among publishers for "Treasure Island" and "Captain Horn" stories, and there is also a field for respectable burglars and gentlemanly sneak-thieves; but it would be as much better for the boys if the demand was never satisfied, as for the public if the field remained unoccupied.

This is not a plea for "goody-good" stories; there is really no demand for such stuff nowadays; but it is sound advice to either young or old authors to keep as far from blood-shedding in their writing as they would in their daily lives. The American boy does not actually need gore, nor would he indulge in it but for the fact that there are writers who are more than willing to pour it out for him by wholesale.

James Otis.

PORTLAND, Me.

NEWS-GETTING FOR COUNTRY PAPERS.

Some practical suggestions for correspondents of country papers are given in a little pamphlet, entitled "A Compilation of Good Pointers for Correspondents," issued by the *Kutztown* (Penn.) *Patriot* to its reporters. As the needs of country papers everywhere are similar. it seems worth while to give the contents of the pamphlet the benefit of THE WRITER'S circulation. The business side of country newspaper publishing is kept prominently in view by the publishers of the *Patriot*, and their suggestions to their reporters about means of increasing circulation and getting job work and advertising are undoubtedly based on knowledge gained from practical experience.

The preface of the pamphlet says: —

To Our Correspondents:

This little pamphlet is sent to you with the purpose of lightening your work and giving you small pointers which will be useful to you in your correspondence. The *Patriot* is published in the interests of its subscribers, and with your help we desire to place it in the front rank of country newspapers. Any suggestions toward the improvement of the paper or the introduction of new features in its columns are earnestly solicited from you, and, if feasible, will be adopted.

Following come practical suggestions, printed under appropriate headings, and reprinted here with no changes except a few omissions: —

FIRST OF ALL THE NEWS.

The one great object of a newspaper is to give the news, of course. Give all the news you can find. Do not express any opinions about certain events in your locality. Let the public form its own opinions. Do not depend upon hearsay for your important news, but investigate it yourself, if possible. Send no items which would, if printed, make an enemy. Rather say a good word than a bad one, even though it may stretch your conscience to do so. Every article that you send will be printed unless the editor sees some good reasons for not inserting it, and you can depend upon it that he will not "blue pencil" good matter.

The card of credentials will allow you free admittance to any show or performance in your vicinity.

Tell young married people that the *Patriot* will be sent to them free for one year if they were married in 1895.

Do not send news out of another correspondent's territory.

PLEASE THE PEOPLE.

Every honest man in the world likes to see his name in print. Let the people know that

you are a newspaper correspondent, and they will oftentimes give you an article of news when you least expect it. A list of the *Patriot* subscribers in your territory is sent with this pamphlet. Keep track of their doings and the doings of their friends. It will please them and make them stanch friends of yours and of the paper. Try to write a letter every week, even if you have only a few items of news. The paper comes but once a week, and each issue is a record of the events of the same week in your section. If you have any news about yourself, don't be afraid to send it. Get the people interested in the paper by giving them every bit of news that you can find.

Send a letter every week — and sign your name to all of them.

Mention the doings of our subscribers.

WHO? WHAT? WHEN? WHERE? WHY? HOW?

If the correspondent will bear in mind these six words whenever he writes an article, he will be sure to have an interesting news article. Remember that the public wants to know everything about a certain item, and the more detail is given the more the article will be appreciated. In the case of an accident, the public wants to know who it was, when and where it was, and how it happened. In cases of death, give the name and age in full; if a child, the parents' names, and if a wife, the husband's full name; the cause of death, when it was, when and where the funeral was or will be held, where burial made, and who the officiating clergyman was.

SPECIAL NEWS ITEMS.

We desire to record every birth that takes place in our territory, and our correspondents will kindly inform us of all "new arrivals." The physicians will be able to give you particulars of all the births. State names of parents, place of residence, date of birth, and sex of child. A style like this can be followed:

ADAM — On July 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Adam, of Paradise, a son.

Marriages should be reported in this style: Names of contracting parties, son and daughter of whom, where reside, when married, where married, and by whom. If a reception is given them, give names of people present.

Don't forget the ladies. Send everything they do. If they entertain visitors, give the full names of the visitors and their residence.

Give authentic reports of public meetings.

HOW TO WRITE UP A DEATH.

Name of deceased.
Place of residence.
Age — as accurately as possible.
Cause of death.
Time of death.
Personality of deceased, character, standing in community.
Names of children.
Names of brothers and sisters.
Date of burial.
Place of burial.
Officiating minister.

An account of a funeral will interest everybody, and therefore ought to be very minute and authentic. Send accounts of deaths which occur after you have sent your regular correspondence, in a special letter, so that we may record all deaths that have taken place during the week in which the *Patriot* is published.

In describing a death do not forget to mention when it occurred.

WHEN TO SEND NEWS.

Send your regular correspondence at any time during the former part of the week not later than Wednesday night. Other special news should be sent so that it reaches us Friday morning. The newsiest news you can give is that which describes events that have happened so short a time before Saturday (our publication day) that it will surprise the readers, first, because they haven't heard of it; second, they didn't think we had; and third, that the whole account should be so quickly printed. Don't be afraid to send an extra letter when you have an important item of news; paper and postage are cheap — if your supply is exhausted, send to us for more. The *Patriot* is dated Saturday, but is printed on Friday afternoon. Endeavor to have every particle of news in the office in time for the paper.

YOUR PRIVILEGE.

Besides furnishing us with the news of your territory, you may send descriptions of local matters of interest. Say a good word for your town, your local industries, your churches, and your local societies or organizations. People like to read the news first, and then they will be pleased to read about matters in which they are interested, and which are not strictly news. Relics, heir-looms, old coins, natural curiosities, etc., can be described and will be of interest to everybody, even if the person who possesses them is unknown to the reader. In short, send whatever you would be interested in reading if written by some one else.

DO'S AND DON'T'S.

Spell proper names correctly, and if an uncommon name appears write it out in big Roman letters thus: B-R-O-W-N.

Avoid too frequent mention of certain persons, even though they stand high in the community. The people whose names never ap-

pear in print are sure to notice these things.

Write nothing relating to church wrangles, personal matters, and private family affairs, and let violently alone everything having the appearance of a scandal.

Don't try to "get even" with anybody through the columns of a newspaper. It may injure you and it will injure the paper.

Don't forget to mention the births: it will please the parents, and the people want to know how fast the population is increasing.

Speak a good word for the *Patriot* whenever and wherever possible, and get people interested in it.

YOU ARE OUR AGENT.

You are our agent and representative in your territory, and we will accept no news from any one else. You are authorized to take subscriptions, advertisements, and orders for job printing, and we will allow you a large discount on all orders taken. If there are any people in your territory who, you think, might subscribe for the paper, send us their names, and we will send them sample copies free for four weeks, after which you can call upon them for their subscription. Collect $1.50 on every subscription, send us one dollar and retain fifty cents as your commission. This is good only for *new* subscribers. If a reliable person wants the paper and does not care to pay in advance, send us the subscription, and as soon as his subscription is paid your commission will be forwarded you. Some of our correspondents have secured as high as thirty-five subscribers at one post-office, and without a great deal of work or time you can do the same. Write to us for rate of commission on advertisements and job printing, and samples of our printing.

The whole art of running a country newspaper is not elucidated here, of course, but a good deal of it is. If it weren't for human nature, country newspapers could not make a living, and the publishers of the *Kutztown Patriot* seem to understand human nature pretty well.

Arthur Fosdick.

BOSTON, Mass.

"PLAGIARISM" AGAIN.

Apropos of the article upon "Plagiarism" contained in THE WRITER for August, the opinion of Goethe upon the subject may prove interesting, if not instructive.

In reply to Eckermann, who censures Byron for stigmatizing "Faust" as a piece of plagiarism, Goethe says: —

"The greater part of those fine things cited by Lord Byron I have never even read, much less did I think of them when I was writing 'Faust.' But Lord Byron is great only as a poet; as soon as he reflects, he is a child. He knows not how to help himself against the stupid attacks of the same kind made upon himself by his own countrymen. He ought to have expressed himself more strongly against them. 'What is there is mine,' he should have said, 'and whether I got it from a book or from life is of no consequence; the only point is whether I have made a right use of it.' Walter Scott used a scene from my 'Egmont,' and he had a right to do so, and because he did it well he deserves praise. He has also copied the character of my 'Mignon' in one of his romances; but whether with equal judgment is another question. Lord Byron's 'Transformed Devil' is a continuation of Mephistopheles, and quite right, too. If, from the whim of originality, he had departed from the model, he would certainly have fared worse. Thus, my Mephistopheles sings a song from Shakespeare, and why should he not? Why should I give myself the trouble of inventing one of my own, when this said just what was wanted! If, too, the prologue to my 'Faust' is something like the beginning of Job, that is again quite right, and I am rather to be praised than censured."

RICHMOND, Ind. *E. L. Hibberd.*

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

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VOL. VIII. OCTOBER, 1895. NO. 10.

In making up the reference list of "Literary Articles in Periodicals" each month the editor of THE WRITER has had occasion to note that *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Round Table* do not date each page of each issue, as all weekly papers not of magazine form ought to do. It is not important to have each page of a magazine dated, since the magazine is usually held while it is being read so that reference to the cover is easy, but a newspaper or a weekly journal not in magazine form is usually read folded inside out, and it is not convenient, in case the reader desires to know the date, for him to turn back and find the one dated page. *Harper's Bazar* has most of its pages dated, and the *Illustrated American*, *Once a Week*, the *Youth's Companion*, *Newspaperdom*, the *Fourth Estate*, the *Newspaper Maker*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and other publications of similar form date every page. In case the pages of any publication are electrotyped, it must be a great convenience to have a date on every page, and if they are not, the page ought to be dated for the convenience of the reader.

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Authors, quite as much as anybody else, are interested in the adoption of an international postage stamp. Several of the great Powers are considering the expediency of having such a stamp, and the project may be realized. At present it is inconvenient for authors to forward manuscripts to publications outside of their own country, because of the difficulty of securing stamps for return postage. The adoption of an international stamp would greatly enlarge the manuscript market for all writers, besides being a convenience and a help to business everywhere.

***

If justification is needed for the existence of the literary bureau, it is to be found in such letters as one which recently found its way to the desk of the editor of the *Congregationalist*, directed to the editor of the *Andover Review*. The *Congregationalist* says: "The writer wanted to know if the *Review* desired stories for its children's department, and, if so, how much it paid. In view of the fact that Andover's bright monthly ceased to be several years ago, we shall have to refer this aspirant for literary honors to its esteemed contempory and survivor, the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. We suppose that even our staid monthlies will not be able to resist much longer the pressure for a woman's page and a children's nook. If they run short of suitable matter, the possibility of publishing therein judicial decisions and findings ot ecclesiastical courts might be worth considering."

***

A great many of the readers of THE WRITER have signed and sent to the editor the petition for the reduction of postage on manuscripts which was printed in the September number. It is desirable that those who have not done so already should both sign the petition themselves and secure the signatures of other writers, in order that the petition, when it is

presented to congress, may have as many names as possible. The petitions, with the blanks filled out, should be forwarded to the editor of THE WRITER, so that they may all be presented together at the proper time. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Kindly give me the correct pronunciation of "Butte." J. H. C.

["Butte" is pronounced like "beaut" in "beauty." — W. H. H.]

The three dailies of this city are indulging in a war upon each other in the matter of good newspaper English. Paper No. 1 quotes from paper No. 2 this item: "A case of drunkenness before the police court." Its criticism is that the expression "has no verb, and is, therefore, not a logical sentence. Paper No. 2, however, asserts that it is not always necessary for news to be in logical sentences. The editor instances monthly police reports, bank statements, health officers' statistics, etc. Which is right? J. L. S.

[A well-written newspaper always presents its news in logical sentences, each with a subject and predicate. The "headline" or "contents" style may be used in a brief summary of the day's news, but even there it is better to use complete sentences. — W. H. H.]

What is the best way to enclose a stamp for return postage? L. P. R.

[The best way to enclose postage for the return of a manuscript is to send with it a stamped envelope, self-addressed, and of the right size to take the manuscript in its original folds. If a postage stamp is enclosed loose, it should *never* be stuck to the paper, either by one corner or otherwise. It should never be simply laid in loose, for in that case it is likely to get stuck to the paper in transit, or to be overlooked when the letter is opened. Several methods of enclosing stamps have been suggested at various times in THE WRITER. If one or more stamps are enclosed in a piece of waxed paper folded a little smaller than the size of the envelope, they will reach their destination in good condition and will not be overlooked. If stamps are bought in sheets, the gummed margin attached to the outer rows can be used to stick one or more stamps to the letter without moistening any part of the stamps themselves. If two parallel slits an inch long and a quarter of an inch apart are cut in the letter paper, a stamp can be slipped through with both ends in sight. — W. H. H.]

To what extent is it proper, advisable, or legitimate that a writer should put his knowledge of a certain subject into an article for other journals, after he has had a manuscript on that subject paid for and in the hands of one? Take an instance: I sent a paper on a subject of some technical value to a magazine. It was well paid for, but has never, to my knowledge, appeared. Would it be proper for me to use the same subject to form another article for other magazines, without making any inquiries of the editor of the first journal? C. C.

[An author who has sold an article on a certain subject to one editor can usually decide whether or not he is justified in selling another article on the same subject to another editor by putting himself in the place of the first editor, and asking himself then how he feels about it. If a writer is possessed of certain special technical knowledge, and sells that knowledge in the form of an article, he is not justified in selling a similar article until after the first article has been published, or unless he can obtain the approval of the editor to whom he has sold it. If his knowledge, however, is general, so that he can write two or more articles that will not conflict, he is justified in doing so, using, of course, reasonable discretion. For example, if a mathematician had just discovered for the first time that two and two make four, he could justly sell the announcement of the fact only once. When Dr. Holmes died, on the other hand, Dr. Hale was called upon to write, and did write, reminiscent articles regarding the Autocrat for at least five different publications, and all the five editors were satisfied. If an author has sold a technical article, and it has not appeared in print after a considerable lapse of time, and he is in doubt whether it would be honorable for him to offer another article on the same subject to another publica-

tion, the best thing for him to do is to write to the editor who bought the original article, and ask him what to do. If the editor thinks there will be no conflict, he will not hesitate to say so. — W. H. H.]

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.*

IV. — HOBART C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor has made his victorious way on to success over a brambly high-road with many crippling disadvantages, such as those of social position, reputation as a "swell sportsman" desiring to drive a four-in-hand coach over the bars of the literary pasture, and various other handicaps. He now stands, frankly confessed and fully acknowledged, a well-known writer of novels, with a style, a literary taste, and a following all his own, and of his own acquirement.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is a young man, — only thirty years of age, in fact. He was born in 1865, in Chicago, of Colonial stock. His father had as ancestor William Taylor, of Concord, Mass., 1665. His mother was Miss

HOBART C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Adelaide Chatfield, a descendant of George Chatfield, who settled at Guilford, Conn., in 1630. He is by no means the eccentric, scholastic, or seedy author in appearance: is the reverse of sedentary in habit, primed with the vigor of health, youth, and enthusiasm, and devoted to out-of-door sport, which he does everything in his power to foster and promote, substantially, as well as by force of example. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is a man of simple habits and expensive tastes, — a combination found rarely, especially rarely in the rich, and more

* Biographical sketches of writers have previously appeared in THE WRITER as follows: —

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN, by Mary P. Hatch (July, 1888).

FRANCES MIRIAM WHITCHER ("Widow Bedott"), by Mrs. George Archibald (October, 1889).

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD, by Rufus R. Wilson (December, 1889).

ARLO BATES, by H. L. Richards, Jr. (January, 1890).

WILL CARLETON, by Wayland Dalrymple Ball (March, 1890).

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY, by Lindsay Swift (February, 1891).

JAMES LANE ALLEN (with portrait), by John W. Fox, Jr. (July, 1891).

JENNIE M. DRINKWATER (with portrait), by Frederick Orr (August, 1891).

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (with portrait). Lowell Memorial Number, with personal tributes by twenty-nine leading American authors (September, 1891)

HAMLIN GARLAND (with portrait), by Charles E. Hurd and J. E. Chamberlin (October, 1891).

JAMES PARTON (with portrait), by Harriet Prescott Spofford.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE (with portrait), by E. Cavazza (December, 1891).

WILLIAM C. HUDSON ("Barclay North"), by George B. Gallup (January, 1892).

MARY E. HAWKER (with portrait), by T. G. L. Hawker (February, 1892).

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL (with portrait), by William S. Walsh (March, 1892).

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON, by Mary E. Cardwill (June, 1894).

DR. RODRIGUES OTTOLENGUI, by Stephen L. Coles (July, 1894).

KATE CHOPIN, by William Schuyler (August, 1894).

OWEN WISTER, by Sidney G. Fisher (September, 1894).

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Holmes Memorial Number, with personal tributes by thirty-two leading American writers (November, 1894).

MARIA LOUISE POOL, by Amanda M. Hale (December, 1894).

WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON (with portrait) (August, 1895).

CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM (with portrait), by Lydia Avery Coonley (September, 1895).

WILLIAM SCOVILLE CASE (with portrait), by William Lyon Phelps (September, 1895).

especially rarely in the young rich, — and is austerely moral in bent of life, to suit himself — that is to say, from pure choice. A relative of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, indeed, has said of him that he was desperately in love with goodness; it was a passion with him, as vice is with some men — a safe passion to indulge, all will admit, and one to encourage, no matter to what excess it may carry its victim.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's latest novel, "Two Women and a Fool," which has brought down upon the author some censure from critics, as dealing with the unspeakable, or the intensely modern, — the same thing, by the by, — is, in the eyes of his friends, the most flagrant sign, if one were needed, of his integrity of life. The book's weakness lies in the evident fact of its having been written by a man who views sin from the outside, even if its immorality is put in the first person of the narrative. That the book has in it the elements of popularity, and a genuine fascination for the general reader, is proved by the figures of its sales. It is not only already in its American seventh thousand, and selling as fast as ever here, but it is well on in an English edition, brought out by the Routledges, and exciting attention from the best English reviewers.

In 1888, when Mr. Taylor was twenty-three, he became deeply imbued with the spirit of journalism, and helped to start a weekly Chicago newspaper called *America*, investing in it much capital, time, and labor. With him were associated Slason Thompson, now editorial writer on the *Chicago Evening Journal*, Charles Page Bryan, Reginald De Koven, Mr. Taylor's brother-in-law, whose reputation is world-wide, and Harry Smith, known as this country's first libretto-writer, and wit and poet of exquisite kind. Mr. Taylor wrote editorials of radiant zeal for everything American, translated stories, and did all sorts of miscellaneous work, such as none but an ambitious and anxious editor can do, until 1891, when, after having shouldered the whole business for a year, and seeing no chance of recovering any of the invested capital, Mr. Taylor sold the paper to Mr. Thompson. In 1891, Mr. Taylor wrote weekly letters from Europe on many subjects to the *Chicago Morning News* and the *Record*. He has also written for the *Cosmopolitan* on coaching; has contributed historical articles about Spain and the discovery of America, and translated, at Paul Bourget's request, an article on the World's Fair for the same magazine. He has also been a contributor to "Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia."

In 1893 — the World's Fair year — Hobart Chatfield-Taylor was appointed Spanish consul in Chicago. His interest in Spain, knowledge of the Spanish language, and social proclivities made him particularly valuable in this capacity during the World's Fair, and to his offices is due the favorable impression the Duke and Duchess of Veragua, with their suite, Señor Dupuy De Lome, and the Infanta Eulalie, with her train, received of Chicago's power of making guests comfortable and well entertained. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has also a decided taste for looking after distinguished foreigners of special accomplishment. Paul Bourget, who was in Chicago for some weeks, was much interested in the young man's literary career. He mentioned Hobart Chatfield-Taylor in his "Outre Mer" as one of the rising novelists of the day, and has kept up a correspondence with him ever since his visit to Chicago.

In December, 1891, A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, published Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's first novel, "With Edge Tools." The book was looked for with eager curiosity, and was read at first for the same reason. The opinion was that the author was extremely promising, that his descriptions were glowing and pictorial, his conversations spirited, but that his tendency to over-explain was a little too evident, and that his plot was — not to put too fine a point upon it — thin. There were too many personal allusions to please everybody. But the book promised better work, and was sold in large numbers. "An American Peeress," which followed it in 1893, went through two editions, besides appearing serially in the *New York Herald*. It was a great improvement on the first book, it was published in England by Chapman & Hall, and was translated into Hungarian. Two years later, "Two Women and a Fool" came out in exquisite form from the hands of Stone & Kimball, also of Chicago. It was illustrated by eight drawings by C. D. Gibson, but

these drawings, with the exception of perhaps two, were not in Mr. Gibson's best, or even second best, style. They are blurred and indistinctive, many of them, so that they cannot be said to have helped the sales.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is not moral in his literary methods, nor analytical, nor realistic. He is epigrammatic — almost to excess; but he allows the threads of his story to weave themselves into a pattern of life. In "With Edge Tools" there is no special denouement. The unworthy hero somehow drifts out, without violent emotion or tragic burst. And so he goes, as thousands of such men do go in real life. It is saner and more normal to make little fuss over a bad man, and a great deal less gratifying to his vanity — so it is wiser in a novel. In this respect, "With Edge Tools" is realistic, perhaps. In "An American Peeress," the strong, simple love of a sweet nature outlives everything — even the deep wiles of an accomplished unworldly coquette; and plain life in America appears better to be lived than that of the over-ripe "higher" civilization of England.

The latest book, "Two Women and a Fool," deals with the love of an artist for two women, one of a fine and fearless innocence, — not ignorance, — the other a girl of education and shrewdness, who deliberately leads a life of excitement and promiscuous loves. She is not made any more alluring than the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, and one feels the same questioning doubt as to how a man of refinement could be ensnared by a woman of such material instincts and violent temper; but the answer comes in the fact that such things do happen, and happen repeatedly, and in that way the doubt is silenced. The artist's heart history for years is given in the form of an exceedingly clever, brilliant, and epigrammatic monologue — a sustained effort which is extremely difficult, and which Mr. Chatfield-Taylor may be congratulated upon having achieved so successfully.

Imagination and invention — two most important requisites of a story-teller — Mr. Chatfield-Taylor may be said to possess. It is doubtful whether without poverty, grief, injustice, disgrace, defeat, or some of the many vicissitudes of man, his imagination is powerful enough to enable him to add experience to the other two ingredients.

No day is complete to this industrious young man — whose pastime is poring over books — that does not include two or more hours of quiet study, when he is not engaged in writing a book; and two or more hours of writing, when one is in progress. His knowledge of Spanish history is very full, and his desire to master thoroughly every subject into which he dips has led to his acquiring information which would shame experts on many subjects.

In 1891, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor was married to Rose Farwell, youngest daughter of Charles Farwell, United States senator from Illinois. Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor is an ardent sympathizer and helper. Mr. and Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor have two children — a little girl of four, born in London, and a boy of twenty months, named for a beloved uncle, Wayne Chatfield, in deference to whose wish, expressed in his will, Hobart Chatfield Taylor became Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor three years ago, at the uncle's death.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor no longer makes his permanent home in Chicago, although he spends his summers at Lake Forest, a beautiful suburb of that city. His winters are spent usually in traveling. *Mary Abbott.*

CHICAGO, Ill.

V. — M. E. M. DAVIS.

A quaint old house in the French quarter of New Orleans, with a courtyard and a corridor half blocked by a huge Spanish water-jar — this is the home of Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, whose recent novel, "Under the Man-Fig," is making a distinct stir in the reading world.

Mrs. Davis, whose maiden name was Moore, was born in Alabama, but removed when a child to Texas, where she lived until her marriage to Major T. E. Davis, of the *New Orleans Picayune.* Before her marriage, Mrs. Davis published a volume of poems under the title, "Minding the Gap, and Other Poems." Many of these verses are well-known and have been widely copied. A later lyric, called "Counsel," and beginning, —

> "If thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell,
> But for one night though that farewell may be,"

has found a place in many collections of verse,

and has been attributed to various authors. Other poems, "Père Dagobert," "Throwing the Wanga," etc., have appeared in the magazines. The latter is an intense and dramatic handling of the voodoo vengeance.

Mrs. Davis' short stories are well-known. "The Song of the Opal," "The Soul of Rose

MRS. M. E. M. DAVIS.

Dede," "The Elephant's Track," the "Centre Figger," "A Miracle," and other stories have appeared in *Harper's;* "A Heart Leaf from Stony Creek Bottom" was published in the *Atlantic Monthly.*

A volume of tender and exquisite sketches, called "In War Times at La Rose Blanche," reminiscences of the writer's own child life on a plantation, was published a few years ago by the D. Lothrop Company, of Boston. These sketches have been translated into French by Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc), of La Revue des Deux Mondes (Paris), and will appear in that journal.

The novel, "Under the Man-Fig" (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.), has awakened keen interest as a tale at once strongly dramatic, clean, and artistic.

Mrs. Davis' work is characterized by a keen sense of humor, a fine restrained pathos, and a delicate play of fancy. The simplicity of her method constitutes her greatest charm as a writer.

No sketch of Mrs. Davis would be complete without emphasizing her personality. In New Orleans, where she is known as Mrs. Mollie Moore Davis, this personality has had a great influence. It is not too much to say that she has been largely instrumental in quickening the intellectual movement of the romantic old town on the Mississippi. At her *salon*, in the quaint house in the Rue Royale, the united best of Creole and American society gathers weekly during the winter season, and this hospitality is shared by strangers. One is sure to meet there every one of consideration who may be sojourning in or passing through the city.

Mrs. Davis is at present engaged on a piece of historical work, which is said to be vivid and delightful. *Alice Allain.*

NEW ORLEANS, La.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

By this time the Defender had become a totally different looking boat to what she was when she came in.—*New York Tribune.*

By this time the Defender had become a totally different looking boat from what she was when she came in.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

MAURICE MAETERLINCK AT HOME. Illustrated. Magdeleine Pidoux. *Bookman* (18 c.) for October.

ON LITERARY CONSTRUCTION — II. Vernon Lee. *Bookman* (18 c.) for October.

EXPERIENCES WITH EDITORS. — II. Accepted Addresses. J. Macdonald Oxley. *Bookman* (18 c.) for October.

HOW TO MAKE A LIVING BY LITERATURE. W. Davenport Adams. *Bookman* (18 c.) for October.

FRANCIS PARKMAN. Frontispiece portrait. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for October.

HENRY OSCAR HOUGHTON, PUBLISHER. Julius H. Ward. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for October.

PLEASURABLE SCRAP-BOOKS. Charlotte Charles Herr. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for October.

MR. STEVENSON'S HOME LIFE AT VAILIMA. Lloyd Osbourne. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for October.

MR. HUXLEY. With portrait. George W. Smalley. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for October.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Illustrated. Brander Matthews. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for October.

THE GIFT OF STORY-TELLING. Brander Matthews. *Harper's* (38 c.) for October.

OUR GRAPHIC HUMORISTS: WILLIAM HOGARTH.—II. Joseph Grego. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for October.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE. Frontispiece portrait. *Arena* (53 c.) for October.

THE RENASCENCE IN ENGLISH. Richard Burton. *Forum* (28 c.) for October.

DR. HENRY MARTYN BAIRD. With portrait. Samuel Macaulay Jackson. *Book Buyer* (13 c.) for September.

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS. With portrait. *Book Buyer* (13 c.) for September.

OUR GRAPHIC HUMORISTS: WILLIAM HOGARTH.—I. Illustrated. Joseph Grego. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for September.

HOW TO MAKE PASTE, MUCILAGE, AND GLUE. A. Ashmun Kelly. *Household* (13 c.) for September.

MRS. G. R. ALDEN ("PANSY"). With portrait. Horace A. Kimball. *Magazine of Poetry* (28 c.) for September.

PHOTOGRAPHY VS. THE PRESS. B. J. Falk. *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (33 c.) for September.

PRACTICAL PHOTO-ENGRAVING.—VII. A. C. Austin. *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (33 c.) for September.

WILL H. LOW AND HIS WORK. Illustrated. Cleveland Moffett. *McClure's Magazine* (18 c.) for September.

NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS. Thomas Wakeman Lane. *American Journal of Photography* (28 c.) for September.

JAPANESE JOURNALISM Eustace B. Rogers, U. S. N. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for August 3.

BRANDER MATTHEWS. Portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for August 3.

GEORGE DU MAURIER, OF "PUNCH." With portrait, and reproductions of sketches. M. H. Spielmann. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for August 24.

HENRY OSCAR HOUGHTON. With Portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for September 7.

MODERN LIBRARY-WORK OUT WEST. Illustrated. Julian Ralph. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for September 14.

POINTS IN LETTER-WRITING. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for August 10.

VARINA ANNE JEFFERSON DAVIS. With portrait. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for August 24.

THE SPEECH OF SOUTHERN WOMEN. Jno. Gilmer Speed. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for September 7.

MISS SARAH HOLLAND ADAMS. Lilian Whiting. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for September 7.

HOW BOOKS ARE MADE. Illustrated. Kirk Munroe. *Harper's Round Table* (8 c.) for August 6.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Illustrated. Henrietta Christian Wright. *Harper's Round Table* (8 c.) for September 17.

AN EDITOR'S RELATIONS WITH YOUNG AUTHORS. W. D. Howells. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for September 5.

MUSICAL COMPOSITION. Herbert Wilber Greene. *Once a Week* (13 c.) for August 8.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES. Charles Bradley. *Once a Week* (13 c.) for August 22.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Portrait. *Once a Week* (13 c.) for August 22.

MAURUS JOKAI. *Once a Week* (13 c.) for August 29.

ISAAC ZANGWILL AT HOME. With portrait. George Warrington. *Once a Week* (13 c.) for August 29.

THE HEINE MONUMENT. With portrait of Heine. *Illustrated American* (13 c) for August 10.

IAN MACLAREN AND "THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH." With portrait. James MacArthur. *Illustrated American* (13. c.) for August 24.

TYPE-SETTING FROM THE WIRE. *Newspaperdom* (13 c.) for August 22.

MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM. With portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for August 8.

PROOFREADING AND PUNCTUATION. *Newspaper Maker* (13 c.) for August 22.

WILLIS J. ABBOT. With portrait. *Newspaper Maker* (13 c.) for August 22.

THE LETTERS OF COLERIDGE. Andrew Lang. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for August 3.

ROBERT BURNS. Reprinted from *Belgravia* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for August 31.

THE RIVALS OF PUNCH. M. H. Spielmann. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for August 31.

MRS. GASKELL. Mat Hompes. Reprinted from *Gentleman's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for September 7.

HUXLEY. P. Chalmers Mitchell. Reprinted from *New Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for September 14.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Charles Dudley Warner is in England.

Hall Caine arrived in New York September 25. He will be the guest of William Appleton at Lake Placid before he goes to Canada.

Walter H. Page, formerly editor of the *Forum*, is now assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Harry Bates has withdrawn from the editorial charge of *Godey's Magazine*, and has been succeeded by H. S. Wilkinson, formerly a Boston newspaper man. The Godey Company has certified to a decrease in its capital stock from $1,000,000 to $200,000.

George W. Cable ran into a team while bicycling September 11 at Northampton, in trying to turn out for another bicycle, and was thrown to the ground with considerable force, but fortunately escaped serious injury.

New York is to have a rival to the *Yellow Book*, of London, in a new periodical to be called the *Black Book*. Its projectors promise that it shall be a magazine of the highest character, both in text and in illustrations.

Mlle. New York is a new end-of-the-century fortnightly journal started in New York, with Vance Thompson as editor and Thomas Fleming and T. E. Powers as artists.

Philadelphia has a new illustrated monthly publication called *New Ideas*, which is devoted to information about inventions, discoveries, and progress in general.

The *Hour Book* is the title of a new magazine to be published by the Hour Book Company, of Cumberland, Md. John G. Wilson, Herman Schneider, and John Edwards will be the editors. Its contents will be along the general lines of the *Chap Book* and similar periodicals, with rather more of a local flavor. The first issue will appear in October.

The *South* is a new monthly magazine started in Chicago.

The *Hornbook of Periodical Literature* is a bi-monthly periodical started in New York by C. A. Watson, and designed to give information about periodical literature.

Buffalo has a new publication, the *Young Ladies' Magazine*, said to be published exclusively for women, and for young women in particular.

The *Colonial Magazine* (New York) is a new monthly devoted to the interests of the patriotic organizations of America. F. B. Bosworth, of the *Boston Herald*, is the editor; J. C. Hyde, society editor of the *New York Times*, is associate editor; and R. N. Hyde, of the *New York Herald's* art department, is managing editor.

Blue and Gray (Washington) has suspended publication. It was removed from Philadelphia to Washington several months ago.

Penfield Bros., Asbury Park, N. J., assigned August 30 to J. J. Joyce, of Newark. Since 1894 they have been the publishers of *Peterson's Magazine* and *Arthur's Home Magazine*, their printing plant being at Asbury Park and their editorial offices at 111 Fifth avenue, New York. The plates, back-numbers, copyrights, subscription-books, good-will, etc., of the two magazines were sold by auction at Asbury Park, N. J., September 18, *Peterson's* bringing $5,000, $7,000 less than the appraised value, and *Arthur's* only $350.

Toilettes (New York) is to change its size and style with the number published this month, and henceforth its price will be twenty-five cents a number or two dollars a year. It is a first-rate fashion magazine. A useful feature is a serial pronouncing "dictionary of French words in constant use by artists in dress, and frequently occurring in magazines of fashion."

Truth (New York) has been enlarged to twenty pages weekly.

The *New England Kitchen Magazine* (Boston) changed its name with the September number to the *American Kitchen Magazine*. The change is necessitated by the growth of the magazine, and by its ever-widening scope and aims. The ownership and management remains the same.

The *Housekeeper* (Minneapolis) has been sold to W. E. Haskell & Co., a corporation composed of several prominent Minneapolis publishers, including Lucian Swift, of the *Journal;* W. E. Haskell, of the *Times;* and F. Fayram, formerly of the *Detroit Free Press.* Mr. Fayram will be the active manager of the paper, and Mrs. Effie W. Merriman has been restored to her old place as editor.

The *St. Louis Magazine* has been sold to the Advance Book Company, which announces that it will be continued under another name.

The *American Monthly* (Washington) is the official magazine of the patriotic society known as the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Recreation Magazine Company has been incorporated in New York, with $20,000 capital. The incorporators are Emma A. Jackson, James E. Thursby, and George O. Shields. This company will publish the magazine called *Recreation*, which recently absorbed the *Club.*

The New York Dramatic Newspaper Company has been incorporated, with $25,000 capital. The directors are Anson P. Pond, Frederick M. McCloy, and Leander Richardson.

The Fourth Estate Company has been incorporated in New York, with $50,000 capital. The incorporators are Ernest F. Birmingham, Henry Gorham, and George L. Kilmer.

Frenella E. Wilder announces that she has bought the *Woman's Home Journal* (Boston), and promises many improvements.

P. F. Collier, publisher of *Once a Week*, has begun the publication of a new fortnightly magazine called the *Twentieth Century*, which will succeed the *Once a Week Library*. Each number will contain upward of 300 pages, about 150 of which will be fiction. The dramatic, rapid-moving variety of novel will be usually complete in one number; the larger and more fully developed novel will take up two to four installments. The first half of the *Twentieth Century* will be devoted to discussion of all the great questions of the day, of national and international importance.

The *Proofsheet* (Chicago), "a magazine for proofreaders," completed its first volume with the September number. It is a useful little publication.

"Milton's Cottage, Chalfont St. Giles," is the subject of the original etching by F. S. Walker, which forms the frontispiece to the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for September. The same number has Part I. of a paper on William Hogarth, by Joseph Grego. Part II. is published in the October number.

In *McClure's Magazine* for October, John Gilmer Speed, a grand-nephew of the poet Keats, takes note of the centenary of the poet's birth in an illustrated paper written from original letters and manuscripts in his possession. In the same number James Creelman describes the growth of the *London Times*.

The *Engraver and Printer* (Boston) has been permanently enlarged to sixty-four pages and cover. It is a very handsome periodical, and has been greatly improved since it came under the control of its present managers, in February, 1894.

Sun and Shade (New York) for August is a yachting souvenir number, containing fine photogravure pictures of the America's cup, the yacht America, and all the recent cup challengers and defenders. Owing to the increased cost of printing color reproduction of oil paintings in each number, the price of *Sun and Shade* has been advanced to fifty cents a number or five dollars a year.

Harper's Round Table (New York) offers a prize of $10 for the best illustration offered by any one under eighteen years of age for one of the stories to which it will award a prize in its story contest ending January 1, 1896. What is wanted is a pen drawing with India ink on Bristol board. When printed the picture will be about three and a half by five inches in size, so that it should be drawn five by ten inches. Those who desire to compete should write to the editor of *Harper's Round Table* for a proof of the story before January 1.

Two prizes of $5,000 each, for essays on profit-sharing and on trades unions, open to persons of any nationality, are offered by the Comte de Chambrun, the endower of the new Social Museum in Paris. The essays on profit-sharing must be handed in before December 31, 1896 — those on unions before December 31, 1897 — to the Société des Etudes Sociales in Paris.

The prizes offered by the *Canadian Magazine* (Toronto) for the best four short stories relating to Canadian life have been awarded as follows: (First) J. Cawdor Bell, Montreal; (second) R. F. Dixon, Halifax, N. S.; (third) Stuart Livingston, Hamilton; (fourth) Clifford Smith.

Richard Burton has in the October number of the *Forum* an interesting article on "The Renascence in English," calling attention to a remarkable tendency among our best writers toward the use of native words and idioms, which he considers a most encouraging proof of the race's health and solidarity.

In "The Gift of Story-telling," in *Harper's* for October, Brander Matthews analyzes the success of some popular authors and their work.

A portrait of Will Allen Dromgoole forms the frontispiece of the October *Arena*, in which she has a sketch entitled "A Humble Advocate." The Arena Publishing Company announces a volume of her short sketches, which will appear about the middle of October.

An admirable paper on "Newspaper Illustrations," describing modern processes in detail, is printed in the *American Journal of Photography* for September.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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NEWSPAPER ETHICS.

The instructions to correspondents issued by a country weekly and reprinted in THE WRITER for October doubtless interest many newspaper men, even though parts of the instructions are utterly at variance with the ideas they entertain as to the true duty of a correspondent in a country town or in a city. The suggestion in these instructions of writing commendatory notices about people, even though the correspondent may have to stretch his conscience to do so, will strike many readers as most unhappy. In other words, the correspondent is practically advised to "lally-gag" everybody. Of course, molasses will catch more flies than vinegar; but the newspaper of the molasses policy will have the pity of a public that is in the least discerning.

"Tell the truth" is better advice to correspondents. This does not mean that it is necessary to seek out unpleasant news truths, but when such truths present themselves, a self-respecting correspondent and a self-respecting newspaper will print them fearlessly, even though their publication may make an enemy of the person or persons who have the truth told about them.

A newspaper, whether a daily or a weekly, has, as one of its foremost duties to the public, that of guarding the people against wrongs and corruption, whether public or private. And when a correspondent is instructed to write complimentary notices about a person whom he does not believe to be worthy of such notices, that writer is directed to do a thing which is the bane of enlightened, forceful journalism. Such instructions tend to nullify one of the best purposes for which a newspaper exists, and in the end to give them is likely to prove a penny-wise-pound-foolish policy for a newspaper publisher.

Let me cite an instance in line with this thought. In July, 1894, the A. R. U. ruffians terrorized the nation. Railway traffic was suspended. A grave national peril seemed imminent. Instantly the *Los Angeles Times* denounced the violators of law and order. It instantly made thousands of enemies. To the glory of Colonel Harrison Gray Otis, the editor, — a man who had repeatedly faced death in front of Confederate guns, — his was the only daily paper on the Pacific coast that dared face the labor agitators, and, day after day, call a spade a spade. Through the columns of his paper, he told the men he met daily that they were lawbreakers. These men endeavored to boycott the *Times*. For weeks and weeks thousands of them strove to wreck a fearless journal. All the other dailies of the coast thought it would n't pay to oppose the

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strikers. That thought never entered the head of the gallant Colonel Otis. His paper had a duty to the public; he was brave enough to do his duty; and he did it in a way to win national praise. His was not the policy of "lally-gagging" people. He lived up to the motto of his excellent paper: "Stand sure, stand fast, stand firm, stand true."

Did that policy pay? Yes. In the first place, it paid because it maintained the self-respect of the chief and all of his staff. In the second place, it paid in giving the *Times* a prestige enjoyed by no other daily paper on the Pacific coast, and resulted in a large increase of its already handsome business.

Every decent newspaper man prefers to write pleasant things about people rather than to write unpleasant truths, but the correspondent who persists in straining his conscience in order to write "nice" personalities for the sake of thereby catching a few extra pennies for the publisher from the palms of unworthy people, is likely to become a puny creature indeed in the ranks of newspaperdom.

M. Y. Beach.

San Diego, Calif.

THE WRITER'S LIBRARY. — I.

A good working library is a great help to any writer. A few books are almost indispensable. First among these is a good dictionary. I find that Webster's "International" answers every practical purpose, and is more convenient than the larger dictionaries. Next in value comes Roget's "Thesaurus," and after that, perhaps, Smith's "Synonyms Discriminated." Hill's "Foundations of Rhetoric" and his "Principles of Rhetoric" (revised edition, 1895) are reasonably sure to answer any rhetorical question that may arise, while for handy use Bigelow's "Mistakes in Writing English" and Ballard's "Handbook of Blunders" are both excellent. Professor Genung's books are also to be commended. Luce's "Writing for the Press" is a practical and helpful handbook, indispensable to young writers, and Dixey's "Trade of Authorship" is full of good suggestions, while for the newspaper writer Shuman's "Steps into Journalism" is a very helpful book. The rules of punctuation are given very fully in Wilson's "Treatise on Punctuation." And in briefer form in Bigelow's "Handbook of Punctuation" Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" is a model work of its kind, and for those who write verse — poets, of course, have no need of any such handbooks — Hood's "Rhymester" and Walker's "Rhyming Dictionary" are like step-ladders up Parnassus. The playwright can get help from Hennequin's "Art of Playwriting" or Price's "Technique of the Drama," while the author who owns a typewriter needs Torrey's "Practical Typewriting" to teach him how to do rapid and effective work.

The writer who has all these books within easy reach has the beginning of a first-rate technical library. The purpose of the present article is to give definite information about the books named and about others which every writer should have in his library if possible. They will be described without much critical comment — it being understood that each book named is recommended — and as briefly as is consistent with giving an idea of their character. Any of the books named will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, by The Writer Publishing Company. The date given in each case is that of the copyright.

The Trade of Authorship. By Wolstan Dixey. 128 pp. Cloth, $1.00. 1888.

Mr. Dixey's book is divided into three parts, the first discussing the author's market, the second the author's trade, and the third the author's life. It is the most practical book upon the subject that has yet been published,

and young writers will find it full of help and inspiration. Among the subjects taken up in it are newspaper work, special articles, general articles, the market for short stories, serial stories, "Why that manuscript came back," book-making, compilations, an editor's good will, good copy, desk-tools, method, the art of writing, play-writing, and the art of the short story. Mr. Dixey's experience as an editor gives his suggestions special value.

INFORMATION FOR AUTHORS. Hints and suggestions concerning all kinds of literary work. By Eleanor Kirk. 118 pp. Cloth, $1.00. 1888.

"Information for Authors" has chapters entitled "The Literary Life," "Appearance of Manuscript," "Methods of Literary Work," "Literary Qualities of Manuscripts," "Varieties of Literary Work," "Manuscripts," "Editors," "The Making of Books," and "The Author-Publisher." It contains many practical suggestions to young writers, and gives information that is generally trustworthy.

MISTAKES IN WRITING ENGLISH AND HOW TO AVOID THEM. By Marshall T. Bigelow. 110 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. 1886.

Mr. Bigelow's little hand-book points out, in an orderly arrangement, the errors to which even the best writers of English are liable. It is so arranged that any particular subject may be readily found, and is so brief that a full knowledge of all the points treated may be easily acquired. Illustrative examples are numerous, and puzzling questions are fully treated. For example, there is a chapter of six pages on the use of "shall" and "will," "should" and "would."

HANDBOOK OF BLUNDERS. Designed to prevent 1,000 common errors in writing and speaking. By Harlan H. Ballard. 60 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. 1884.

In the "Handbook of Blunders" words and phrases that are often wrongly used are arranged in alphabetical order and in each case their right use is concisely explained. The book is equally good for careful study or for reference in case of doubt.

WORDS AND THEIR USES. By Richard Grant White. Twenty-fifth edition. 467 pp. Cloth, $2.00. 1870.

The purpose of Mr. White's book is the consideration of the right use and the abuse of words and idioms, with an occasional examination of their origin and their history. "It is occupied," as the preface says, "almost exclusively with the correctness and fitness of verbal expression, and any excursion into higher walks of philology is transient and incidental." Its chapter headings are: Newspaper English; British English and "American" English; Style; Misused Words; Some Briticisms; Words That Are Not Words: Formation of Pronouns — Some — Adjectives in En — Either and Neither — Shall and Will; Grammar, English and Latin; The Grammarless Tongue; Is Being Done; and A Desultory Denunciation of English Dictionaries.

EVERY-DAY ENGLISH. By Richard Grant White. 512 pp. Cloth, $2.00. 1880.

"Every-day English" is a sequel to "Words and Their Uses." The first part, under the heading "Speech," discusses the subject of pronunciation; the second part, headed "Writing," discusses spelling; the third part is devoted to "Grammar"; and the fourth part to "Words and Phrases." Speaking of grammar, Mr. White says: "English has no appreciable grammar. All English grammar books, even the best of them, should be burned. A man who takes thought about his 'grammar,' and is in an anxious frame of mind as to whether his sentences will parse, may as well lay down his pen if he writes for other readers than himself. A man whose writing, even for its style, to say nothing of its matter, is worth the paper on which it is printed, has other things upon his mind than the construction of his sentences according to the 'rules of grammar.'"

A TREATISE ON ENGLISH PUNCTUATION. By John Wilson. 334 pp. Cloth, $1.25. 1855.

Wilson's "Punctuation" has long been the standard work on the subject of which it treats. It discusses exhaustively all the fine points of punctuation, and its rules are copiously illustrated by examples. It is the authority in every proofroom.

PUNCTUATION, AND OTHER TYPOGRAPHICAL MATTERS. By Marshall T. Bigelow. 112 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. 1881.

Bigelow's "Punctuation" is much smaller than Wilson's treatise, and for that reason is more convenient for ready reference. At the same time, it is full enough for all ord nary purposes. The author had experience at the University Press in Cambridge for nearly fifty years, more than thirty of which were spent in proof-reading.

THE PRACTICAL PRINTER. By Henry G. Bishop. Third edition. 199 pp. Cloth, $1.00. 1895.

"The Practical Printer" is a book of instruction for those who are learning the printer's trade, and will be useful to writers, to whom a knowledge of the rules of typesetting is helpful. The author is a practical printer, and knows his subject thoroughly. The book has many tables of use to printers and publishers, and a series of diagrams showing how book forms should be imposed. There are also some suggestions about proof-reading.

PENS AND TYPES. Hints and helps for those who write, print, read, teach, or learn. By Benjamin Drew. 214 pp. Cloth, $1.25. 1889.

More information about proof-reading is given in Mr. Drew's book than can be found elsewhere. His opening chapter contains some

sensible suggestions about writing for the press. Then comes a general chapter on proof-reading, telling how proofs are, and should be, read, and giving the marks generally used. The subject of "office style" is next taken up, and then comes a long chapter on punctuation. Chapters on orthography, capitalization, "old style," and the technical terms used in printing complete the book. The author was a school teacher for twenty years, and afterward was a proof-reader for many years at the University Press in Cambridge and the government printing office at Washington.

PRACTICAL TYPEWRITING BY THE ALL-FINGER METHOD. By Bates Torrey. Third edition. 174 pp. Cloth, $1.50. 1894.

Now that typewritten manuscripts are required by some editors and desired by all, it has become important that writers should know how to use the typewriter to the best advantage. Mr. Torrey's book is so good that it would be hard for any one to make a better one. His suggestions are plain and practical, and he covers his whole subject thoroughly and well.

A CLASSICAL DICTIONARY. Containing a copious account of all the proper names mentioned in ancient authors. By J. Lempriere, D.D. 667 pp. Cloth, $1.50.

Lempriere's "Classical Dictionary" is full enough for all ordinary purposes, and is more convenient for reference than a larger work would be. The author's object, as described in the preface, was "to give the most accurate and satisfactory account of all the proper names which occur in reading the classics, and by a judicious collection of anecdotes and historical facts to draw a picture of ancient times not less instructive than entertaining." The quantity of the penultimate of every name is marked. The book includes tables showing the value of coins, weights, and measures used among the Greeks and Romans, and a chronological table.

Other books of special value to writers will be taken up in a second article.

BOSTON, MASS. *William H. Hills.*

EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

III.—BY THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK.

Some one has lately defined the word "editor" as the name of "a man who has the industry of a beaver, the instincts of a bee, and the patience of an ass." No doubt the wide constituency of unsuccessful writers of articles would find other qualities of the long-eared animal besides patience in the average editor, but patience, at all events, they must allow him. Stupid he may be, patient he must be. And even as to stupidity, it must be said that there is a choice between stupidities, and, unfortunately for the would-be contributor, the choice lies with the editor. To the writer who complains that, while his matter is rejected, less interesting articles see the light, the editor can always retort as Ambrose Bierce did the other day in the *San Francisco Examiner:* "These columns are not a dumping ground for your stupidity; they are a dumping ground for mine."

But, laying aside the never-ending contention between the rejected and the rejector, let me try to reply to the question of THE WRITER, "What sort of manuscripts does the *Outlook* want; what sort does it not want?" Briefly and sweepingly, it wants short articles (say 2,000 words) relating concretely (not mere generalizations and essays, observe) to modern progress — philanthropic, social, economic, educational, religious, literary. It wants these articles to cover new ground and to be written by men who are thoroughly acquainted with what has been done lately in these directions,

* This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, and will be continued monthly. The article in the September WRITER was by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent*. The article for October was by Robert Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger*. Next month there will be articles by B. Arkell, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, and by Rounseville Wildman, editor of the *Overland Monthly*.

men who can give their readers something that is both fresh and suggestive, or significant. It wants also, to some extent, poetry, fiction (both for young and old), and descriptive articles; and, naturally, in these latter directions it looks for a high degree of literary art, story-telling power, or entertaining quality. But chiefly it wants the first class of articles described; and in these it must find a strong, genuine interest in the subject treated, intimate knowledge, and a clear, simple, non-technical mode of expression. Whether the topic be municipal reform, or tenement-house agitation, or temperance legislation, or new church methods, or missionary progress, or college settlement work, or free kindergarten extension, or any one of many other things which interest people who are trying to make the world a better and more comfortable and less selfish place to live in, — in each and every case the substance of the article should be, not the repetition of things generally known, but the latest reports of advanced movements.

In point of style the editors of a paper designed for wide reading must require not merely correctness, but attractiveness. As King Midas' touch turned everything to gold, so, contrariwise, some excellent men of wide knowledge turn everything their pens touch to lead. To write an informative article without making it encyclopædic, to enlighten without stupefying is a rare art. The one literary fault which can never be corrected, amended, or "edited out" is dullness. And perhaps next in hopelessness comes artificial sprightliness, the attempt to infuse spasmodic life into the naturally inert. Mr. Lowell says: "Instructive articles should be sweetened as much as possible, for people don't naturally like to learn anything, and prefer taking their information as much as they can in disguise." The sweetening, however, should be put in by a judicious hand; better a longing for more than a sense of cloying.

I once asked a bank officer, famous for his skill in detecting counterfeit money, how he knew that bills were bad. He instantly replied: "I *don't* know bad money; I know good money." So it is with manuscripts; there are a thousand variations of the positively undesirable or the passively merely unobjectionable; the distinctively good article speaks for itself. The present writer has just looked over about twenty-five articles submitted for publication; of these three or four are glaringly crude or "cranky"; perhaps twenty might be called "medium," or "tolerable," or "might do if nothing better were at hand"; one alone brings out the feeling, "This *must* be used, someway." The contributor to periodical literature labors under the disadvantage of immense and constant competition. The demand is limited; the supply, one sometimes thinks, is absolutely unlimited. It is not enough to write something that is fairly good in point of style and sentiment. There must be substance of news quality, of importance, of present interest. The best test is often to ask whether the contributor wrote because he had something to say that no other could say as well, or whether he merely wrote in order to get something published. It is true that for literary training one cannot write too assiduously, but it is not always necessary to try to force into print the results of this literary practice. Read in Mr. Howells' "My Literary Passions" how as a boy and young man he kept his pen incessantly at work because he had an ardent desire to acquire literary skill rather than because he hoped to sell everything he wrote. The literary apprentice must serve his time, but he must not expect to find the trained craftsman slighted in his favor.

Finally, let the contributor study the character of the paper into whose columns he hopes for entrance. Let him ascertain its aim, its audience, its special field, its customs as to treatment of subjects editorially or through contributions, its general make-up. This advice has been given a thousand times before, but it cannot be given too often. The study should be thorough and regular. Incidentally it will give an excellent insight into journalistic methods.

Every paper constantly falls short of its own ideals. But every paper of worth has those ideals, and to understand them is for a contributor the first step toward success.

Robert D. Townsend.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

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The advantage which writers in other countries have over writers in the United States is illustrated by a manuscript submitted to THE WRITER by a contributor in St. John, N. B. It was received in an unsealed envelope marked "Printer's MS.," and bearing a one-cent stamp. If it had been mailed in the United States, the sender would have had to pay letter postage on it, — four cents instead of one. The Canadian post-office regulations rightly regard manuscripts as merchandise, and they are transmitted through the mails at merchandise rates. The same rule ought to apply to manuscripts mailed in the United States. Readers of THE WRITER are again requested to secure signatures for the petition for the reduction of postage on manuscripts, which was printed in *the September WRITER*, and so to aid in bringing about a reform which will benefit every writer in the country.

* * *

The 1896 edition of the "American Newspaper Directory" will have an alphabetical list of all the periodicals in the United States, arranged according to their titles. Knowing the name of a publication, — as THE WRITER, the *Chautauquan*, or *Liberty*, for instance, — any one may easily ascertain where it is published. The list will be a very useful one.

* * *

When *Vogue* sends a check for an article, it sends with it a memorandum addressed to the author, giving the name of the article and the amount of the check, and closing with the line, "Received payment upon the terms endorsed hereon." The author is asked to receipt and return the slip. The endorsement referred to is a paragraph printed on the back of the slip, which reads as follows: —

All manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., purchased by *Vogue*, or Arthur B. Turner, publisher, or either of them, for their own account or the account of whom it may concern, are so purchased with the distinct agreement on the part of the party supplying or selling the same, that they are original, and unless otherwise expressly stipulated, are sold with all rights therein, including copyright, translation, publication, re publication, non publication, transfer, sale, exchange, etc.

That would seem to cover everything.

* * *

A number of the critics who have reviewed "Forward House," by William Scoville Case, have noticed that "Mr." in the book is often, if not invariably, spelled out "Mister." In answer to a question asked by the editor of THE WRITER as to the reason for this peculiarity, Mr. Case writes as follows: —

"I regret that my practice of sometimes writing 'Mister' is distasteful to certain reviewers of my book, but I have waited in vain for a serious objection, or one resting upon securer ground than the easy dictum of the critic. And I confess to some surprise that the *Bookman* — which first called attention to it — should have taken so narrow a view of a matter that is only one of individual taste. My real grievance, however, is that neither the *Bookman's* reviewer nor any of his followers states the matter fairly, but leaves the reader to infer that my use of that form of the word is

universal, and that 'Mister' appears 'on all occasions.' This is not true. I have no quarrel with 'Mr.,' and I use that form of the word every day of my life. Without going to the trouble of verifying the statement, I am sure that the term is so written in 'Forward House,' but I have intended, both there and elsewhere, to use the unabbreviated form where the word appears as a part of a quotation. And I have no excuses to offer for a practice which yet seems to me correct. I doubt whether even the editor of the *Bookman* would write this, for instance: —

'The Bart. & I,' says he, 'dine in N. Y. with Prof. Bird & the Dr. on the 1st of Oct.'

and I have still to be convinced that 'Mister' is beyond the application of the very obvious rule that would make the sentence as I have written it abhorrent to a careful writer. The fact that the authorities have declared the term to be 'a mere conventional form of address, nearly always written "Mr.,"' does not, it seems to me, at all weaken my position. I am, at least, equally certain that it lays no foundation for the *Bookman's* conclusion that my spelling out of the word is 'a most curious freak,' 'truly funny,' and a 'great mystery.' Severe as this is, it might bring more weight if it came from a source less easily mystified and of sounder views as to personal discretion in the use of words and expressions. Not to get too far away from the subject, however, I have tried consistently to follow the simple rule I have suggested. In running narrative — almost anywhere, in fact, out of quotation marks — I should certainly write 'Mr.,' and if either the long or the short term appears anywhere in my book out of harmony with my rule, then some one has been guilty of an inadvertence, and I'm sorry for it.

"But I am confronted with an instance of alleged inconsistency in writing 'Mrs.' 'Why does he not develop "Mrs." into "Missiz"?' the *Bookman* asks. The answer is that 'Mrs.' is no longer an abbreviation for any recognized written word. As a written symbol, it stands by itself. It no longer represents the spoken 'Mistress,' and 'Missiz' (or 'Missis'), for which it *does* stand, clearly has no place in print, except, perhaps, in rather strained dialect writing. There is no more reason for writing 'Missiz,' than there would be for quoting a man as saying 'tizes,' because he has given the proper pronunciation for 'phthisis.'

"Finally, my book is full of faults,— faults of manner and graver ones,— but there is much to me in the thought that neither I nor any poor creation of mine would call them 'abominable locutions.' That hall-mark of 'style' is found only, so far as I know, in the work of the *Bookman's* editor,— the American editor,— and to me, at least, it carries a considerable comment in itself. I am tempted to say, with one of Mr. Andrew Lang's delightful posthumous letter-writers, 'than which none more so, though perhaps a little gay.'"

* * *

Inspiration is a wonderful thing, but the author who makes it a rule to sit at his desk for a stated time every day is more likely to have inspiration come to him when he is in a position to make the best use of it than the author who has no such habit, and is likely to be seized by inspiration when he is out driving, or playing golf, or is otherwise so situated that he cannot take immediate advantage of his good fortune. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

I sent manuscripts to both the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, and the *New York Herald* September 1, 1895, in competition. I have heard nothing from either, though I understand the matter in each case has been decided. They will not answer my inquiries on the subject. Can you give me any light? B. B.

[The awards in the *Youth's Companion* prize contest for 1895 have been made, and unsuccessful manuscripts are being returned to their authors as rapidly as possible. In view of the fact that more than 7,000 manuscripts were submitted for the prizes offered, to return the rejected ones is quite a task. The editors of the *Youth's Companion* are invariably careful and courteous, and no one need fear ill-treatment at their hands. The awards in the

New York Herald prize contests have not yet been made. — W. H. H.]

How can several pages of matter inserted in a manuscript be numbered so that there will be no need of renumbering all the pages of the manuscript, and yet any one can see at a glance that all the inserted pages are in their proper place? If the inserted pages are numbered, for example, 13¼, 13½, 13¾, or 13-A, 13-B, 13-C, for example, how is the reader to know that there may not be also a 13⅞ or a 13-D, which is missing from its place? E. S. N.

[The best way to number pages inserted in a manuscript is, for example, 13-A, 13-B, 13-C, and so on. The first page following the insert should be numbered, for example, "13-F, or 14." This double numbering of that page shows the reader at a glance that none of the inserted pages are missing. The use of fractions is awkward, if more than a single page must be inserted — W. H. H.]

What rights has an author in manuscripts accepted, but not published or paid for, by a magazine which makes an assignment, as *Peterson's* and *Arthur's Home Magazine* have done? *Arthur's Home Magazine* has an accepted manuscript of mine. I have the editor's letter of acceptance, with a promise to pay on publication. Now what will be done with that manuscript? Will it be thrown into the waste-basket, turned over to the one who has bought the magazine, or returned to me? Can I, or ought I, to do anything about it? I should like to recover my manuscript, — that is, if it is regarded as worthless by the new firm.

J. S. L.

[A manuscript that has not been published or paid for ought to be in the control of the author, if the publication which has accepted it is not able to publish it and pay for it. Whether it is so or not, is a legal question that has never been determined by the courts. If a responsible publisher has accepted a manuscript, to be paid for on publication, and the author has agreed, either tacitly or explicitly, to the terms proposed. the author has probably no legal right to recall the manuscript so long as the publisher is in a position to fulfill his part of the contract. If the publisher fails, it would seem unjust that the manuscript should become part of his assets, but only a legal authority could decide definitely whether it would or not. The best thing for "J. S. L." to do is to write to Dr. Hugh S. Kimouth, of Asbury Park, N. J., who bought *Arthur's Home Magazine* at the assignee's sale for $350, and ask for the return of the manuscript in question, enclosing postage for reply. *Peterson's Magazine* was sold at the same time for $5,000 to Carl J. Adams, of New York, formerly circulation manager for *Munsey's Magazine.* — W. H. H.]

YOUTH'S COMPANION PRIZE WINNERS.

The prizes in the *Youth's Companion* competition for 1895 have been awarded as follows: First prize, $500, to Mary B. Downs, 876 Walnut street, Chicago, Ill.; second prize, $500, to Ada M. Trotter, Akron, Ohio; third prize, $250, to William J. Long, Attleboro, Mass.; fourth prize, $250, to Ethel Parton, Newburyport, Mass.; fifth prize, $250, to M. C. Skeel, Cimarron, Kan.; sixth prize, $250, to Gulielma Zollinger, Newton, Ia.; seventh prize, $100, to Jessie Wright Whitcomb, Topeka, Kan.; eighth prize, $100, to Grace E. Johnson, Missouri Botanical Garden, St. Louis, Mo.; ninth prize, $100, to Arthur Stanwood Pier, 257 Craig street, Pittsburg, Penn.; tenth prize, $100, to Helen Ward Banks, Englewood, N. J.; eleventh prize, $100, to Mrs. M. C. Dillon, Northampton, Mass. There were 7,200 manuscripts submitted in the general competition. The special prizes for short stories by ministers, professors, physicians, and teachers have been awarded as follows: Ministers — first prize, $100, to Rev. William H. Woods, 231 North Calhoun street, Baltimore, Md.; second prize, $100, to Rev. Robert C. Douthit, Baraboo, Wis.; third prize, $100, to Rev. Homer White, West Randolph, Vt.; fourth prize, $50, to Rev. Frederic O. MacCartney, Rockland, Mass.; fifth prize, $50, to Rev. Frank E. Graeff, 1624 South Thirteenth street, Philadelphia, Penn.; sixth prize, $50, to Rev. F. M. Westhafer, Greenwood, Ind. Professors — First prize, $100, to W. E. Barlow, State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Ia.; second prize, $100, to Anna J. McKeag, Wilson College for Women, Chambersburg, Penn.; third prize, $100, to George McLean Harper, Princeton College, Princeton, N. J.; fourth prize, $50,

to Emily Huntington Miller, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.; fifth prize, $50, to Phebe Estelle Spaulding, Pomona College, Claremont, Calif.; sixth prize, $50, to George Huntington, Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. Physicians — First prize, $100, to Edward Curtis, M. D., 27 Washington place, New York City, N. Y.; second prize, $100, to A. L. Benedict, M. D., 174 Franklin street, Buffalo, N. Y.; third prize, $100, to J. Edmund Brown, M. D., 704 Broad street, Providence, R. I.; fourth prize, $50, to Frederick Lloyd, M. D., Iowa City, Ia.; fifth prize, $50, to Gertrude Gooding, M. D., Bristol, R. I.; sixth prize, $50, to J. W. Macdonald, M. D., 208 Seventh street, Minneapolis, Minn. Teachers — First prize, $100, to Nannette Harper, Mt. Vernon, Posey County, Ind.; second prize, $100, to K. F. Gleason, Redlands, Calif.; third prize, $100, to Adele Marie Shaw, 39 Baker street, Malden, Mass.; fourth prize, $50, to Julia E. Whittemore, Clinton, Conn.; fifth prize, $50, to Chester L. Fidlar, 1145 Hulman street, Terre Haute, Ind.; sixth prize, $50, to Kate L. Brown, Hyde Park, Mass.

THE FIRST BOOK.

To the young writer contemplating a first book, I would say, let your story, as far as may be, have a local setting and a local interest. By so doing you have at once secured a fair proportion of readers, since we all enjoy best a story of our own locality, other things, of course, being equal.

The short story being always popular, your book might consist of a collection of sketches embodying some of the traditions of the neighborhood, not neglecting realistic descriptions of scenery and surroundings, so that your home reader will at once recognize the locality. This, however, would not hold good with individuals, since a young writer cannot afford to antagonize any by too vivid a description of personal traits.

Having thus secured readers at home, your book, if it has those qualities which are essential to success, will not long be wanting a wider circulation, and, having thus brought your name before the public, your next venture may deal with different subjects, if you so desire. At the same time, I have a conviction that one's best work can be done with the material nearest at hand and most familiar.

Further, I would advise you, if possible, to have your book printed in your own town. There are several advantages in so doing: First, you can more readily supervise the work, and make any changes which may seem necessary. Second, you enhance the interest of the book to your townspeople as being entirely a home product. Further, and not least, you save yourself much wear and tear of soul and patience by not running the risk of having your manuscript retained by some far-away publisher, or lost in transit.

Now as to expense: Your book, supposing it to be an ordinary paper-covered volume of about 300 pages, ought not to cost you more than $150 or $175 for 1,000 copies — and it is hardly worth while to print fewer than that. Should you desire a cloth cover, this would cost perhaps twenty cents more per volume. By a judicious soliciting of advertising you can greatly reduce your outlay.

The best way to sell your book is no doubt by placing it with some good, reliable bookseller, who will ask a certain percentage for selling — probably ten per cent.

Even if you do not make more than your expenses by this first book, you will have gained an experience which will be invaluable to you in the future. *M. K. Buck.*

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"**Big.**" — Is it in good taste to use the word "big"? Large and great are pushed almost out of sight. We read of those who "assume big risks," and a recent article of advice to young writers offers the alluring prospect of "getting big pay." Heroines of a certain class of novels usually have "big blue eyes," occasionally, however, for variety, "big black" ones. The word once had a sort of ludicrous association, at least it was usually applied to things

which one wished to set in a ridiculous light. Is not its common use now a little "slangy"?

P. MC A. C.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, Mass.

"Partake of."—Why is "partake of" so frequently used instead of "eat"? The active form is bad enough, but surely the passive is worse; as "the food then partaken of with thankfulness would now be looked upon as prison fare."—[McMaster's "History of the United States."] "Partake" implies division or sharing, yet some story-writers, in dread of commonplace expressions, describe the hero as "partaking of his solitary meal" (more probably "repast").

P. MC A. C.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, Mass.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

I wish to thank you for the editorial in the October issue of your magazine on the importance of having a date line upon each page of a newspaper or weekly journal. If those now at fault in this respect will take heed and reform, I shall be still more grateful. My editorial work and classes in the study of current events compel me to read scores of such publications each week, and the time wasted in hunting up the date of the paper is a grievous loss. *Estelle M. H. Merrill.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LITERARY SHOP, AND OTHER TALES. By James L. Ford. 298 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: George H. Richmond & Co. 1894.

Mr. Ford's book is both brilliant and amusing, and it has value because it calls attention, in a sarcastic way, to the business principles of publishing. Authors are apt to look upon literature purely as an artistic profession, and to think that art and originality alone should be considered by publishers in accepting manuscripts. Publishers know that their business is a trade, and that if they are to be successful they must give the public what it wants, and not what it ought to like. They must aim to please the great mass of the people, and the great mass of the people have lower ideas regarding what is art than authors generally hold. Publishers are not in business primarily for the purpose of fostering literature. Their first aim is to make their business profitable, and experience has taught them that to do this they must prepare their wares for the average of humanity, rather than for the highest and most liberal intelligence. Mr. Ford recognizes this fact, while sneering at it. He directs his sarcasm at the most successful editors and publishers of the last generation, the powers in what he terms "the established literary dynasty, which began with Robert Bonner, and of which Mr. Johnson is now the acknowledged head." He begins by describing the limitations which Robert Bonner set upon his contributors in the days when he was building up the *New York Ledger*, and humorously descants upon "the enormous influence which Mr. Bonner exerted on the literature of his day and generation—an influence which is still potent in the offices of the great magazines which now supply us with reading matter." He gives humorous examples of how the *Ledger* was edited in what Mr. Bonner deemed the interest of its readers,—and what apparently was the interest of its readers, in view of the enormous circulation which the *Ledger* then attained. His description of what he terms "good bad stuff," and the way in which it is written, is highly entertaining and suggestive. He goes on then to speak of Dr. Holland, with the old *Scribner's Monthly*, the Harpers, and Mr. Johnson, of the *Century*, as the successors of Mr. Bonner in controlling the development of American literature, and shows how they too are influenced by Bonner principles. Incidentally he pays his disrespect to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and to Mr. Bok, whom he styles "the legitimate successor to Mr. Johnson, and the present crown-prince of American letters." In spite of its humorous exaggerations, the book tells a great many truths, and writers may gain both profit and amusement from it. The "Other Tales" mentioned in the title are humorous sketches, many of them reprinted from periodicals, illustrating the same principles.

REFLECTIONS AND COMMENTS, 1865-1895. By Edwin Lawrence Godkin. 328 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

To Charles Eliot Norton, "to whom the foundation of the *Nation* was largely due," is dedicated this volume of articles which have appeared in the *Nation* during the last thirty years, and which are reprinted almost in chronological order. Their topics are non-political as a rule, and include such subjects as "Peace," "Culture and War," "The Comparative Morality of Nations," "The 'Comic Paper' Question," "Mr. Froude as a Lecturer," "Mr. Horace Greeley," "John Stuart Mill," "Panics," "Chromo Civilization," "The South after the War," "Physical Force in Politics," etc. Mr. Godkin has a national reputation as an incisive and thoughtful editorial writer, and it

is gratifying to see his well-considered comments on current topics of general interest given more permanence than they can have in the columns of a weekly newspaper.

COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING AND SPEAKING. What they are and how to avoid them. By Edward S. Ellis, M. A. 128 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: Woolfall Publishing Co. 1894.

No writer can fail to get benefit from Mr. Ellis' little book. Most of the errors to which he calls attention are those which are chiefly made by uneducated people, but among them are some into which even the best writers often fall. The book also has some suggestions on style, and gives the main rules of punctuation. It reprints also William Cullen Bryant's list of objectionable words and phrases, which has not before been easily accessible.

THE ROYAL NATURAL HISTORY. Edited by Richard Lydekker, B. A., F. R. S., F Z. S. Parts IV. — X. Each 96 pp. Paper, 50 cents each. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1895.

As the publication of Warne's "Royal Natural History" progresses, the great value of the work becomes more clearly evident. It is a standard treatise in all respects, and the low price at which it is issued brings it within the reach of all. Each number is illustrated with two full-page colored plates, and in addition there are numerous engravings, many of them full page, scattered through the text. Each subject is treated thoroughly, and the pictures are of excellent quality. In all the work will contain seventy-two colored plates and 1,600 engravings. Altogether the "Royal Natural History," as the preface says, "is quite up to the present level of information in every branch of this wide subject, and will form a reference work of the highest value."

ART IDOLS OF THE PARIS SALON. No. 4. Six plates, in portfolio. Paper, $1.00. Chicago: The White City Art Co. 1895.

The fall number of that handsome quarterly, "Art Idols," contains six fine half tone reproductions of famous paintings, well printed on heavy paper. Five of the reproductions are of the nude: "In the Harem," "Woman Playing," "La Cigale," "The Birth of Venus," and "Daphne." The sixth is Bouguereau's famous painting, "The First Sorrow." Each picture is 14 x 17 inches in size, and the reproductions have all the value of fine photographs.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR. An historical and descriptive presentation of the world's science, art, and industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Parts XXII. — XXV. 40 pp. each. Paper, each $1.00. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1895.

The publication of these four parts completes the Bancroft "Book of the Fair." It is a sumptuous work throughout, and a fitting record of the great exposition which it describes. Including the index, the complete work has just 1,000 folio pages, of which 992 are devoted to description and illustration of the Chicago exposition. There are more than 2,000 half-tone illustrations in the book, many of them magnificent full-page plates. The text is generally good, and the whole make-up of the work is worthy of its subject. The publishers are to be congratulated on the successful completion of so great an undertaking.

IN DISTANCE AND IN DREAM. By M. F. Sweetser. 43 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. 1894.

The possibility that those who have died may continue lovingly in spirit close to those to whom they have been dear in life is the inspiration of this tender little romance, entitled, from a monastic hymn of the Middle Ages, "In Distance and in Dream." Its story is exquisitely told, and even those who have no faith in the underlying theory of it cannot fail to be charmed by its grace and moved by its strength of tender feeling. The story was originally published some years ago in one of the Christmas publications, and it was a happy thought that has led to its republication now, revised and somewhat amplified, in the attractive form of the Cosy Corner Series.

MR. ISAACS. By F. Marion Crawford. 320 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

THE DELECTABLE DUCHY. By "Q." 320 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

THE STICKIT MINISTER. By S. R. Crockett. Illustrated. 290 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Macmillan's Novelist's Library now includes "Marcella" and "The History of David Grieve," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward; "Sant' Ilario" and "Mr. Isaacs," by F. Marion Crawford; "The Naulahka," by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier; "Grania," by Hon. Emily Lawless; "The Delectable Duchy," by "Q."; and "The Stickit Minister," by S. R. Crockett. The next four numbers will be "A Strange Elopement," by W. Clark Russell; "The Last Touches," by Mrs. Clifford; "A Tale of a Lonely Parish," by F. Marion Crawford; and "Miss Stuart's Legacy," by Mrs. F. A. Steel. The series is well printed on good paper and substantially bound. The latest addition, "The Stickit Minister," is liberally illustrated. With such notable books included in it, it is no wonder that the series has attained extraordinary popularity.

BROKEN NOTES FROM A GRAY NUNNERY. By Julia Sherman Hallock. Illustrated. 103 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

Mrs. Hallock's "Gray Nunnery" is not a convent, but a pleasant old country house, where she and her companion, Phyllis, spent a happy year. Her book is a record of her observations and experiences there, written in journal form. It shows a warm appreciation

of the beautiful in nature, and will be attractive to nature lovers quite as much because of what it suggests as because of what it tells. Half-tone vignettes scattered through the text enhance its charm.

ALONG TRAVERSE SHORES. By Mrs. M. E. C. Bates and Mrs. M. K. Buck. 256 pp. Cloth. Traverse City, Mich.: Published for the authors. 1891.

It was the experience gained by the publication of this book that led to the preparation of the article, "The First Book," by Mrs. Buck, which is printed in this number of THE WRITER. "Along Traverse Shores" is an attractive volume externally, much more so than the average book not issued by a regular publisher. The chief evidences of non-professional work, so far as its typographical appearance goes, are given in the title page, in the use of fancy type for sub-titles, and in the occasional irregularity of spacing between lines, due to making space by "leading" instead of by "spacing out" and "over-running," or saving space by omitting leads instead of "thin spacing" and "running back." There are also one or two short lines at the tops of pages, which might easily have been spaced out to make full lines, according to the rule. In most respects, however, the book is highly creditable to its printers. Its literary quality, too, is good. It is made up of short stories and sketches, all with a definite local flavor, but all possessing general interest. The best story in the book is "Uncle Rufe's Match-Making," by Mrs. Buck, which is full of humor, and true to life in its portrayal of character. "Ban of the Light-house" also is a strong and effective story. A half-tone picture of "the extreme end of Traverse Point" makes an interesting frontispiece.

AUNT BILLY. By Alyn Yates Keith. 109 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

Besides the character sketch, "Aunt Billy," which gives its title to the volume, this new book by the author of "A Spinster's Leaflets" and "A Hilltop Summer" contains "A Limited Angel," "A Wayside Character," "A Day of Days," "Miss Hetty," and "A Desultory Club" Most, if not all of the shorter sketches are reprinted from magazines. "A Desultory Club," which occupies more than half the volume, discusses a variety of topics of interest to modern women.

THE LOTTERY TICKET. By J. T. Trowbridge. Illustrated. 202 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

"The Lottery Ticket" is reprinted from the *Youth's Companion*, in which it was originally published as a serial. That fact alone is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence, even if its author's reputation were not already thoroughly established. In its present form the story has been considerably enlarged, and further elucidation of Roy Vancey's extraordinary conduct is furnished by his own statement of his acts and motives in his so-called "Confession." The story is a wholesome one, and at the same time one of absorbing interest. There are eight full-page illustrations in the book.

KYZIE DUNLEE. By Sophie May. Illustrated. 180 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

A new "Sophie May" story means new delight for thousands of expectant juvenile readers, and this addition to the Little Prudy's Children Series is certain to have the warmest kind of a welcome. Its quality is fully up to that of Miss Clarke's former work, and it will give keen pleasure to a vast army of child readers.

LITTLE DAUGHTER. By Grace Le Baron. Illustrated. 178 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

"Little Daughter" is the second of the Hazelwood Stories, and like its predecessor, "Little Miss Faith," is a safe book to be placed in the hands of any child between seven and fourteen years of age. It is a story that gives instruction as well as entertainment, and will not only revive interest in "Little Miss Faith," but will excite eager anticipation of the last story in the series, which is soon to follow.

YOUNG MASTER KIRKE. By Penn Shirley. Illustrated. 156 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

Children who have read the Little Miss Weezy Series, by Penn Shirley, will need no urging to interest them in this first volume of the Silver Gate Series by the same author. "Young Master Kirke" is bright and full of incident, and young readers will be delighted with it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

PRONOUNCING HANDBOOK OF WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED. By Richard Soule and Loomis J. Campbell. 99 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1894.

THE SHADOW OF A CRIME. By Hall Caine. 335 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

TOILERS OF THE SEA. By Victor Hugo. 397 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

THE WISH. By Hermann Sudermann. 296 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

NO PROOF. By Lawrence L. Lynch. 354 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

NIKANOR. By Henry Greville. Illustrated. 304 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1895.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Pasting on Metal and Glass.—A writer in the *Northwest Newspaper Man* says that

almost any paste or glue will adhere to metal if the metal is first treated with strong vinegar. The paste should be applied before the vinegar is dry. A better way, however, is to make paste by dissolving common glue in strong vinegar. Printers sometimes use such a paste to stick a zinc etching, a copper plate, or a brass rule to a block. A brass rule on its side may be used sometimes as a tint block. The *American Stationer* said in a recent issue: "To attach paper labels and other materials to glass dissolve one-half drachm of sulphate of alumina in six drachms of water, and then mix this solution with three and a half ounces of a strong solution of gum arabic mucilage." L. B. C.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Newspaper Reading Board. — It is part of my daily work to read about fifty newspapers, and make clippings from them. After trying various other methods, I finally had a carpenter make me a reading board, which, though simple, is useful enough to be worth a description. It is made of half-inch whitewood, and is two feet six inches wide and four feet long. Three two-inch cleats are screwed on the under side, one at each end, and one in the middle. In one edge there are two screw-eyes by which the board may be hung on two hooks in the front of a shelf above my desk. When the board is in position for use the lower part of it rests on the front edge of my desk, about one-third of it being below the level of the desk. Strips of cloth glued to the cleats on the under side keep the desk from being marred. Screwed across the lower edge is a half-inch cleat or ledge, four inches high, for the papers to rest against while they are being read. This cleat is strengthened with three wrought-iron knees, put on the outside. The edges are rounded slightly so that they will not cut the hands. When the board is in use it holds fifty papers, opened out flat, at an easy angle for reading. The lower part of the board slopes down almost to my knees, and the upper part is within easy reach of the eyes. I have all the papers opened to the full size of the page before I begin reading, and find that I can mark or cut them on the board much more rapidly than on a flat or sloping desk. When the papers are read, the board is set out of the way against the wall, till it is wanted for use again. A. F.

BOSTON, Mass.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND HIS WRITING. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

THE CENTURY'S TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

THE CENTENARY OF JOHN KEATS. Montgomery Schuyler. *Forum* (28 c.) for October.

THE MODERN LITERARY KING. E. W. Bok. *Forum* (28 c.) for November.

LITERARY BOSTON THIRTY YEARS AGO. William Dean Howells. Illustrated. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for November.

WALTER SCOTT. Portrait engraved by Florian from a hitherto unpublished painting by Wilkie. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for November.

WALTER BAGEHOT. Woodrow Wilson. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for November.

A TALK OVER AUTOGRAPHS. — V. George Birkbeck Hill. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for November.

LIVING CRITICS. — I. William Ernest Henley. With portrait. *Bookman* (18 c.) for November.

HENRY COLLINS WALSH. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for November.

NEITH BOYCE. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for November.

ELBERT HUBBARD. Fanny Mack Lothrop. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for November.

ORGANIZING A LITERARY CLUB. Louise Stockton. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for November.

A YOUNG GIRL'S LIBRARY. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for November.

POPE. A. M. Williams. Reprinted from *Gentleman's Magazine* in *Eclectic Magazine* (48 c.) for November.

MAUDE ANDREWS. With portrait. *New Bohemian* (13 c.) for November.

J. G. WHITTIER. A series of portraits. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for November.

VAILIMA LETTERS. Correspondence addressed by Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin. With an introduction by Mr. Colvin, and pictures. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for November.

THE NEW MCCLURE'S. With a portrait of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for November.

AMERICAN HUMORISTS. Professor L. A. Sherman. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for November.

TASSO: HIS CENTENARY AND HIS LEGEND. M. V. Cherbuliez. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for November.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL. With portrait. Reprinted from *Menorah Monthly* in *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for November.

How Longfellow Wrote His Best known Poems. Hezekiah Butterworth. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for November.

Our Graphic Humorists: C. H. Bennett. Illustrated. M. H. Spielmann. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for November.

The Plague of Jocularity. H. H. Boyesen. *North American Review* (53 c.) for November.

Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." With photographs by the author. Henry C. Shelley. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for November.

The Names of New England Places. Edward F. Hayward. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for November.

Evolution in Folk-lore. Colonel A. B. Ellis. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for November.

Professional Institutions. — VII. Judge and Lawyer. Herbert Spencer. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for November.

Talks with Young Authors. James Knapp Reeve. I. *New Bohemian* (13 c.) for October. II. *New Bohemian* (13 c.) for November.

Professional Institutions. VI. — Man of Science and Philosopher. Herbert Spencer. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for October.

Thomas Henry Huxley. Professor Michael Foster. *Popular Science Monthly* (53 c.) for October.

On Literary Construction. Vernon Lee. Reprinted from *Contemporary Review* in *Eclectic Magazine* (48 c.) for October.

Practical Photo-engraving. — VIII. A. C. Austin. *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (33 c.) for October.

The London Times. Illustrated. James Creelman. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

The Real John Keats. Illustrated. John Gilmer Speed. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

The New York Tribune in the Draft Riots. Illustrated. James R. Gilmore. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

Ed Mott. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for October.

Photography in Newspaper Illustration. Walter Scot. *American Journal of Photography* (28 c.) for October.

Albert Shaw. Portrait. *Fourth Estate* (10 c.) for October 17.

William Wetmore Story. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for October 19.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for October 19.

William Wetmore Story. With portrait. *Illustrated American* (13 c.) for October 26.

Professor Boyesen in His Study. Picture. *Illustrated American* (13 c.) for October 26.

H. H. Boyesen. With portrait. *Collier's Weekly* (13 c.) for October 17.

W. W. Story. With portrait. *Collier's Weekly* (13 c.) for October 17.

The Native Press of India. By an Anglo-Indian. Reprinted from *Asiatic Quarterly Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for October 19.

Montaigne. L. E. Tiddeman. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for October 26.

Alfred Austin. *Chicago Tribune* for October 30.

Henrik Ibsen at Home. *Philadelphia Press* for October 13.

The Centennial of Keats. Richard Henry Stoddard. *Independent* for October 24 and 31.

How to Tell a Story. Mark Twain. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for October 3.

Charles Dickens as His Children Knew Him. — I. Charles Dickens. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for October 24.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Thomas Nelson Page has decided to make Washington his permanent home. The new house which he is building on New Hampshire avenue is likely to be one of the show residences of the city architecturally. The site cost $30,000, and the house itself will be constructed regardless of expense.

Mrs. Emma Louise Orcutt, who has won favor with her novels and sketches, lives at Chicopee, Mass. Her maiden name was Fuller.

J. M. Barrie has taken a house in Gloucester Road, South Kensington, and intends to make London his permanent home.

Mrs. Jessie Van Zile Belden, author of "Fate at the Door," is a society leader in Syracuse, N. Y., and is the mother of five boys.

Helen Hay, whose humorous poem, "The Merry Mongoose," was printed in *St. Nicholas* for August, is a daughter of Colonel John Hay.

"Conover Duff," given as the name of the author of "The Master-knot" and "Another Story," recently published in Henry Holt & Co.'s Buckram Series, turns out to be a pseudonym for three young Cleveland people, Laura Gaylord, Florence Little, and Edward Cady, who wrote these two tales in collaboration.

James Whitcomb Riley denies that he either is writing, or has any thought of writing, a novel. He modestly adds that he does not believe himself capable of a work of that character. Mr. Riley is living in retirement, doing only such occasional work with his pen as seems to him to be of the nature of recreation. He will not fill platform engagements this season.

One of the interesting literary questions of the day is whether dialogue is to be the prevailing form of fiction. Sir Walter Besant predicts that novels will shortly be written in dialogue, and that descriptions will be almost entirely done away with. He cites Miss Violet Hunt and Anthony Hope as two of the most successful users of dialogue.

Charles Robinson, who, until last February, was assistant editor of the *North American Review*, has decided to enter a Franciscan monastery.

A new monthly illustrated magazine for young people has just been started by Frank Leslie's publishing house, New York, called *Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours for Boys and Girls.*

The *Pocket Magazine* is a new ten-cent monthly published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, and edited by Irving Bacheller. It is to be made up, apparently, of matter previously furnished to newspapers by the Bacheller syndicate.

The *Black Cat* is a new five-cent magazine of short stories, published by the Short-story Publishing Company, Boston.

P. F. Collier's new semi-monthly is to be called the *International Magazine.* It was his purpose to name it the *Twentieth Century Magazine*, but in deference to a courteous protest from the managers of the *Century Magazine*, Mr. Collier has changed the title.

The publication of the *New Bohemian* has been begun in Cincinnati, the first number being that for October.

The *Looker-On* (New York) is a new monthly devoted to music, the drama, and literature.

The first number of the new quarterly, the *American Historical Review* (Macmillan & Co.), is a solid magazine of more than 200 pages.

The *Progress of the World* (New York) is a new monthly illustrated magazine of general information. The November number has portraits of Stepniak, Laurence Hutton, Brander Matthews, and Palmer Cox.

The *Lotus* is a new Kansas inter-collegiate magazine, published for the purpose of inspiring the college men of the West to better and purer literary efforts. The publication office is at Kansas City, Mo.

A new five-cent monthly called the *Literary Olio* has been begun at Perkasie, Penn. All its articles are to be furnished by the authors who form the Olio Publishing Company.

The *Arena* will reduce its price from $5 to $3 a year with the December number, which will begin its fifteenth volume.

The price of *Littell's Living Age* (Boston) will be reduced January 1 from eight dollars to six dollars a year.

The *Monthly Illustrator* and *Home and Country* have been combined. Joseph W. Kay, formerly publisher of *Home and Country*, is the president of the new Monthly Illustrator Publishing Company.

Collier's Once a Week (New York) is now called *Collier's Weekly.*

After January 1 *American Gardening* (New York) will be published weekly, instead of semi-monthly, as at present.

Harper's Round Table offers five prizes for stories of adventure, containing from 500 to 1,500 words, and submitted by members of the "Round Table" before December 25. Particulars are given in *Harper's Round Table* for October 1.

The *New Education* (New York) offers a year's subscription for the best educational article submitted each month, either on a postal card, or within a limit of 100 words.

Harry C. Jones, photo-engraver and publisher, New York, has made an assignment. He is a son of George H. Jones, ex-lieutenant governor of New York, and has been in business for nine years.

A novel feature lately added to *Toilettes* (New York) consists in lithographed color plates, giving fac-simile reproductions of dress goods to be obtained at leading dry goods stores, and descriptions quoting the exact prices and quantities of material required to make up the garments illustrated.

The Combined Press of New York has been incorporated with a capital of $15,000. The incorporators are: John Kendrick Bangs, Yonkers; R. McE. Stuart and Albert B. Paine, New York; A. H. Lewis, Washington; R. K. Munkittrick, Nutley, N. J. The company will do a syndicate business.

The Household Guest Company has been incorporated at Chicago, with a capital of $14,000. The incorporators are: William K. Haynes, Frank P. Reynolds, and H. J. Cook.

The Cheerful Moments Publishing Company, of New York city, has been incorporated with $10,000 capital. Its directors are: Stephen S. Vreeland, Michael Moran, and Matthew Gibbs, of New York city.

The *Bookman* (New York) for October has portraits of George Macdonald, W. E. Norris, S. R. Crockett, Beatrice Harraden, Bliss Carman, and Maurice Maeterlinck.

The *Bookman* (New York) for November has portraits of H. H. Boyesen, Gertrude Hall, Anthony H. Hawkins, H. Rider Haggard, Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes), William Watson, W. E. Henley, and Charles A. Dana.

The last of George Birbeck Hill's "A Talk Over Autographs" appears in the November *Atlantic*. These papers have created wide interest, and the publishers of the *Atlantic* announce that Dr. Hill will contribute during 1896 further papers on the letters and journals of famous men.

Mr. Howells resumes his literary reminiscences in the November *Harper's* in a paper on "Literary Boston Thirty Years Ago," when, to use his phrase, there was "something like a national literature" in New England. Nearly all of New England's great men and women of letters were alive at that time, and residing in or near Boston, and time does not seem to have dimmed Mr. Howells' vivid impressions of their personalities.

In an article on "The Names of New England Places," in the *New England Magazine* for November, Edward F. Hayward has brought together a great amount of interesting information touching the history of the naming, not only of New England states and towns, but of rivers and mountains as well.

An amusing paper on "The Plague of Jocularity," by the late Professor H. H. Boyesen, in the November number of the *North American Review*, attacks the seeming American inability to treat serious things seriously.

The *Review of Reviews* (New York) for November has portraits of Hall Caine, the late W. W. Story, Dr. David S. Jordan, the late H. H. Boyesen, Bishop Coxe, Dr. Morgan Dix, Israel Zangwill, and Paul Bourget.

L. A. Sherman, professor of English literature in the University of Nebraska, contributes to the November issue of the *Chautauquan* a breezy article on "American Humorists." He regards Mark Twain as the greatest humorist this country has produced.

The *Century* for November is the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Number, and contains an interesting sketch of the growth of the magazine. A full-page portrait of Mrs. Humphry Ward, from a recent photograph, precedes the first installment of her novel, "Sir George Tressady."

The September and October numbers of *Sun and Shade* (New York) contain some beautiful pictures. Every number hereafter will contain one or more pictures in colors, produced by the photographic color process of which Mr. Edwards is the inventor. The October number has a fine photogravure portrait of Mark Twain.

The October number of the *Review of Reviews* contains an article by George P. Morris on "Religious Journals and Journalism," with portraits of all the "leading lights."

The *Midland Monthly* (Des Moines) for October has an interesting article on the development of the Associated Press.

The *Newspaper Maker* (New York) began its second volume with the number for October 3. It is always bright and newsy, and has won well-deserved success.

"The History of *Punch*" and its times, by M. H. Spielmann, with about 120 illustrations, portraits, and fac-similes, is announced by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

A new edition of "The Verbalist," by Alfred Ayres, is announced by D. Appleton & Co.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen died in New York, October 4, aged forty-seven.

Robert Beverly Hale, youngest son of Edward Everett Hale, died at Roxbury, Mass., October 6, aged twenty-six.

William Wetmore Story died at Vallombrosa, Italy, October 7, aged seventy-six.

Mrs. Clara Doty Bates died in Chicago, October 14.

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EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.*

IV. — BY THE EDITOR OF LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Availing ourselves of your courteous invitation to state what sort of manuscripts we prefer for the *Weekly*, we beg to say that it is our aim and desire to treat in the columns of this newspaper the thought and life of the times. To this end, we prefer short, crisp, and direct statements of facts, and that in the discussion of all questions the writer shall go to the core of his subject with the utmost directness.

A weekly newspaper devoted to the illustration of the events which make up the history of the time cannot undertake to deal with the weightier questions which may engage the interest of the minority of the reading public.

Its first function is to instruct, help, and stimulate the general public, who constitute its constituency. What concerns men and women in the practical relations of life should engage its chief attention. We have come upon a time when sociological questions, arising out of the new conditions and wonderfully quickened impulses of our life, are pressing for solution. These must be fronted, considered, and discussed in a style adapted to the popular understanding, and with reference to public enlightenment. Those larger questions of science and literature, which have so much to do with our progress and growth, need not, indeed, be written. But these are necessarily of secondary importance in the general make-up of a weekly newspaper.

Our preference is for contributions of from 500 to 1,000 words, in reference to persons of conspicuous prominence; to questions of morals and society which are agitating the public mind; and to events which illustrate the movements of popular thought, and the trend of our civilization.

In this hurrying age few people have time or leisure to read elaborate articles on any subject of current interest.

The successful newspaper is that one which, recognizing this fact, images and mirrors the spirit and movements of the times.

We are not now publishing short stories, but our experience confirms us in the belief that

* This series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," written by the editors of the leading American periodicals, and telling what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts, was begun in THE WRITER for September, and will be continued monthly. The article in the September WRITER was by William Hayes Ward, superintending editor of the *Independent*. The article for October was by Robert E. Bonner, editor of the *New York Ledger*. The article for November was by Robert D. Townsend, managing editor of the *Outlook*. Next month there will be articles by Joseph Newton Hallock, editor of *Christian Work*, and Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*.

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the average story should never exceed 3,500 words in length.

We may add that we do not want, under any circumstances, contributions on any subject exceeding the limit already mentioned.

The man or woman who cannot condense into 1,200 words an intelligible statement of any ordinary subject or of any historic event would do better to abandon all attempts to contribute to the press. *B. Arkell.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

V. — BY THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

This article, written at the request of the editor of THE WRITER, is intended as a friendly note to the thousands of readers who for twenty-eight years have from all parts of the world been favoring the *Overland* with their contributions. It may make clear to some of the many why their manuscripts have been refused in San Francisco, when later they have been accepted in New York.

Possibly once a week the mail brings a politely sarcastic note from some deserving young writer, notifying the *Overland* that his poem on "Mt. Washington," or story of the streets of New York, which we had "read and declined," was about to be published by so and so. It is useless to answer such letters, for their writers would never believe that the receiver honestly rejoiced as he remembered, with pleasure, the charming poem or the clever story. The one essential thing that the now successful young author overlooked was that the *Overland* has a field in which "Mt. Washington" and "The Streets of New York" play no part.

Bret Harte, the first editor of the *Overland Monthly*, said in *McClure's Magazine* last December: "As editor of this magazine (the *Overland Monthly*) I received for its first number many contributions in the way of stories. After looking these over, it impressed me as a strange thing that not one of the writers had felt inspired to treat the fresh subjects which lay ready to hand in California. All the stories were conventional, — the kind of thing that would have been offered to an editor in the Atlantic states, — stories of those localities and of Europe, in the customary form. I talked the matter over with Mr. Roman, the proprietor, and then wrote a story whose sole object was to give local coloring. It was called 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.'" A quarter of a century and more has proven Mr. Harte's and Mr. Roman's judgment sound as to the matter that the Pacific coast and the world expect to find and enjoy in this Californian magazine.

The *Overland* has never tried, and never will try, to emulate or copy any magazine. It would not print the writings of Howells, Crawford, or any novelist, no matter how famous, unless they conformed to its principles. It realizes that they can be found and read in New York and Atlantic coast publications, while the writers of the *Overland* cannot be found anywhere else in the world. In fact, many of them contribute only once, but their one contribution is a life story, or the one great event of their career. They are contributing their little share to the great romantic history of the West.

In a word, the *Overland* is the outgrowth of a peculiar field, full of its own rich traditions and story, — a field that has not a rival in the world. From the romantic history of Alta and Baja California, and the footsteps of the old padres, to the days of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Heathen Chinee," down to the to-day, when the Spaniard and the miner have given place to the New West, when the California of gold has merged into the California of fruits and flowers, grains and manufactures, the *Overland* has been the medium in which all this changing, pulsating life has been preserved.

What is true of California is equally true of New Mexico, Arizona, Oregon; Washington, Nevada, Idaho, Utah, and Texas, as well as of the Hawaiian Islands and the Asiatic coast.

THE WRITER is a magazine for literary workers, — as such it satisfies its subscribers and ranks first among journals of its class. The *Overland* is a magazine for those who wish to read of the romance and story of the Golden West. Hence the *Overland* has no more use for a poem or a story whose scene is located

in the drawing-rooms of New York or Paris, than THE WRITER has for a treatise on "California's First Constitution."

The *Overland's* field is limited, but it has a million and a half readers, — not subscribers, — and can boast of having first given to the world the names of a few writers like Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, John Muir, and Noah Brooks, who have won world-wide fame.

Possibly in this rambling little talk both THE WRITER'S readers and the *Overland's* contributors may arrive at some conclusions as to what is palatable to the *Overland* grizzly and what is not.

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif. *Rounseville Wildman.*

THE WRITER'S LIBRARY.— II.

In the November *Writer* was published the first part of a bibliography of books especially well suited to form the foundation of a writer's technical library. The present article continues this bibliography, describing books which every writer should have in his library, if possible. The books mentioned will be described without much critical comment — it being understood that each book named is recommended — and as briefly as is consistent with giving an idea of their character. Any of the books named will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, by The Writer Publishing Company. The date given in each case is that of the copyright.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. By John Bartlett. Ninth Edition. 1,158 pp. Cloth, $3 00. 1891.

Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" is everything that such a book should be. Its plan is admirable, the quoted passages and phrases being given in the first part under the names of their authors, chronologically arranged, together with the dates of birth and death of each author. In most cases the exact place in the original text from which the quotation comes is indicated. Access to any desired quotation, even though it be imperfectly remembered, is given by an admirable index, in which every quotation in the book is entered under each leading word which it contains, together with the number of the page on which it appears. The book also has an index of authors, alphabetically arranged. The ninth and final edition of the work contains 350 pages of text and 10,000 lines of index more than the eighth edition. To any writer Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" is a reference book of the very highest value.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS. A Manual for Editors, Reporters, Correspondents, and Printers. By Robert Luce. Fourth edition (seventh thousand); revised and enlarged. 96 pp. Cloth, $1.00. 1891.

Luce's "Writing for the Press" is a practical handbook of the art of newspaper writing, written by a practical newspaper man. There is no "padding" in it; almost every line contains a useful hint or suggestion about the proper preparation of newspaper "copy," and a wonderful amount of information of use to writers is crowded into its carefully-written pages. The work is the result of the practical experience of the author as desk editor on the *Boston Globe*, and was written in the main from notes made while handling manuscripts there and elsewhere. While it is intended primarily for newspaper men, literary workers of every class will find "Writing for the Press" exceedingly helpful, both for study and for reference, as is shown by these subject-headings: The Preparation of Copy; How to Write Clearly; Grammar, Good and Bad; Use and Misuse of Common Words and Phrases (with several hundred examples); Mixed Metaphors; Slang; The Use of Titles; Puzzling Plurals; Condensation; Points on Proof-reading; Addressing Editors; Getting into Print, etc. The book is one that every writer should keep upon his desk for constant reference and study.

STEPS INTO JOURNALISM. Helps and Hints for Young Writers. By Edwin L. Shuman. 229 pp. Cloth, $1.25. 1894.

Shuman's "Steps Into Journalism" is the best and most practical general work on newspaper-making that has yet been published. It covers a different field from that of Luce's "Writing for the Press," describing the rou-

tine of the newspaper office and the methods of the workers in the different departments, while Mr. Luce's book is chiefly devoted to giving directions for the proper preparation of copy and explaining the technical requirements of manuscript-making. Each book, therefore, supplements the other, and every active newspaper worker should have both constantly within his reach. Mr. Shuman's book shows an occasional tendency to "fine writing" and incidentally gives some bad advice on one or two subjects, but as a means of information about the inside work of newspaper offices and of suggestions to young reporters it is generally trustworthy and helpful, and there is no active newspaper man who cannot get some benefit from reading it.

THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM. By T. Campbell-Copeland. 115 pp. Paper, 50 cents. 1889.

"The Ladder of Journalism" is a sort of primer of newspaper work, covering the same ground as "Steps into Journalism," but much less thoroughly. It contains many sensible suggestions to young reporters, and older newspaper men may read it through with profit.

ROGET'S THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES. Classified and arranged so as to facilitate the expression of ideas and assist in literary composition. By Peter Mark Roget and John Lewis Roget. 745 pp. Cloth, $2.00. 1886.

Roget's "Thesaurus" is the only work giving a complete collection of the words in the English language, and of the idiomatic combinations peculiar to it, arranged according to the idea they express, rather than in the alphabetical order of a dictionary. This edition has a copious index, making access easy to all the words expressing any idea. The book is the best dictionary of synonyms published, and should be on the desk of every writer for constant, daily use, as a means both of reference and of word study.

SYNONYMS DISCRIMINATED. By C. J. Smith. 781 pp. Fourth edition. Cloth, $2.00. 1893.

The author of "Synonyms Discriminated" has taken advantage of the works of Crabb, Taylor, Graham, and Whately, and has combined his own ideas with those of these earlier writers on English synonymy. He has also derived useful material from Guizot's book on French synonyms, and from other sources. The plan of his book is illustrated by the entry under "Wrath," which is headed:—

WRATH. ANGER, CHOLER, IRE, RAGE.

Then follows a discriminating discussion of the distinctive meanings of these different words, each being taken up in turn and its exact use shown by explanation and example. More than half a page is devoted to this one entry. The arrangement of the entries is alphabetical under the leading word — in this case "Wrath." An alphabetical index at the end of the volume makes all the secondary words instantly accessible. The author has paid a good deal of attention to giving the derivations of the words analyzed, and his illustrative quotations have been chosen with great care. Altogether, the book is a very useful one.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS EXPLAINED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER. By George Crabb. 638 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

Crabb's "Synonyms" is made on the same plan as Smith's "Synonyms Discriminated," and has long been a standard work.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS DISCRIMINATED. By Richard Whately, D. D. 179 pp. Cloth, 50 cents.

Archbishop Whately's little manual, like the larger works of Crabb and Smith, describes the differences of meaning among words of similar significance and gives examples to illustrate their proper use.

HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH SYNONYMS. With an appendix showing the correct use of prepositions. By L. J. Campbell. 160 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. 1881.

Campbell's "Handbook of Synonyms" simply gives lists ot synonymous words in dictionary style, without explaining the shades of difference in their meanings. In the appendix is a treatment of prepositions showing their right use in connection with certain words. The chief use of the book is to suggest to a writer the appropriate word, which he cannot for the moment recall, whenever he wishes to vary a form of expression or to speak with greater precision.

PRACTICAL SYNONYMS. By John H. Bechtel. 226 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. 1893.

The merits of Mr. Bechtel's new handbook, which is on the same plan as Campbell's, are its convenience of form, its clearness of arrangement, the broadness of its plan, and its feature of giving the prepositions which are properly used with different words. In forming his lists of synonyms Mr. Bechtel has included words of somewhat distantly related meaning, thus increasing copiousness of suggestion in the enlarged groups of words. Kept within easy reach, either this book or Campbell's "Handbook" will supply in an instant the word for which a writer might long cudgel his brain in vain.

FIVE HUNDRED PLACES TO SELL MANUSCRIPTS. By James Knapp Reeve. 60 pp. Board covers, $1.00. 1894.

The difficulty with all printed lists of "periodicals that pay contributors" is that they are sure to get out of date within a month or two after they are published, in consequence of the numerous changes in the periodical world, and ever after that they become more and more misleading, as time goes on, to those who depend on them for guidance in marketing their manuscripts. The information about the requirements and methods of periodicals given in such lists, too, is necessarily vague and unsatis-

factory in very many cases, because editors are not all willing to answer the questions put to them by the compilers. Within these limitations, Mr. Reeve's little book is the best of its kind now available. It should be used with caution, however, and only in the light given by announcements of changes made, since it was published, in THE WRITER.

HOW TO WRITE CLEARLY Rules and exercises on English composition. By Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, M. A. 78 pp. Cloth, 60 cents. 1876.

Dr. Abbott's ' How to Write Clearly" is an exceedingly useful little manual of rules and exercises, the study of which will help any writer to avoid obscurity and ambiguity in composition. The book opens with an index of rules arranged under the headings "Clearness and Force" (with the sub-headings "Words," "Order of Words in a Sentence") and "Brevity." Then follow the same rules printed in connection with illustrative examples. Next come short exercises to be written out and revised, as exercises usually are. Finally there are fifteen pages of "continuous exercises," consisting of extracts from Burnet, Butler, and Clarendon, modernized and altered with a view to removing obscurity and ambiguity.

A third article will describe other books which are peculiarly desirable in a writer's library.

William H. Hills.

BOSTON, Mass.

PURISM AND IMPURISM.

The editor of a trade paper recently announced in substance that he would no longer humor the laziness of his readers by printing his matter so that they could comprehend it on sight, but would shovel in everything without distinction of type (italics, small caps., or anything else), or use of interrogation or exclamation marks, and throw on them the burden of getting any sense out of it. Evidently taste is to be consulted as little as intelligibility, and the journalist's model of style is to be a boy's hair cut by aid of the bread bowl. This sort of "reform" is affected by some other papers to a still greater degree, as, for example, by leaving the quotation marks out of dialogues, even when "run in" to a single paragraph, with the speakers not defined; thus compelling one to study the structure of the joke, and balance probabilities as to the sex and character of the speakers, before deciding on its interpretation. I — and probably many others — save all this labor by throwing such papers into the waste-basket unread; and as by a beneficent law of nature they are usually the ones least worth reading, the sacrifice is quite bearable. Here are two actual specimens which I saved out as curiosities some years ago: —

What working old man. I'm just off for the dog show. What prize are you trying for. Well I'm not entered in the puppy list at any rate. Thanks awfully. That gives my pup a walkover.

Dont come near me you disgraceful girl. I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself. Why what do you mean. You are one of those girls who posed as Greek statues in the tableaux last winter. O horrors no. How can you think such a thing. O I see. Ha ha. Why this is my new Paris bathing dress.

Charming, isn't it? Such an improvement on the usual fashion of printing! But it does not go anywhere near far enough. Most other punctuation marks, and anything beyond the barest indication of spaces between words, should be abolished also, and a return made to the black-letter style of the first ages of printing, with only the period and the Greek semicolon permitted, and words contracted wholesale and at random to save space. Thus, for example, this is not far from how the above lines would look in the style of the Gutenberg Bible: —

Charmꝫ isn't it. Such an īprōmēt ō yᵉ usūl faç of printꝫ. But it do9 ñt go anvwɹe nēr far enꝫ. Most other pūtuaç mɹks & anythꝫ beyō yᵉ baρst īdicaç of spā9 betwē wɹds sh'd be abolçd also & a retū mād to yᵉ bl'k-letɪr style of yᵉ 1st ag9 of prītꝫ with ōly yᵉ peɹd & Grēk semicōꝭ permitted.

All this sort of thing, even the most moderate, seems to me retrogression and not progress.

All the movement, both of typography and of literary style, since printing was invented has been in the direction of making the sense clearer to the most hurried or preoccupied glance, to the dullest or least instructed mind, to the laziest or busiest person. The style of composition suitable only for leisured students has been gradually replaced by the most pellucid colloquialism, so that no one shall have to spend a moment's *useless* time in grasping the idea to be conveyed — of course not all ideas can be equally clear. The blind and crowded typography has been opened out, and strewn with concise explanatory signs and judicious landmarks to indicate the connection of clauses (that is, of separate thoughts), the relations of persons, and the emotions of the writer; in order both that the reader may comprehend them instantly for himself, and interpret them instantly when reading to others, without doing double work by going over all beforehand. All these helps are purely good, for they save so much time and energy to use for other things in our overcrowded life; and the abolition of any of them is a wanton evil, for it saves little or no time or care to the writer or printer (indeed, it takes more care to leave them out than to put them in), while it puts a needless burden and vexation on the reader. No doubt he can make out the meaning somehow, but why should he be required to waste slow and laborious study on every trivial utterance? Let it be saved, as now, for things worth it, and for the matter and not the form.

A fad of some publishing houses, or else some writers, is to leave out all commas. I have in mind a school history by a writer of good rank, where on one page there are only seven commas; in one place there are eight lines without a comma, including several subordinate clauses not distinguished from the principal one. It cost me ten minutes and four careful readings of these eight lines to disentangle the meaning from the horrid jumble of syntax; to read the book aloud offhand is utterly impossible, and in spite of the author's ability, my judgment is that it is not worth the trouble it costs. Very likely commas are sometimes overdone; but the fault is on the right side — far better use twice as many as needful than only half as many; for in the former case no serious obscurity can result, while in the latter all sense often disappears in a wilderness of misconnections. Here is a choice specimen I owe to *Art in Advertising*: —

"These purists often make us drink deep. Here is the literary reviewer of the *Tribune*, for instance: —

> There is a good example of the latter sort in "wounded" a poem describing the return from the war on a litter of a young husband who has left his bride in the vigor of manhood.

"'A litter of a young husband' is unique, until one runs up against 'a bride in the vigor of manhood.' That jewel was in the *Sunday Tribune* April 16, 1893, page 14, top of third column."

I can quote just as good a one from Gardiner's "Puritan Revolution," page 63: "Buckingham's wife . . . rushed out with shrieks of agony in her night dress." This is not obscure, but it *is* ridiculous; and who wants to have his mind jerked from the plane of serious historic interest to one of burlesque suggestion, even for a moment?

As to interrogation marks, my opinion is that if any change is to be made, it should be exactly the other way — to the excellent Spanish method of putting the mark before as well as after the question, instead of abolishing both. This is a notice especially valuable to one reading aloud, for it gives him the cue as to tone and elevation of voice; and also to the meaning of the first words, which are often the same in both forms, but are read in totally diverse ways, according as a question or an affirmation is intended.

As to italics, like capitals, they have often been used, they are still often used, so profusely as to defeat their own object; but their total disuse is just as absurd and mischievous as that of punctuation. Why must people rush to extremes, and insist on going naked in February because others wear overcoats in August? The writer who will spoil the whole point of a paragraph because he has determined never to italicize a word, is a much greater fool even than he who italicizes every other word, and so gains no emphasis and vexes his readers and violates taste. An italic word often conveys an explana-

tion, a shade of meaning, or a sarcasm, which otherwise would need several lines of flat and clumsy exposition. I admit that italics have been dreadfully overdone; I long ago, without cackling over it, abandoned them myself almost entirely — wholly so in names of papers, where their use is a huge nuisance to the compositor and of no value to the reader. But why should one cut himself and his readers off from a most useful symbol because it is sometimes used without discretion? Why make public proclamation at all? Why not simply resolve to use it with discretion one's self, stick to the resolve, and say no more about it? That is a much better way to be influential for good than to advertise that you will ride the wild ass of a hard-and-fast typographical principle through mud and mire, regardless of the perversions of meaning and ludicrous misfits of language it may land you in, or the compulsion to use twen y words where one would do.

A dreadful example of this blind adherence to a rule is the way some papers present figures. A misty feeling has survived from the supercilious mediæval students that the Arabic numerals are a vulgar and deplorable concession to the hasty and ignorant crowd, and that numbers should always be spelled out except under imperative necessity; above all, that never under any circumstances must figures be allowed to begin a sentence. The logical culmination of this ironclad principle was this monstrous mess from a prominent paper not long ago, in which taste is as utterly sacrificed as intelligibility: —

"The assets of the Blank Insurance Company are $13,613.111.95; surplus, $2,489,566.37. Two million one hundred and four thousand six hundred and eighty-four dollars and fifty-two cents were received during 1891 for accident premiums, and $1,700,633.75 for life premiums. Fifteen million nine hundred and twenty-five thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine dollars of new life insurance were written in 1891, a gain over 1890 of $2 362,512. Twenty million nine hundred and nineteen thousand five hundred and ninety-eight dollars and twenty cents had been paid for losses altogether, of which $1,720.994.14 was in 1891,"

etc., etc., alternating figures and words all through. One would think even a pedantic slave to the letter of Wilson's Manual would see the shocking absurdity of this. Of course, it is not pleasing to have a paragraph begin "3 men were drowned in the lake yesterday," nor "$7 is to be the excursion fare to Washington this summer"; but great strings of figures like the above have their own rights — and readers have some. This is what comes of setting stiff canons of taste above taste itself, and destroying the object by overstraining the means.

The whole business seems to me a sad misapplication of energy. If a man wishes to improve something, let him put his efforts where they will accomplish a worthy result. Let writers of all sorts struggle to gather more useful facts, to draw more novel and truthful deductions, to present their ideas in a more captivating form, to inspire their fellows with higher conceptions of duty; I can hardly think there is nothing left to achieve in these directions. That will be much better than trying to make it harder for their readers to understand what they are talking about, or destroying the proper emphasis of sentences by refusing to indicate where the emphasis is meant to impinge. All our ears are deafened now by the multitude of voices each insisting that we shall listen to it alone; a little extra clearness often gains a hearing while the rest wait, a little obscurity often results in never gaining one at all. Writers cannot afford to give up an inch of vantage they have in this struggle for survival of ideas; they should rather strive more anxiously, by literary skill, by typographical devices, by any other means at their command, to make each word and sentence a picture impressing its exact meaning on the brain the instant it strikes the eye. And it would be nothing less than stupid to strive for this object through clearness of style and at the same instant defeat it through obscurity of typography. I do not believe that a slovenly stringing along of words in a monotonous row, leaving the reader to sort them out as he likes, is to be the ruling canon of taste in the future; and if any of it is forced on the public by any clique of writers, editors, or printers, those outside could ask no better foil to draw praise and custom to their orderly and tasteful shops.

HARTFORD, Conn. *Forrest Morgan.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 282 Washington street, Rooms 9 and 10, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance. When subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publisher.

*** Everything printed in the magazine without credit is original.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
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VOL. VIII. DECEMBER, 1895. NO. 12.

With the present number THE WRITER closes its eighth volume. The magazine next year will be one that no active literary worker can afford to be without. The series of "Editorial Talks with Contributors," by the editors of leading periodicals, will be continued, giving information that can be obtained nowhere else about what these publications want, and do not want, in the way of manuscripts. Special attention will be given to announcing in the "News and Notes" of the magazine the establishment of new periodicals, opening new markets for manuscripts; the suspension of unsuccessful ventures; changes of address; the establishment of new publishing firms; and all the other important news of the publishing world. Changes of all kinds are so numerous that without THE WRITER no writer can keep himself fully informed regarding them, and a single item of knowledge, leading either to the sale of a manuscript or to saving of postage, may be worth more than the yearly cost of the magazine. The reference list of "Literary Articles in Periodicals" will be made as nearly complete as possible, and will call the attention of writers to the articles in current newspapers and magazines in which they are most likely to be interested. The series of personal sketches and portraits of writers will be continued, and each number of the magazine will contain one or more portraits and sketches of this kind. Articles have been promised by leading writers on the methods of various kinds of literary work, and special care will be taken to have these articles plain, helpful, and practical. In the department of "Queries" questions of interest to writers will be answered, and the other departments of the magazine will be well maintained. New features have been planned, and will be added as soon as may be practicable. A larger subscription list will mean a better magazine, and writers may be sure that in sending their own subscriptions and in helping to secure the subscriptions of others they are aiding in the development and broadening of THE WRITER. Even as it is, the magazine is well worth its subscription price.

***

With THE WRITER for January will be included a title page and index to the present volume of the magazine. The bound volume for 1895 will be ready for delivery soon after January 1, and may be ordered now. It will be uniform in style with the preceding volumes of THE WRITER, and the price will be $1.50, post-paid.

***

A most appropriate Christmas present for any one interested in literary work is a year's subscription for THE WRITER; or a bound volume; or, better yet, a complete set of bound volumes of the magazine. The supply of bound volumes available is limited, and already the price for two years has been advanced. Those who secure a complete set of the magazine now will make a good investment.

***

The petition for the reduction of postage on manuscripts is reprinted in this number of THE

WRITER, and those who have not already signed it are urged to do so at once, and then to forward the petition, with the blanks filled out, to the editor of THE WRITER, so that it may be submitted to Congress this month. THE WRITER will do all in its power to secure favorable action on the petition, and there is hope that the desired reduction may be made.

W. H. H.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WRITERS.

Some years ago I was happily thrown for an hour into the society of Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent.

In the course of conversation I asked him what was his advice to a young littérateur, and this is what he said: —

"I should say to him: Write a great deal, but do not write poetry. There are no demands for more poetry. The world is too full of it already. Write a *straight-forward* prose account of things that happen. Write when you must, to express something that others ought to know. As an aid to the development of a good style commit to memory pages from Shakespeare, Addison, and the Bible, and make these passages your own."

Did he mean to say that the world is "too full" of *good* poetry? No. Neither did he wish to discourage those who seem to have an especial gift for that sort of composition. That was a thrust at the bardlings and chirrupers.

As to a "straight-forward prose": That is, a concise, terse prose, free from expletives, solecisms, high-sounding words; perspicuous and unpretentious.

"Of things that happen." The world is always pleased to listen to the incidents of every-day life, told simply and viewed originally.

Altogether, I never heard counsel more felicitous and pertinent, and I give it this opportunity of accomplishing the greatest possible amount of good. *E. L. Masters.*

LEWISTON, Ill.

NEW YORK HERALD PRIZE WINNERS.

The *New York Herald* prizes have been awarded as follows: —

Fiction contest — $10,000 prize to Julian Hawthorne for novel, entitled "Between Two Fires"; $2,000 prize to Rev. W. C. Blakeman, of Islip, N. Y., for novel, entitled "The Black Hand"; $1,000 prize to Edith Carpenter, of Millville, N. J., for novel, entitled "Your Money or Your Life."

Novelette contest — $3,000 prize to Miss Mollie Elliot Seawell, of Washington, D. C., for novelette, entitled "The Sprightly Tale of Marsac."

Short-story contest — $2,000 prize to Edgar Fawcett for story, entitled "A Romance of Old New York."

Epic poem contest — $1,000 prize to "Sangamon" (unknown) for poem, entitled "Abraham Lincoln."

There were submitted more than 1,000 poems, more than 1,000 novelettes, and nearly 3,000 short stories.

The judges of the fiction contest were selected by the ballots of 50,000 *Herald* readers. They were: Mayo W. Hazeltine, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, and George Parsons Lathrop.

The judges in the other contests were selected by the *Herald* from the members of its own staff. They were Rev. George H. Hepworth, B. B. Vallentine, and William S. Walsh.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

I sent a long prose manuscript to an editor February 28, 1894. To the same editor I sent another long prose manuscript June 12, 1894. For just a year I heard nothing from either one. Then, June 12, 1895, I received the second manuscript, with the editor's regrets. September 16, 1895, just nineteen months after it was sent, I received the first manuscript, with similar regrets. This editor had written me, in 1893, regarding a poem of mine which, it seemed, had been accepted: "If the manuscript had not been accepted, it would have been returned as promptly as possible," so that according to his statement manuscripts kept for months are accepted by him. Is it not true that, according to all the unwritten laws govern-

ing editors, by allowing such long times to elapse before returning the articles, he had accepted them? C. P. N.

[Delay in rendering a decision upon a manuscript does not imply that the editor has accepted the manuscript, and the author has no claim upon the editor, unless the manuscript was solicited, or unless the editor has been requested to return it without further delay and has failed to do so. So far as the mere delay in rendering his decision is concerned, the editor referred to cannot be accused even of discourtesy. The delay was long, but so were the manuscripts, and there is no evidence that the editor did not render his decision as promptly as he could. What a writer should do is to make a courteous inquiry, after a reasonable time, as to whether a decision has been reached or not. If that letter is not answered, it should be repeated, and if the second letter receives no attention, the best thing for the writer to do is to recall his manuscript at once and try another publisher. Writers should remember that if an editor examines unsolicited manuscripts as quickly as he can, and returns them if he finds them unavailable, he fulfils all his obligations to his unsuccessful contributors. Editors are usually busy men, and it is often impossible for them to read and judge manuscripts without considerable delay. As a rule, the editors who receive comparatively few manuscripts are less able to handle them rapidly than the editors of the great magazines, who are able to employ all the help they need. — W. H. H.]

HOW I CAME TO WRITE "JOHN MAYNARD."

The ballad of "John Maynard" has been included in so many "Speakers" and collections that I may perhaps be justified in assuming that it is known to the majority of my readers. Many inquiries have been addressed to me and to the editors of periodicals as to whether it is founded on fact or simply invented, like Robert Browning's famous lyric, "How the Good News Was Brought from Ghent to Aix."

To recall the ballad to some who may not be entirely familiar with it, I will quote the first stanza: —

"'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
One bright midsummer day,
The gallant steamer Ocean Queen
Swept proudly on her way.
Bright faces clustered on the deck,
Or, leaning o'er the side,
Watched carelessly the feathery foam
That flecked the rippling tide."

Suddenly a sailor discovers that the steamer is on fire. He carries the terrible news to the captain. A sailor named John Maynard is at the wheel. As the flames make rapid progress it is seen that the only hope of safety is to steer the ship to land. Under the captain's orders John Maynard undertakes the dangerous task. They are within half a mile of the shore.

"But half a mile! Yet stay, the flames
No longer slowly creep,
But gather round that helmsman bold
With fierce, impetuous sweep.

"'John Maynard!' with an anxious voice
The captain cries once more,
'Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,
And we shall reach the shore.'
Through flame and smoke that dauntless heart
Responded firmly still,
Unawed though face to face with death,
'With God's good help I will!'

"The flames approach with giant strides,
They scorch his hand and brow;
One arm disabled seeks his side,
Ah! he is conquered now!
But no, his teeth are firmly set,
He crushes down his pain,
His knee upon the stanchion pressed,
He guides the ship again."

In brief, he succeeds in his task, but as the steamer touches shore he sinks in death beside it. He falls a victim to the flames, but the passengers are saved. It will be seen that the story is a striking one.

One Sunday in the summer of 1866, my first year in New York, I attended an afternoon service at the Five Points Mission. It was a children's service, and a few speakers were present to address the children of the mission. One speaker told the story of John Maynard, though I cannot remember in what connection. It was told in a dramatic way, and I was so much impressed that after the service was over I inquired of him where I could find the particulars of the incident. He referred me to a weekly religious paper of recent date in the

reading room of the Young Men's Christian Association. The next day I went to the reading room, found the story, and copied it. I learned that it had been used by John B. Gough in one of his popular lectures. That evening in my room in St. Mark's place I sat down immediately after supper and set myself to turning the prose into verse. I adhered as strictly as possible to the language used, including the captain's orders, and did not stop writing till the ballad was complete. The evening was very hot, and I was forced to lay aside my coat, vest, and collar, but I became so much interested that I could not make up my mind to retire till the poem of nearly one hundred lines was finished. The next day I sent it to a juvenile magazine published in Boston. It appeared in an early number, accompanied by an illustration. I think I was paid the munificent sum of three dollars for the ballad. I never expected to hear from it again, but soon it began to be copied, and found its way into the repertory of public readers. Every year it got into some new collection. I think I have seen it in at least a dozen. One student at a Catholic college received a prize of all of Scott's works for declaiming it at an exhibition.

With all these evidences of public favor, I can give no further information of John Maynard than is to be found in the ballad. Probably the only man who could have given any more was John B. Gough, and I have always been sorry that during his life I did not apply to him for such details as he could give. I believe John Maynard to have been a real character, but who he was, where he was born, and when he performed the heroic act which has made his name so widely known I am afraid will never be ascertained.

NATICK, Mass. *Horatio Alger, Jr.*

SKETCHES OF WRITERS.

VI. — MRS. MARY CATHERINE LEE.

Personal acquaintance with an author furnishes, doubtless, the best commentary to her writings. A writer of merit is so much better than her works, that a knowledge of her personality not merely supplements her words, but gratifies a just sentiment in the reader.

The earlier short and later long stories of Mrs. Mary Catherine Lee have made her interesting to a large circle, who ask to know more of one who has spoken to them so pleasingly.

MRS. MARY CATHERINE LEE.

If you should some day meet a symmetrical, womanly figure, clad in the gentler graces of refinement, with an easy charm of manner, looking out frankly from a smiling face, in which the eyes smile most, this lady might be the author of "A Quaker Girl of Nantucket." New Bedford has the merit of being her birthplace, and her first ancestor in this country was John Barclay Jenkins, a man of ability and influence, a foremost settler, and one of the largest land-owners of the "Old Colony" region of Massachusetts. He and his descendants have been stern, upright people of the Puritan stamp, who would have died for truth and right, as they conceived it.

Mrs. Lee's rare and charming personality is enhanced by a certain serenity and fine composure, derived from Quaker antecedents, through her mother, a descendant from Wil-

liam Penn. She comes through large and gracious souls to be herself a sweetly-tempered woman; responsive, sympathetic, and profoundly human. In her writings, the note of human sympathy is the one she strikes most deeply. It is, indeed, the keynote of her second book, "In the Cheering-up Business."

Full of the quaint, Quaker lore received from her mother's lips, and familiar from girlhood with the nooks and corners of Nantucket and the Cape Cod coast, Mrs. Lee has done a service to history, even, in preserving some of the links that connect our newer day with the olden time, when life was simpler, but hardier, and the Cape Cod whalers made their brave ventures upon the ocean oftener and longer.

While romantically fond of the sea, she herself has had the prudence to obey the old maxim, "Praise the sea, but keep on land." Since her marriage, Mrs. Lee's life has been passed chiefly in Springfield, Mass., while favorite haunts have been quiet shore towns. Her first stories (for juveniles) were of these towns. Her story of the young Quaker girl with "The Dangerous Gift" has been an especial favorite.

Her last book, "A Soulless Singer," published recently by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., sustains her reputation as a writer who strikes a true note; whose message to us is always cheering and genuine.

The three-part romance in the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1893, "An Island Plant," is a creation of marked excellence, and perhaps more truly characteristic of her than anything else she has written.

Being gifted with both largeness and delicacy of perception, her judgments are just and discerning. As a reader of others, she is thoughtful and penetrating, and loves to look for the causes of things. This has led her upon the highways of philosophical reading, and such authors as Taine, Mill, Lecky, and John Morley have been among her favorites.

As a writer, Mrs. Lee shows grace, humor, pathos, quaintness, fidelity of description, and naturalness that shuns sensation; nor is there ever a note of discord in her touch upon the tenderest topics. But neither her own written words, nor those of her friends, will more than partially represent those qualities the generous resources of which she herself has never fully fathomed. *Henry Pynchon Robinson.*

MALDEN, Mass.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

The song we never sung The pine-trees sigh in chorus. *—Lilla Cabot Perry, in the October Century.*	The song we never sang The pine-trees sigh in chorus.
Northwest Harbor, Sept. 26. — Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock Violet Haskell was found dead on one of the wooded roads just outside of the North West Harbor with a bullet in her brain, and yesterday afternoon the coroner's jury brought in the verdict of death by suicide. This was a most tragic, and one is tempted to say fitting end, to a life that has been marked by a varied and checkered career. A woman who has been shrouded in mystery ever since she has been known to these parts, who had at the time of her death two living husbands, and leading one a life that has brought him to the very verge of eternity, deserting each in turn she at last seeks relief as many a poor sinner has done before and placing the revolver at her head falls into that sleep from whence there is no awakening, or if somebody else placed that bullet in this unfortunate head in all probability the all-seeing eye of the Almighty is the only one that witnessed this sad spectacle. *—Beginning of special despatch in Rockland (Me.) Daily Star.*	Northwest Harbor, Sept. 26. — Violet Haskell was found dead on one of the wooded roads just outside Northwest Harbor Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. There was a bullet in her brain, and a coroner's jury yesterday afternoon decided that she had committed suicide. The woman's death is a tragic end to a checkered career. She leaves two husbands, both of whom she had deserted, and one of whom she had brought to the point of death by her behavior.
The best way to vote a straight ticket is to simply make a cross at the head of the column. — *New York Sun.*	The best way to vote a straight ticket is simply to make a cross at the head of the column.
Mr. and Mrs. Hall Caine arrived at the Everett House yesterday morning, where they intend stopping for the next two months. — *New York Recorder.*	Mr. and Mrs. Hall Caine arrived yesterday morning at the Everett House, where they intend to stay for the next two months.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A LADY AND HER LETTERS. By Katherine E. Conway. Second edition. 90 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Boston: Pilot Publishing Co. 1895.

MAKING FRIENDS AND KEEPING THEM. By Katherine E. Conway. 85 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Boston: Pilot Publishing Co. 1895.

Much sensible advice about letter-writing is given in Miss Conway's "A Lady and Her Letters," the demand for which has been so great that a second edition of the little book

has been required. In this new edition is included a valuable chapter on "Superscriptions, Addresses, Invitations," in which, among other information, will be found directions for addressing properly the various dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church. "Making Friends and Keeping Them" is a collection of well-written short essays on the duties, dangers, pleasures, and responsibilities of friendship.

HOW TO STUDY STRANGERS BY TEMPERAMENT, FACE, AND HEAD. By Nelson Sizer. Illustrated. 367 pp. Paper, 70 cents. New York: Fowler & Wells Co. 1895.

An interesting thing about Mr. Sizer's book is that it was dictated to a stenographer, in the author's eighty-fourth year, in the intervals of active work as a phrenological examiner and lecturer. It is illustrated with good portraits of many public people, including a number of authors, whose temperaments are described phrenologically.

"PI." A compilation of odds and ends relating to workers in sanctum and newsroom, culled from the scrap-book of a compositor. 216 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Hamilton, Ont.: Griffin & Kidner. 1890.

Printers and editors will find in "Pi" a good deal of interesting and amusing matter which can best be appreciated by those who are familiar with editorial offices and composing rooms. As the title-page says, the book is a reprint of a compositor's scrap-book, and it preserves in permanent form many waifs and strays of printing-office literature.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

THE RABBIT WITCH, AND OTHER TALES. By Katharine Pyle. Illustrated. 81 pp. Cloth, $1 50. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1895

A QUESTION OF FAITH. By L. Dougall. 290 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1895.

THE MEN OF THE MOSS-HAGS. By S. R. Crockett. 370 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

A SET OF ROGUES. By Frank Barrett. 346 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

CASA BRACCIO. By F. Marion Crawford. Illustrated. 332 pp. Two vols. Cloth, $2 00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

A MAD MADONNA. By L. Clarkson Whitelock. 203 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Joseph Knight Company. 1895.

POEMS OF THE FARM. Selected and illustrated by Alfred R. Eastman. 67 pp. Cloth, in box, $2.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1895.

LITTLE DAUGHTER. By Grace LeBaron. Illustrated. 178 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1896.

WASHINGTON; OR, THE REVOLUTION. By Ethan Allen. Illustrated. 212 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. 1895.

SONGS OF SPRING AND BLOSSOMS OF UNREQUITED LOVE. By Louis M. Elshemus. Illustrated. 157 pp. Cloth. Buffalo: The Peter Paul Book Co. 1895.

BETSEY JANE ON WHEELS. By H. E. Brown. Illustrated. 285 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co. 1895.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater its value.]

To Remove Oil Spots on Paper. — "To remove oil stains from the pages of a book without destroying the printing," says the *American Journal of Photography*, "gently warm the stained parts with a hot flatiron on blotting paper, so as to take out as much of the oil as possible. Then dip a brush into rectified spirits of turpentine, and draw it gently over the sides of the paper, which must be kept warm during the whole process. Repeat the operation as many times as the thickness of the paper may require. When the oil is entirely removed, to restore the paper to its usual whiteness, dip another brush in highly-rectified spirits of wine, and draw it in like manner over the stained place, particularly around the edges. By adopting this plan the spots will entirely vanish, and the paper will assume its ordinary whiteness." In many cases it will be worth while to consider, before undertaking to follow these directions, whether it will not be cheaper to buy a new book. S. S. R.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

EDITORSHIP AS A CAREER FOR WOMEN. Margaret E. Sangster. *Forum* (28 c.) for December.

THE TRAIL OF "TRILBY." Albert D. Vandam. *Forum* (28 c.) for December.

THOMAS CARLYLE: HIS WORK AND INFLUENCE. William R. Thayer. *Forum* (28 c.) for December.

THE LITERARY HACK AND HIS CRITICS. *Forum* (28 c.) for December.

PROFESSOR RICHARD T. ELY Portrait. *Arena* (28 c) for December

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICA'S SEVEN GREAT POETS First series I. — A Morning with Lowell. Rev M. J. Savage. II. — Emerson Rev. John W. Chadwick. III. — Emerson in His Home Frank B. Sanborn IV. — Oliver Wendell Holmes. Edward Everett Hale, D. D V. — John Greenleaf Whittier Mary B. Claflin VI. — William Cullen Bryant. Henrietta S. Nahmen. *Arena* (28 c.) for December.

LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA, R. A. Illustrated. Cosmo Monkhouse. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for December.

GEORGE ELIOT. The Point of View, *Scribner's* (28 c.) for December.

HALL CAINE. Illustrated. Robert Harborough Sherard. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for December.

CHAPTERS FROM A LIFE. — I. An autobiographic paper. Illustrated. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for December.

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. Charles F. Thwing. *Chautauquan* (23 c.) for December.

EUGENE FIELD. *Current Literature* (28 c.) for December.

LITERARY BOSTON. With portraits of Louise Chandler Moulton, Colonel Higginson, Dr. Peabody, Dr. Bartol, John Fiske, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward, Katherine E. Conway, Julia Ward Howe, R. H. Dana, Helen M. Knowlton, Robert Grant, Oscar Fay Adams, George Riddle, E. L. Bynner. Lilian Whiting. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (28 c.) for December.

BEING A TYPEWRITER. Lucy C. Bull. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for December.

NEW FIGURES IN LITERATURE AND ART. III. — Hamlin Garland. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for December.

SOME PORTRAITS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. Illustrated. F. G. Kitton. *Magazine of Art* (38 c.) for December.

ARE EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS NATURAL ENEMIES? Frederic M. Bird. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for December.

LETTERS TO YOUNG FRIENDS. Illustrated. Robert Louis Stevenson. *St. Nicholas* (25 c.) for December.

HOW LONGFELLOW WROTE HIS BEST-KNOWN POEMS. Hezekiah Butterworth. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for December.

A PHOTO MECHANICAL PROCESS FOR PROFESSIONAL OR AMATEUR. *American Journal of Photography* (28 c.) for November.

MARY AINGE DEVERE ("Madeline S. Bridges"). With portrait. *Magazine of Poetry* (28 c.) for November.

NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATING Illustrated. Charles A. Gray. *Midland Monthly* (18 c.) for November.

NIXON WATERMAN. With portrait. Verne S. Pease. *Midland Monthly* (18 c.) for November.

MIDLAND WOMEN IN CALIFORNIA. With portraits of Rose Hartwick Thorpe, Ina D. Coolbrith, Virna Woods, Lillian Hinman Shuey, Margaret Collier Graham, and others. Clare Spalding Brown. *Midland Monthly* (18 c.) for November.

LORILLARD SPENCER (Proprietor of the *Illustrated American*). With portrait. *Newspaper Maker* (13 c.) for November 28.

EUGENE FIELD. With portrait. E. S. Martin. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for November 16.

BENITO PÉREZ GALDÓS, AND "DOÑA PERFECTA." With portrait of the author. W. D. Howells. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for November 2.

THE LIFE OF AN ART STUDENT IN NEW YORK. Polly King. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for November 16.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON. With portrait. Annie Nathan Meyer. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for November 23.

THE MAKING OF NEWS PAPER. *Newspaperdom* (13 c.) for November 7.

PULPIT AND PRESS. John Cameron. *Newspaperdom* (13 c.) for November 21.

CHARLES DICKENS AS HIS CHILDREN KNEW HIM. Charles Dickens, Jr. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for November 7.

IS LITERARY TASTE DECAYING? An answer to Edmund Gosse. D. F. Hannigan. *Collier's Weekly* (13 c.) for November 7.

THE SOURCES OF DON QUIXOTE. C. Bogue Luffman and L. M. Lane. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for November 2.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON, Coulson Kernaham. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for November 2.

WORDSWORTH AND CARLYLE. A literary parallel. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for November 9.

THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY IN PITTSBURG. Illustrated. Charles Sarver. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for November 9.

THE ART OF TRANSLATION. Reprinted from *Quarterly Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for November 16.

PROSPER MERIMÉE. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in *Littell's Living Age* (21 c.) for November 30.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Miss Beatrice Harraden arrived in New York November 29 on the Lucania. She is going back to California to work on a new story.

F. Marion Crawford landed in New York November 15.

Nugent Robinson has resigned the editorship of *Vanity* (New York) to take charge of a new illustrated monthly, which is to make its appearance about January 1.

The publication of *Cosmopolis*, "An International Review," will begin in January in London, Berlin, Paris, and New York. The contents will, so far as possible, be divided between English, French, and German. There will be no translations.

The *Horseless Age* (New York) is a new monthly journal devoted to the interests of the motor vehicle industry.

Ev'ry Month (New York) is a new "illustrated magazine of popular music, the drama, and literature."